

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH
25 CENTS

JOAN
CRAWFORD

Earl
Christy

WHO IS THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL STAR IN
HOLLYWOOD?

THE MOST IMITATED MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD



If rainbows were black and white

Suppose that, since the world began, rainbows had been black and white! And flowers; and trees; Alpine sunsets; the Grand Canyon and the Bay of Naples; the eyes and lips and hair of pretty girls!

Then suppose that, one day, a new kind of rainbow arched the sky with all the colors of the spectrum—that a hitherto undreamt-of sunset spread a mantle of rich gold over the hills.



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In "Song of the West," Warner Brothers present all the magnificent beauty of nature, in Technicolor.

Literally, that is what happened to the motion picture screen. Technicolor has painted for the millions of motion picture "fans" a new world — the world as it really is, in all its natural color.

Yesterday is an old story in the annals of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And... yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings — in natural color — in Technicolor.

Technicolor *is* natural color

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS



DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING the AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton. Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallee in revue (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier, Joe E. Brown

(Warner Bros.); PARAMOUNT on PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); The ROGUE'S SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett, Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON of the GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National); SONG of the FLAME, with Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray (First

National); SONG of the WEST, with John Boles, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); The VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE of the REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy, Armida (Warner Bros.).





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NO brilliant package or festive wrappings encase the plain glass jar which holds your Sal Hepatica. For our aim is not fine feathers for ourselves, but fine and clear complexions for all our users!

Famous as the foremost saline in all the world, Sal Hepatica is in reality a great "internal cosmetic". And its secret is the simple, fundamental practice of internal cleanliness.

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Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in action. Rarely does it fail to work in 30 minutes.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Whenever constipation threatens take Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", describing how Sal Hepatica helps keep your skin fresh and clear and helps relieve many common ills.

★ ★ ★

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Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth", which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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Street _____

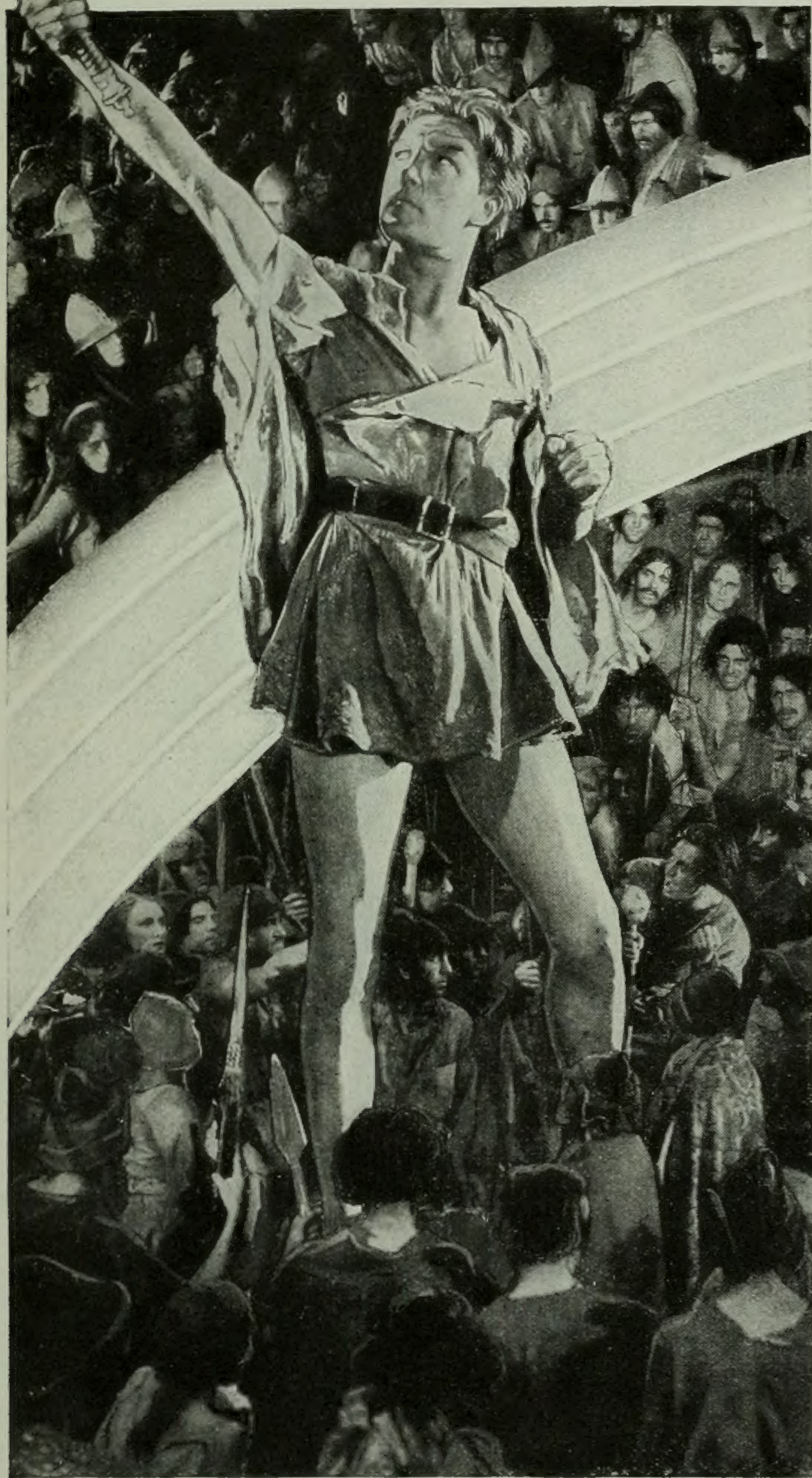
City _____ State _____

Sal Hepatica

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When you write to advertiser please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

**"Onward, onward swords against the foe!
Forward, forward the lily banners go!"**



IT lives again! — the thundering throb of "Song of the Vagabonds," in the glorious golden voice of Dennis King, star of Paramount's all-color musical romance, "The Vagabond King"! Once the greatest triumph of the Broadway stage, now the supreme triumph of the talking, singing screen — Paramount's New Show World. ¶ Blazing with gorgeous Technicolor throughout . . . vibrant with stirring melodies . . . packed with thrills and adventure, excitement, romance! ¶ With Broadway's favorite romantic stars, Dennis King and Jeanette MacDonald in the leading roles, and a great cast. The New Show World of Paramount at its most brilliant height! ¶ And only Paramount, with matchless resources and unrivaled manpower, could unfold before your eyes this glittering panorama of song, color and romance in all the blazing glory of the original, the greatest of all musical romances! ¶ Don't miss the outstanding eye-and-ear treat of the year. Ask your Theatre Manager now when he is planning to show "The Vagabond King". *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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"THE VAGABOND KING"

WITH

JEANETTE MACDONALD

Warner Oland and O. P. Heggie and cast of 1000. Ludwig Berger Production. From "If I Were King" by Justin Huntley McCarthy and "The Vagabond King" by William H. Post, Brian Hooker and Rudolph Friml.



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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVII No. 4

March, 1930



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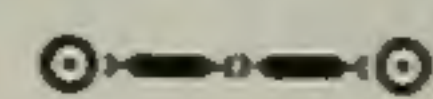
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Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

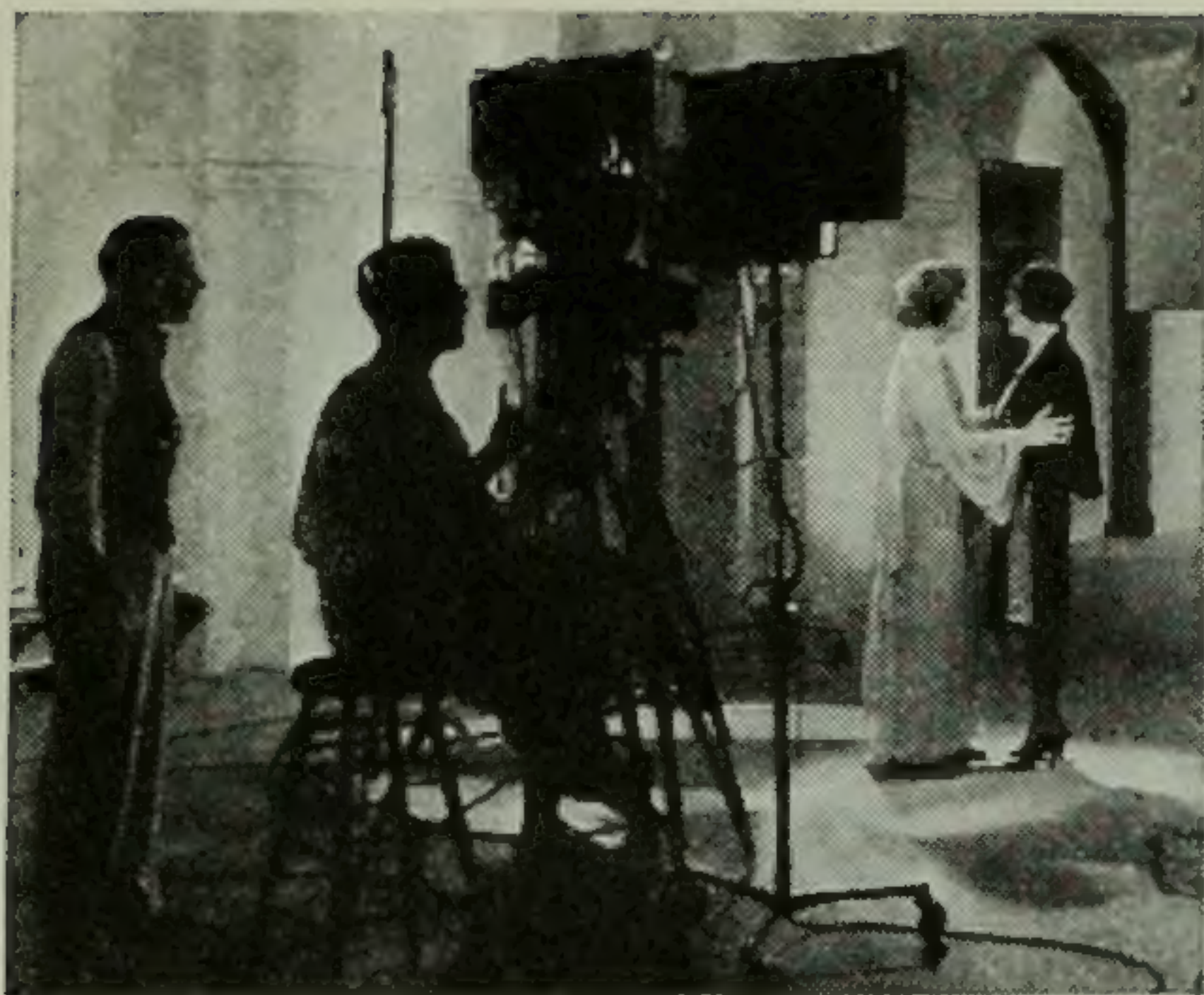
1920	1923	1926
"HUMOR-ESQUE"	"THE COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
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"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review

ACQUITTED—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. All Talkie. (Feb.)

AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.—If you like relentless drama about cruel husbands and martyred wives, you'll like this. All Talkie. (Jan.)

APPLAUSE—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know. Helen Morgan, in a rôle which does not take advantage of her unique talents, does some brilliant work none the less. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **AWFUL TRUTH, THE**—Pathe.—Delightful Ina Claire in a sophisticated drama. Excellent support by Paul Harvey. All Talkie. (Oct.)

BACHELOR GIRL, THE—Columbia.—Dull love triangle, but nicely acted by Jacqueline Logan and William Collier, Jr. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. All Talkie. (Feb.)

BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—Fox.—Well done but rambling mystery melodrama well acted by Warner Baxter and Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Sept.)

BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. All Talkie. (Dec.)

BIG NEWS—Pathe.—Another, and obvious, story of an unhappy young reporter, with pleasing work by Bob Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Sept.)

BIG REVUE, THE—All-Star.—All-singing and toddling juvenile extravaganza featuring the so-called Ethel Meglin Wonder kids. If you like to hear ten-year olds singing about moonlight madness you'll like this. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **BIG TIME**—Fox.—This is closer than a brother to "Burlesque," but it's darned good. Dialogue is bright and Lee Tracy and Mae Clarke make the story convincing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Murder *a la Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vance*ing this time. Plenty of thrills. All Talkie. (Feb.)

BLACK MAGIC—Fox.—Another priceless title gone wrong. South Sea life—and very dull, too. Sound. (Oct.)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art - World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. All-Talkie. (Dec.)

BROADWAY BABIES—First National.—Alice White as a chorus cutie at her best to date. Fred Kohler steals it as a big beer and booze man from Detroit. All Talkie. (Sept.)

BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia.—Version No. 999 of Love Behind the Scenes—with music. A new lad named Jack Egan looks like Buddy Rogers and sings nicely. Carmel Myers glitters as the vamp. All Talkie. (Jan.)

CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. All Talkie. (Dec.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—The famous old romance of a river gambler revived gracefully but not excitedly. J. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. All Talkie. (Feb.)

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "The Road Show.") Another one. Bessie Love *Pagliacches* over Charlie King as in "Broadway Melody." Polly Moran, Marie Dressler and Jack Benny are funny, but even so it's just another—oh, you say it. All Talkie. (Jan.)

CHASING THROUGH EUROPE—Fox.—Sue Stuart and Nick Carol (our error) seeing Europe with lipstick and camera. Sound. (Oct.)

CLIMAX, THE—Universal.—Jean Hersholt good as an old maestro in a picture of music, love and music lovers. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **COCK EYED WORLD, THE**—Fox.—Further disagreements of Sergeants Eddie Lowe Quirt and Vic McLaglen Flagg, with Lily Damita the chief trouble maker. Highly seasoned. All Talkie. (Oct.)

COLLEGE COQUETTE, THE—Columbia.—Another picture of college life as it ain't. There ought to be a law. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists.—A beautiful and thrilling story, crammed with action and romance. You'll like Ronald Colman's sophisticated yet appealing portrayal. And Dudley Digges, Ann Harding and Louis Wolheim are grand. All Talkie. (Jan.)

DANCE HALL—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **DANCE OF LIFE, THE**—Paramount.—Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll in an all-talkie made from the famous backstage play "Burlesque." Grand. (Sept.)

Pictures You Should Not Miss

"The Trespasser"
"Rio Rita"
"Sunny Side Up"
"The Taming of the Shrew"
"Condemned"
"The Virginian"
"Paris"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

★ **DANGEROUS CURVES**—Paramount.—Clara Bow in tights in a love story of a small circus. Richard Arlen does well. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount-Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? All Talkie. (Feb.)

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. All Talkie. (Feb.)

DARK SKIES—Biltmore.—Old time yarn of "East Lynne" vintage. Terrible. All Talkie. (Nov.)

DARK STREETS—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. All Talkie. (Dec.)

DARKENED ROOMS—Paramount.—Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

DAUGHTER OF HEAVEN—All Star.—Nicely done Chinese picture, with Lady Tsen Mai, prominent in "The Letter," in lead. Silent. (Sept.)

DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rod La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **DEVIL - MAY - CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some swell vocalizing. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **DISRAELI**—Warners.—Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. All Talkie. (Dec.)

DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (Dec.)

★ **DRAG**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess shines in a quiet domestic story, with Lila Lee a sensation in the film. All Talkie. (Sept.)

DRAKE CASE, THE—Universal.—Tense murder melodrama. Noteworthy chiefly for the late Gladys Brockwell's fine performance in the leading rôle. All Talkie. (Nov.)

DUDE WRANGLER, THE—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *magno cum gusto*. Children can safely take their parents. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **DYNAMITE**—M-G-M.—Stark drama, full of suspense, bringing to the screen two splendid players, Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson. All Talkie. (Oct.)

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS—Universal.—Reginald Denny in a farce that manages to amuse in spite of its hoary plot. All Talkie. (Sept.)

EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE—Carlsbad Prod.—An unintentional burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." But Tom Santschi—remember him?—proves he is still a real he-man actor. All Talkie. (Jan.)

EVIDENCE—Warners.—Bewhiskered drummer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. All Talkie. (Dec.)

FALL OF EVE, THE—Columbia.—Rowdy farce of the buyer who comes to the big town to make whoopee. Ford Sterling, Patsy Ruth Miller. All Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. All Talkie. (Dec.)

FAST COMPANY—Paramount.—Baseball stuff adapted from Ring Lardner's play "Elmer the Great" and garnished with bright lines. Jack Oakie takes the honors and Evelyn Brent is miscast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

FAST LIFE—First National.—"Still Life" would be a more accurate title for this melodrama. It drags. Loretta Young is lovely. All Talkie. (Nov.)

FLIGHT—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]



LOOK FORWARD
TO STILL
GREATER THINGS
FROM FOX



NOW at your FAVORITE MOVIE TONE THEATRE
Cameo Kirby One Mad Kiss
The Sky Hawk

It is no accident that Fox has twice in succession won the Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal. The explanation is simple! Fox has had the courage to believe that the great American public appreciates the finest things in film art quite as much as do the high-brow critics! And with this faith Fox has produced the finest things in films. And for the future—the same policy will be carried out, but on a still greater scale.

Imagine lovely Janet Gaynor in the heart-shaking role of the girl-wife in LILIOM, the most passionately beautiful stage success of the past ten years. The most sympathetic part Janet has ever had.

And John McCormack, greatest singer of them all, in a romantic singing-talking movietone.

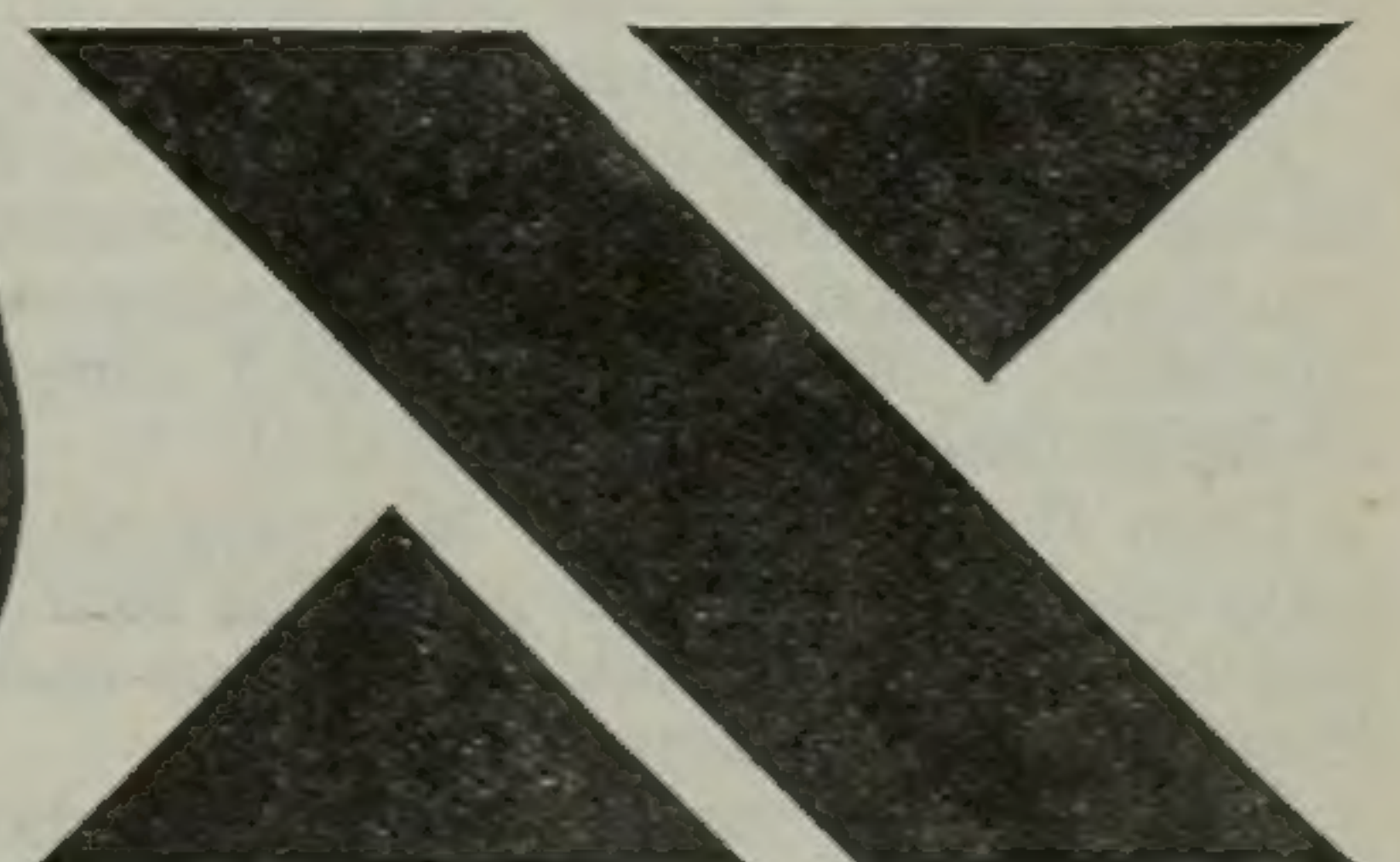
Jack London's mighty tale, THE SEA WOLF, ought to be the high-water mark, so to speak, in sea films. You remember this hair-raising yarn of stark, raw passions—the giant sea-captain, with the soul of a gorilla—the prisoner girl, her lover and the pitiless sea. Directed by the great John Ford!

Many other great ideas are in production—among which these deserve special mention at this time:

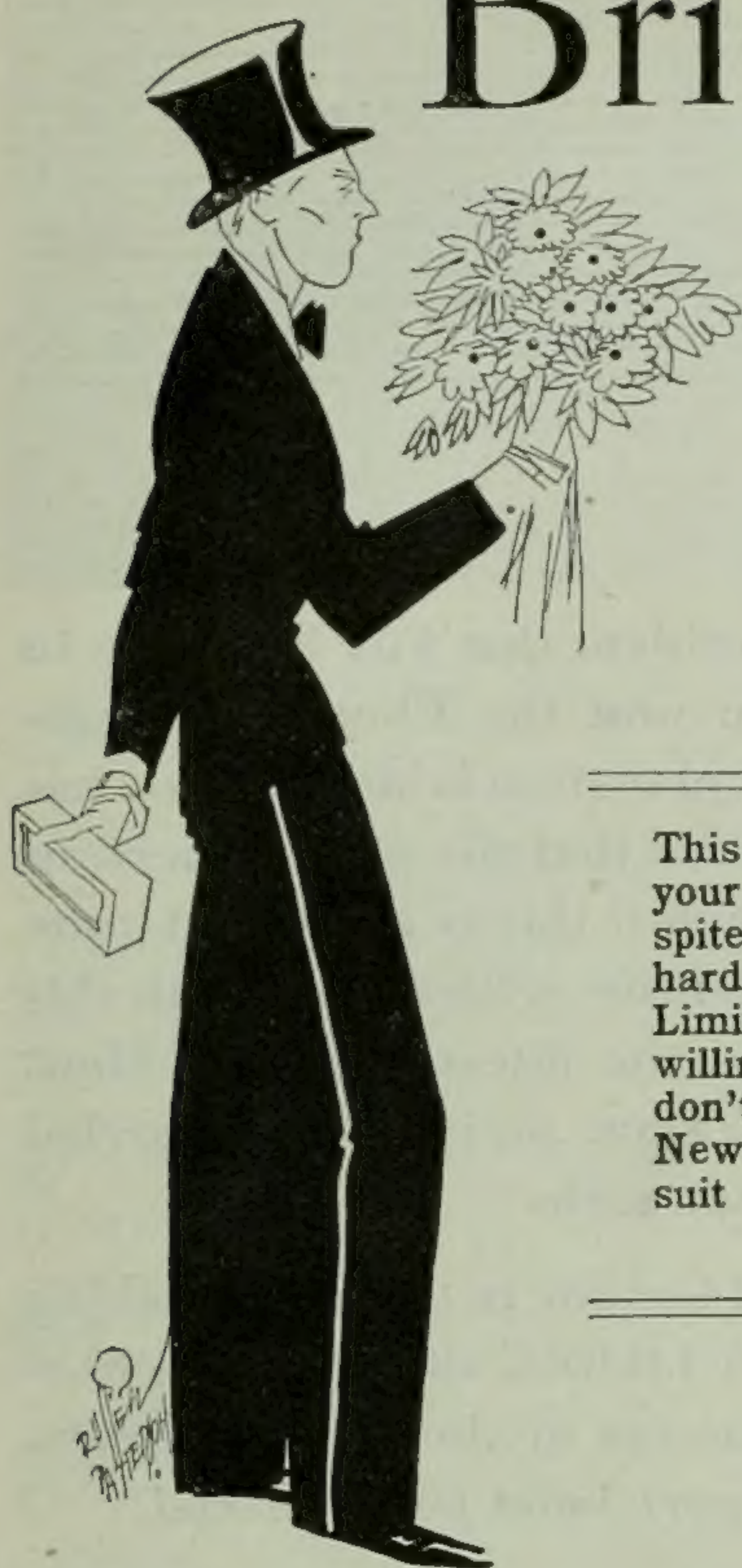
THE OREGON TRAIL, first important American epic of the talking screen—based on Francis Parkman's narrative—directed by Raoul Walsh.

COMMON CLAY, Harvard prize play, by Cleves Kincaid, directed by Victor Fleming.

SO THIS IS LONDON! with Will Rogers and Jillian Sandes and a cast of English artists. Staged by Hazzard Short; music by Richard Fall, Viennese composer.



MOVIE TONE



Brickbats & Bouquets

YOU FANS
ARE THE
REAL
CRITICS

Give Us Your Views

*\$25, \$10 and \$5
Monthly for the Best Letters*

This is your department. Come right in, hang up your hat and pat or spat the players. Just plain spiteful letters won't be printed, and don't spank too hard, because we want to be helpful when we can. Limit your letters to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address attached, don't write. Address The Editor, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. We reserve the right to cut letters to suit our space limitations. Come in—you're always welcome!

An example is "The Dance of Life." The constant strain of painstaking incorrectness must have worn on the actors' nerves. It certainly did on mine. I felt that if a thoughtless player should say "are you?" for "aintcha?" the very microphone would burst of chagrin!

Directors and dialogue men should move about and learn. Most Americans, even "vaudevillians," know the parts of speech and actually (only occasionally, of course!) know how to use them.

PHRE VOIERS.

Prison Riots Explained

Big Creek, Calif.

It seems to me that talking pictures in the present stage are a throw-back to the "mystery plays" of the Elizabethan period. In this way: in some pictures the lack of plot is made up for by songs, sometimes appropriate, but oftentimes not.

One that amused me was "Say It with Songs." Wading through deep sobs and sniffles, we see a husky and handsome prisoner break into a song more suited to a little girl in blue hair-ribbons: "Violets from tiny seeds, fight their way up through the weeds" while surly fellow-prisoners listen. They must have been hypnotized, because riots have started from less than that.

MYRTLE VANDER HORST.

Weep No More, Alice!

Philadelphia, Penna.

In the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I read this: "Give the little girl a hand" (meaning Alice White). Well if I had twelve hands, I'd give her the whole twelve.

Alice, if nobody loves you, we do; and if nobody will be your friend, we will. Fan friends, I mean. If people don't like you, I guess it's because of jealousy. Jealousy because you got ahead, by your own hard work. Just keep going forward as you did in "Broadway Babies."

MYRTLE KOEHLER.

We're Old Meanies

Seattle, Wash.

The December PHOTOPLAY was the first one, and I hope the only one, that I didn't like. Why?

Not a kind word said about Clara Bow. It seems to me that PHOTOPLAY has always put up a howl about dieting and its results. Yet, in quite a few instances some writer or other has brought to light the fact that Clara is putting on weight.

But this is the worst I ever heard. "The Terror of the Microphone" cites the case of Clara Bow having trouble with Mike, but lays all the blame to Clara,—then tells us of Dolores Costello also having trouble with Mike. But in her case it is all Mike's fault.

Why just Clara alone—when you find excuses for others?

BUD WOLF.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

The Playback

QUEEN GARBO almost lost her throne this month. Fans were so agitated over what seemed to them our persecution of Clara Bow that a storm of letters defending Clara's plumpness, her histrionic ability and everything else about her poured in.

There was also a general rally to the aid of Alice White. Her supporters were indignant at the thought that Alice White is disliked in Hollywood, as told in Grace Thornley's story in the December issue.

The line-up this month is Garbo, Bow, Boles, Gaynor, Daniels, Chatterton, Bancroft and Cooper. "Rio Rita" has boosted Boles and Daniels toward the top. "The Mighty" has brought George Bancroft back with a bang. Swanson's work in "The Trespasser" is still drawing hundreds of letters of approval.

Mr. Quirk's editorial tribute to Jeanne Eagels drew many sympathetic letters. John Gilbert's fans are still alarmed about his fate in the talkies. Movie-goers are enthusiastic about "The Virginian" and are eagerly awaiting Joan Crawford's forthcoming Western, "Montana." There is a general cry for bigger and breezier Westerns.

Voice of the Law

The \$25 Letter

Colorado Springs, Colo.

It has been my pleasure, as well as my duty, during the past four years, to see an average of two hundred and fifty moving pictures yearly. Therefore, I might be considered competent to judge their value.

I am the policewoman of a city of about forty thousand population, having four theaters equipped with talkie apparatus and one theater for silent pictures.

Yet there are many people here who are bitterly opposed to movies, and many more who do not approve of having the theaters open on Sunday. We had numerous fights at the polls before we gained the Sunday movies.

But as far as I am concerned, I am entirely sold on moving pictures any time or any place.

I know there is less juvenile delinquency when there are Sunday moving pictures, for when they were closed the young people solved the situation by going to nearby towns where they could see pictures, often not returning until the next day. And such unchaperoned parties were not conducive to the best interests of the children.

There is no doubt in my mind that pictures are getting better all the time in every way.

DOROTHY M. SPRINGER.

Fooling the Public

The \$10 Letter

New York, N. Y.

In their mad rush to get their productions in electric lights on Broadway, various film companies are creating a bad impression for talking pictures by making "Super Productions" out of talkies that turn out to be trivial. In the last month, three inferior phonoplays were installed in Broadway playhouses and shown at regular twice-a-day presentations.

I recall them as being "Woman to Woman," "Broadway Scandals" and "Jazz Heaven." They lasted only about two weeks, which is probably more than they deserved. On the basis of merit alone, they were certainly no more than average program pictures.

Just because their producers were looking for the added publicity that attends Broadway openings, they were advertised in big style and the public was made to think they were really exceptional features.

Naturally every producer is seeking to make his pictures and his organization well known, but he should not do it at the expense of public confidence in the motion picture industry as a whole.

LESTER DRESNER.

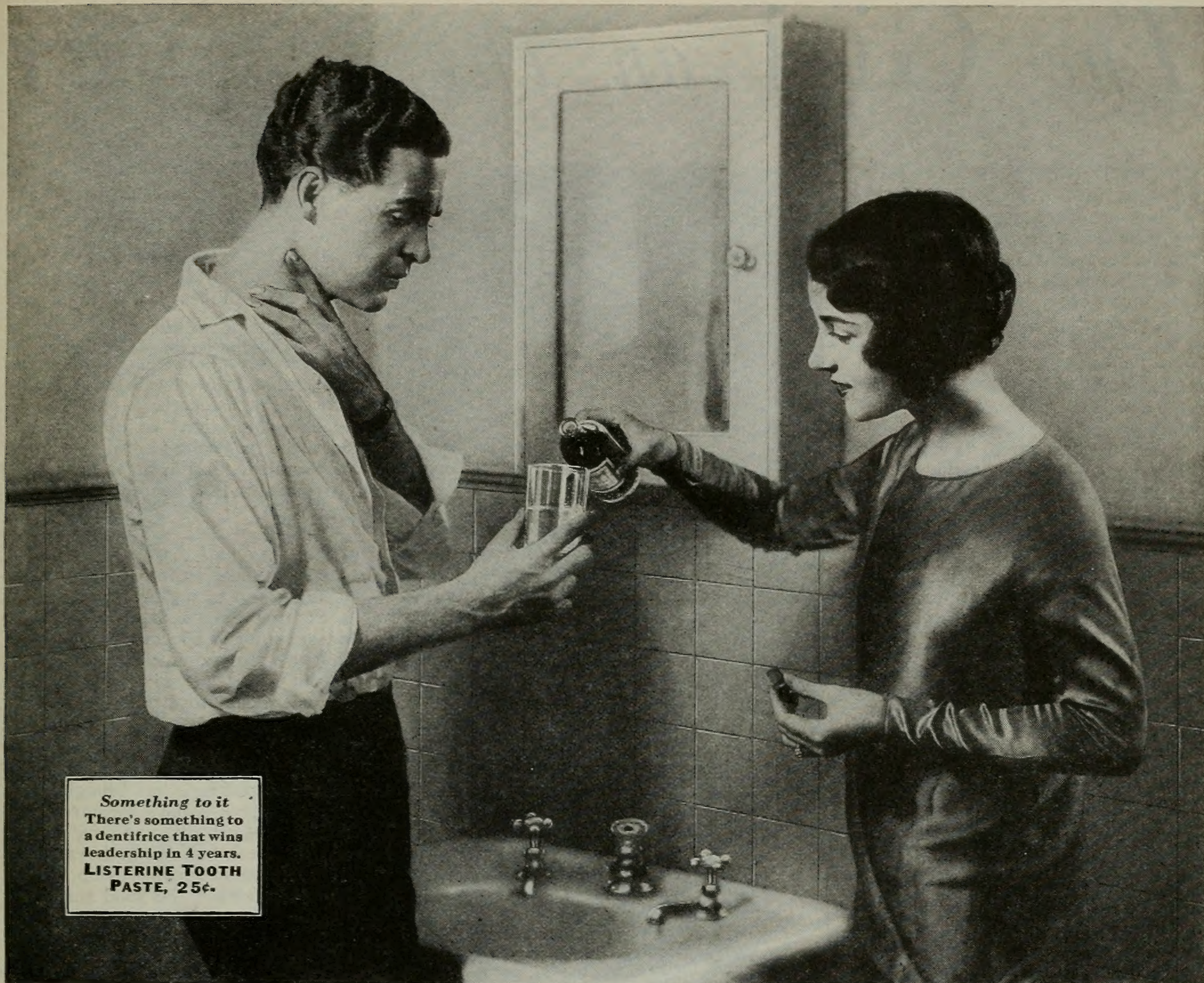
Ain't It the Truth?

The \$5 Letter

Menlo Park, Calif.

I am no purist or prude! But I would appreciate established pronunciation and better taste in the talkies.

Many directors—and many writers—confuse profanity and unrestrained realism with strength. No hero becomes admirable merely through being presented as uncouth and slovenly of speech.



Something to it
There's something to
a dentifrice that wins
leadership in 4 years.
**LISTERINE TOOTH
PASTE, 25¢.**

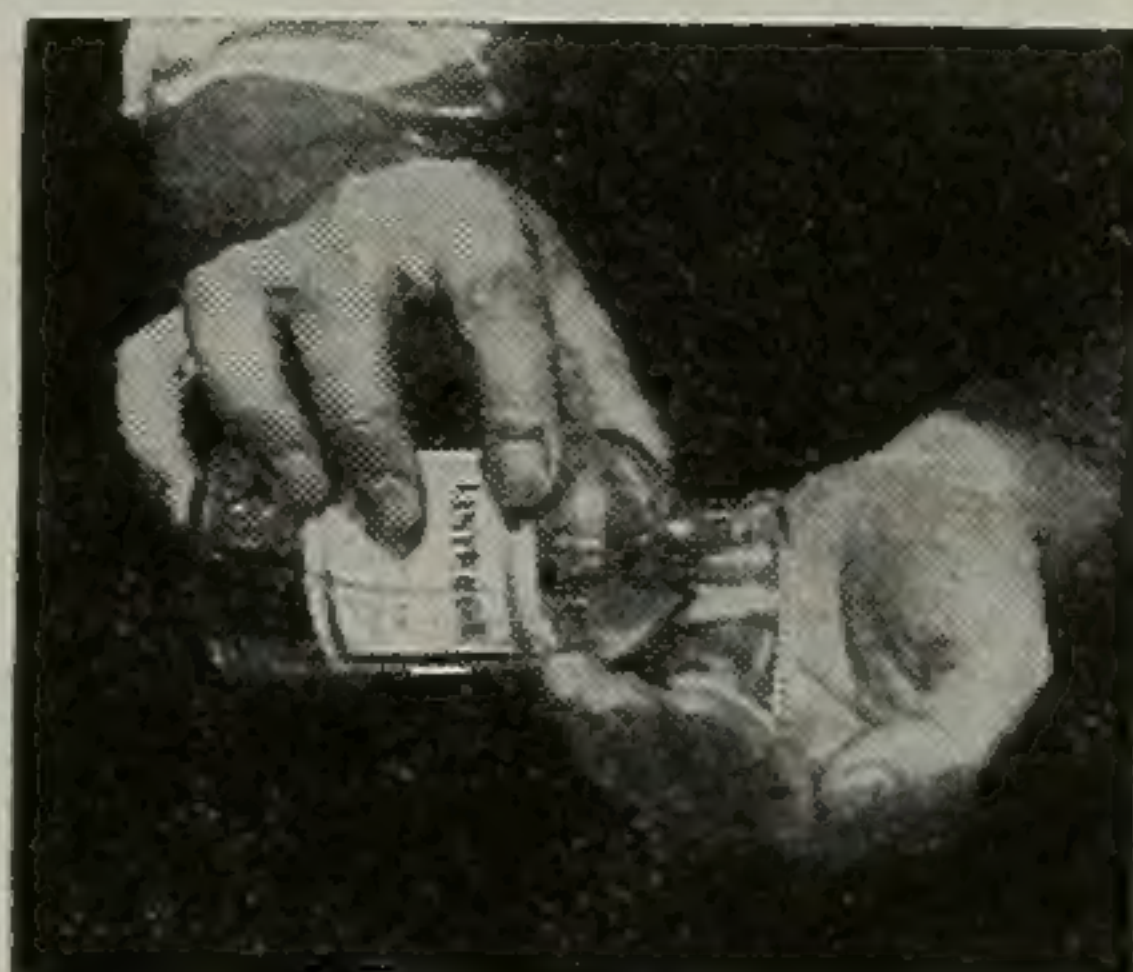
"That sore throat'll be *gone* by morning"

SORE throat is a warning to look out for a cold—or worse.

If you have the slightest indication of trouble, gargle immediately with full strength Listerine. Keep it up.

Millions have found that this simple act checks the ordinary kind of sore throat promptly. Keeps it from becoming serious. Moreover, they have proved that its systematic use is excellent protection against having colds and sore throat at all.

When you realize that full strength Listerine kills even the virulent *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in numbers ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds, you can understand why it is so effective against cold weather complaints



**To escape a cold—
*rinse the hands with it***

Colds can often be prevented by the use of full strength Listerine on the hands before each meal. It destroys germs which may be present, so that when they enter the mouth on food they are powerless to cause harm.

which are caused by germs breeding in the mouth.

Though Listerine is powerful you may use it full strength, with entire safety, in any cavity of the body. Indeed, it is actually soothing and healing to tissue. This is commented on by the famous "Lancet," the leading medical publication of the world.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy in home and office and use it frequently—especially after exposure to cold weather or germ-carrying crowds in offices, railway trains, street cars or buses. It may spare you a trying and costly siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The Girl on the Cover

EVERY time Joan Crawford steps into a grocery store to buy a dozen eggs, or into a department store to haggle over the high cost of gingham, or to the studio to earn her nickels and dimes, somebody says to her, as if it were a big piece of news: "You're a lucky girl to be married to a boy as fine as Doug Fairbanks."

Only once, to our knowledge, has Joan rebelled. She was feeling in a pensive mood and, with chin cupped in hand, she murmured, "I wish just once somebody would say that Doug is a lucky boy to be married to a girl like me."

It has always been our aim to please, particularly to please delightful young ladies. Therefore, we'll say it, right out in print. Doug is the luckiest boy in Hollywood to be married to a girl like Joan.

The development of Joan Crawford's character is an even greater gesture than the development of her career. Nobody has fought more gallantly than the turbulent, talented Joan. She had the makings, even in those early days. She was troubled with a vague, intangible unrest which set her to writing poetry. It's the panacea of all youthful melancholia.

This was harmless enough, but it was not the only one of her adolescent crimes. She insisted upon winning dancing cups, for which nobody could quite forgive her and, what is more, she believed that she was madly in love every time a flashing-eyed youngster told her she was the Only Girl in the World for him.

What with collecting cups and young men and penning sonnets, Joan was a pretty impossible person.

OH, you liked her and you found her amusing enough, but after two hours of it you had to do something sturdy and sensible. She was all emotion, all froth, all unformed youthful idealism. She didn't know what she wanted, nor where to find it. And then, suddenly, she met Doug Fairbanks.

The boulevardiers pulled at their long white beards and bet that it wouldn't last a month; that Joan was intrigued only by the ancestral name and a new romance.

Well, Joan has fooled them and, what is more, has turned out to be one of the most attractive and sensible girls in town.

And it hasn't been all Doug's doings. Joan had to have the stuff or she wouldn't have become the girl she is.

They were terribly silly at first—Joan and her Dodo. They shut themselves off completely from the rest of the world and talked in an unintelligible language all their own.



JOAN CRAWFORD

Last Minute News and Reviews

That nasty old dame rumor is gossiping about a split between Colleen Moore and John McCormick. Well we'd hate to see it, that's all.

Corinne Griffith and First National have failed to get together for a renewal of her contract.

Alma Rubens, restored to health and lovelier than ever, has signed a contract to appear in vaudeville.

"A Ship from Shanghai"—M-G-M.—Sacred and profane love on a derelict yacht adrift near the Equator. Dramatic, but revolting at times. Kay Johnson, Louis Wolheim and Conrad Nagel are featured.

Chaplin will spend the summer in Europe after finishing "City Lights" in May. No voice in the picture, but synchronized music and sound. Chaplin has written three musical numbers for it, including the theme, "Those Wonderful, Beautiful Eyes."

Harrison Ford returns! He will play in "I Love You," Radio Picture starring Richard Dix.

Paramount will make a talkie of "The Spoilers," with George Bancroft in the he-man part made silent by William Farnum and Milton Sills.

Raoul Walsh, director of "The Cock Eyed World," will be made general manager of production at Fox.

You can't blame people for thinking it wouldn't last. And when they married, everybody shook their heads.

But it's lasted, and for a very good reason. Joan and Doug are in love. The silliness has worn off and in its place is a grand understanding and companionship. They like to do and talk about the same things, and most vital of all they know how to laugh together.

This domesticity of Joan's is not just the pendulum swinging high, wide and handsome in the opposite direction; it is a complete change in her life.

Each day that she is married to Doug they find that they like each other better and that there are more dashing and intriguing things to do—exciting things like buying new drapes for the house, and discovering the most divine new sauce to be put over a *filet mignon*, and reading new books together.

FOR Joan has been hungry for life. Hungry for all the things that her marriage has brought her. Hungry for a home (she never had a real one before), and love (what did her sleek-haired playboys know of love?), and companionship. Doug has brought her the good things of life.

But Joan has been able to appreciate them. And that makes Doug just as lucky as she is.

She's taken hard knocks. She's been broke and miserable, as many worthwhile people have been, but she's had a more bitter battle than that to fight.

The most discouraging sort of gossip has sounded in her ears ever since she came to Hollywood. And it doesn't let up.

"Just because Joan has married a Fairbanks, she thinks she is somebody," they've said. Well, Joan is somebody. And if she prefers a well-appointed table with snowy linen and slim, silver candlesticks to the counter of a cheap, quick-lunch stand, we say more power to her.

And if she prefers making a real home for Doug instead of dancing whatever is the new form of the Charleston in stuffy night clubs—well, then, three rousing cheers for her.

She's been pretty much misunderstood, and the primary difference between that bewildered little girl who first came to Hollywood and the poised mistress of "El Jodo" is that she used to tell you she was misunderstood, and now she doesn't.

Yes, Joan is a lucky girl.

But Doug's the luckiest young husband in Hollywood, because he has so steadfast and delightful a wife.



If winter comes

You go south, Fortunate Lady, when the cold winds blow. You live graciously, in accordance with a high tradition, in a well-appointed world. And it is therefore a matter of particular interest that you, who can afford anything, have chosen to smoke Camels. . . . It is simply one more confirmation of the fact that there is no cigarette anywhere, at any price, so fragrant . . . so delicately and mildly mellow . . . so filled with downright *pleasure*.





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See also Laurel & Hardy, the funniest team on the screen today, as a couple of singing bandits! And what a help to the Chief they turn out to be!

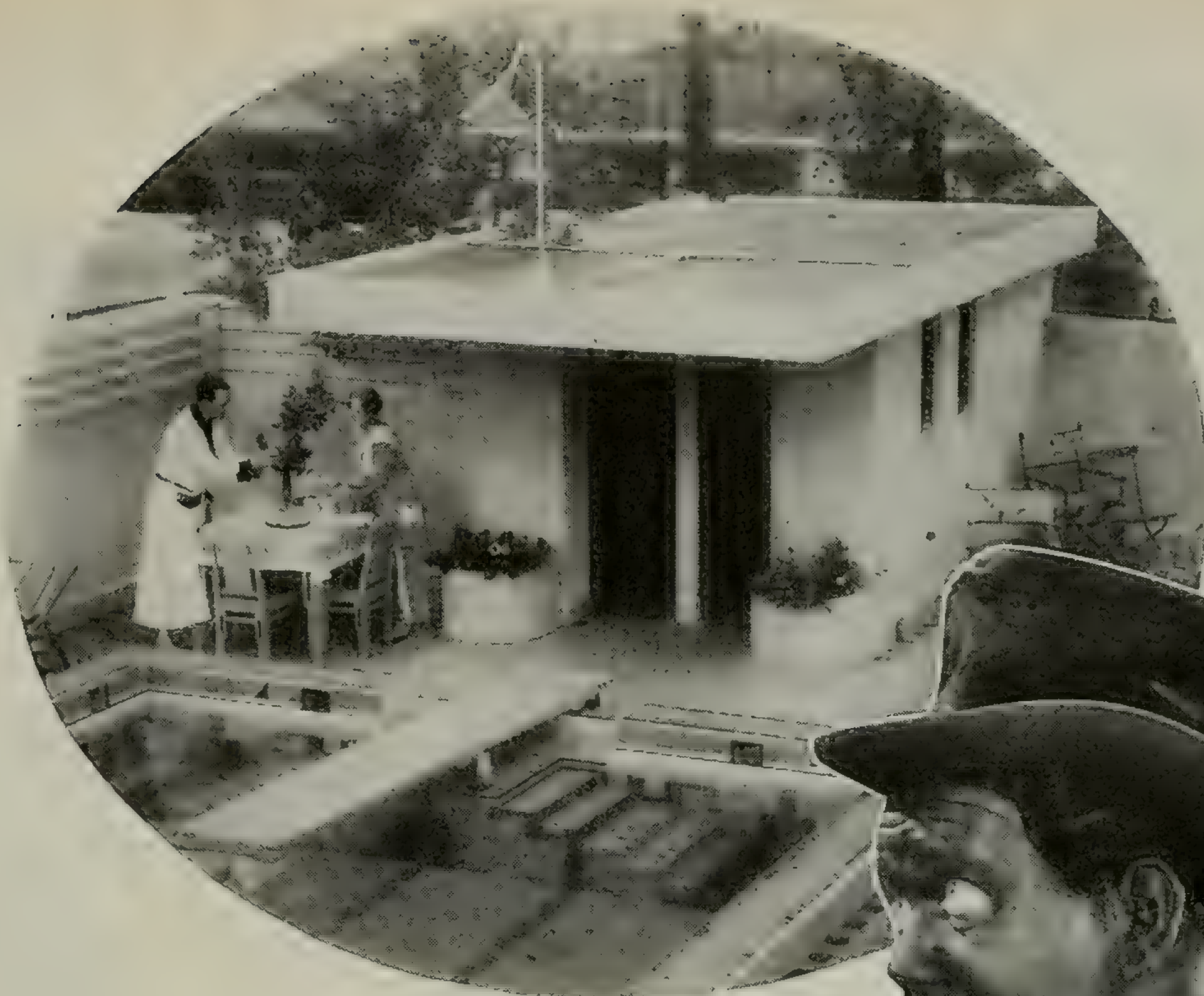
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players



A Party Menu

CHARLES MACK, blackface comedian of the droll drawl and "Two Black Crows" fame, has a new house equipped with an outdoor swimming pool. Mrs. Mack's tea parties have helped to make that pool one of Beverly Hill's gayest partying places.

Heavy dishes are eliminated so bathers can return to the water half an hour after eating. Hot food is planned for those who may be chilled from a prolonged dip, and cold food for the girls who wear bathing suits for sun-tan only.

Here's a typical menu:

Stuffed Eggs	Chicken a la King
Moulded Russian Salad	Cucumbers Supreme
Assorted Sandwiches	Petit Fours
Iced and Hot Coffee and Tea	

Mrs. Mack has given me her recipes to pass along to PHOTOPLAY readers. Here are the dishes that have been endorsed by the epicures of Hollywood.

Stuffed Eggs

Cut four hard-boiled eggs in halves crosswise. Remove yolks, mash, and add two tablespoons grated cheese, one teaspoon vinegar, one-fourth teaspoon mustard, and salt and cayenne to taste. Add enough melted butter to make mixture of right consistency to shape. Make in balls the size of original yolks, and refill whites. Arrange on large platter in bed of lettuce leaves. Sprinkle eggs with paprika, and garnish with olives.

Moulded Russian Salad

Reduce strong consommé so that when cold it will be

jelly-like inconsistency. Set individual moulds in pan of ice water; then pour in consommé one-quarter inch deep. When firm, decorate bottom and sides of moulds with cooked carrots, beets and potatoes, cut in fancy shapes. Add consommé to cover vegetables, and as soon as firm, fill moulds two-thirds full of any cooked vegetable that may be at hand. Add consommé by spoonfuls, allowing it to become firm between the additions, and put in enough to cover vegetables. Chill thoroughly, remove from moulds and arrange on lettuce leaves. Serve with Mayonnaise dressing.

Chicken a la King

1½ tablespoons chicken fat or butter	¼ cup scalded cream
1¾ tablespoons flour	½ teaspoon salt
½ cup hot chicken stock	2 tablespoons butter
½ cup scalded milk	1 cup cold, boiled fowl, cut in strips
	½ cup sautéed sliced mushroom caps
	¼ cup canned pimientos, cut in strips
	Yolk 1 egg

Melt fat, add flour, and stir until well blended. Then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, stock, milk and cream. Bring to the boiling-point and add salt; butter; fowl, bit by bit; mushroom caps, which have been sautéed in butter five minutes, and pimientos. Again bring to the boiling-point and add egg yolk, slightly beaten. Serve in chafing dish to keep warm.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. All Talkie. (Dec.)

FORWARD PASS, THE—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanuts Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. All Talkie. (Feb.)

FOUR DEVILS—Fox.—Talk has been added to last part of F. W. Murnau's good circus film. You'll hear Janet Gaynor. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **FOUR FEATHERS, THE**—Paramount.—The story of a coward's regeneration grafted on a nature film shot in the Soudan. Excellent film, with Richard Arlen fine. Sound. (Sept.)

FROZEN JUSTICE—Fox.—Hot melodrama of the cold North. Lenore Ulric and Louis Wolheim excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners.—John Barrymore's famous voice is heard from the screen for the first time in this highly-colored and very entertaining costume drama. John is fine and Marian Nixon heads an excellent supporting cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

GENTLEMAN PREFERRED, A—Supreme.—From cowboy to earl in one badly-aimed picture. Silent. (Sept.)

GIRL FROM HAVANA, THE—Fox.—A racy story of gentlemen who prefer diamonds which don't belong to them. Clever cast. All Talkie. (Nov.)

GIRL IN THE GLASS CAGE, THE—First National.—The glassed-in girl, in case you wondered, is a theater ticket seller, played by Loretta Young. Pretty bad. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. All Talkie. (Feb.)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount.—Everyone except ex-president Coolidge had a hand in the making of this—and it shows. But big names aren't enough and even an Eddie Cantor comedy bit can't save this feeble effort. All Talkie. (Jan.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—Warners.—Showing the girls at their pick and shovel work. Noteworthy for its beautiful all-Technicolor treatment and its catchy tunes. All Talkie. (Nov.)

GRAND PARADE, THE—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Twelvetrees out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. All Talkie. (Feb.)

GREAT GABBO, THE—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **GREENE MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Another fine Van Dine murder mystery film, with Bill Powell an elegant *Philo Vance*. All Talkie. (Sept.)

HALF MARRIAGE—Radio Pictures.—Another and duller one about companionate marriage, occasionally redeemed by Olive Borden. Sound. (Oct.)

HALF WAY TO HEAVEN—Paramount.—This romantic story with a carnival background is one of Buddy Rogers' best and Buddy crashes through with a virile performance. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **HALLELUJAH**—M-G-M.—Striking epic of the negro, sensitively directed and spontaneously acted. All Talkie. (Oct.)

HANDCUFFED—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. All Talkie. (Dec.)

HARD TO GET—First National.—Corinne Griffith's excellent silent film "Classified" revived as a far-from-excellent talkie with Dorothy Mackaill. All Talkie. (Nov.)

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **HER PRIVATE AFFAIR**—Pathe.—Make it your private affair to see Ann Harding in this exciting tale. She's glorious! All Talkie. (Nov.)

HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe.—A pretty sorry affair with the exception of some spectacular parade-ground shots and William Boyd's new and pleasing talkie personality. All Talkie. (Jan.)

HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT—M-G-M.—All talk and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Due largely to the fact that he is required to chatter continually, John Gilbert's first talkie appearance is disappointing. All Talkie. (Jan.)

HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal.—Tsch, tsch—and just when Laura LaPlante was coming along so nicely, too. Miss this one. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD REVUE OF 1929**—M-G-M.—A great big merry girl and music show, with all the Metro people from Gilbert and Shearer on down. All Talkie. (Sept.)

HOLLYWOOD STAR, A—Educational-Sennett.—Two reels of hilarious satire about a Western star who makes a personal appearance at a small town theater. A bulls-eye. All Talkie. (Jan.)

HONOR—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (Dec.)

HOOFBEATS OF VENGEANCE—Universal.—Even worse than it sounds. Rex, the marvelous horse star, has a ramshackle vehicle to pull. Silent. (Oct.)

HOT FOR PARIS—Fox.—Good, rough fun, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. All Talkie. (Feb.)

HUNGARIAN RHAPSODY—UFA-Paramount.—A real beauty. This simple rural tale is exquisitely directed and superbly acted by an ace-high German cast. Sound. (Nov.)

HURRICANE—Columbia.—This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dancie-croonies. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hobart Bosworth is just elegant. All Talkie. (Jan.)

ILLUSION—Paramount.—Buddy Rogers as a man about town may disappoint the girls—but Nancy Carroll is excellent. All Talkie. (Nov.)

IN OLD CALIFORNIA—Audible Film Corp.—Love and hate Under a Spanish Moon (Theme song.) Ho hum. All Talkie. (Nov.)

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners.—The answer is emphatically "No!" As an actor Ted Lewis is a fine saxophone player. All Talkie. (Jan.)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—Scenically this fantastic melodrama is a triumph; conversationally, not so hot. Noah Beery, Jason Robards and Virginia Valli handle the leads well. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **IT'S A GREAT LIFE**—M-G-M.—A riotous comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team as portrayed by the Duncan sisters who ought to know. Rosetta and Vivian deliver snappily and Larry Gray clicks again. All Talkie. (Jan.)

IT'S EASY TO BECOME A FATHER—UFA.—The German idea of a funny farce about an American girl running wild abroad. Silent. (Sept.)

JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures.—If your resistance is low you may be touched by this sentimental little tale about a song writer and the girl who helps him make good. Pathos by John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neil and comedy by Joseph Cawthorne. All Talkie. (Jan.)

JEALOUSY—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. All Talkie. (Dec.)

JOY STREET—Fox.—Oh, how the kids carry on! Younger generation stuff and possibly you'll like it. Lois Moran, Nick Stuart. Sound. (Sept.)

★ **KIBITZER**—Paramount.—You may have to buy a new vest from laughing after you see this. Harry Green's comedy is grand. All Talkie. (Nov.)

KISS, THE—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (Dec.)

KITTY—World Wide.—First foreign-made picture to be synchronized with talking sequences and music. Good entertainment against a beautiful English background. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, THE**—M-G-M.—Norma Shearer as a charming and wily lady crook who plies her trade amongst Britain's bluebloods. All Talkie. (Oct.)

LAST PERFORMANCE, THE—Universal.—Conrad Veidt as a magician in a much over-acted and over-directed film. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

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Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Dark		Dry
Sallow		
Olive		

Answer in spaces with check mark

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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LAUGHING AT DEATH—FBO.—Bob Steele, the Western actor, in curls and ribbons as one of these mythical princes. Whoops! Silent. (Sept.)

LIGHT FINGERS—Columbia.—Nice balance between action and dialogue in this melodrama about a gang of jewel thieves. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—Corinne (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since "Classified." Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. All Talkie. (Feb.)

LOCKED DOOR, THE—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Noteworthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. All Talkie. (Feb.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished with theme songs. George O'Brien as the picturesque ranger hero and Sue Carol the pretty heroine. All Talkie. (Jan.)

LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Fast moving Western drama. Hoot Gibson goes over big in his first all-dialogue. All Talkie. (Jan.)

LOST ZEPPELIN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. All Talkie. (Feb.)

LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures.—Too bad to hand Bebe this after "Rio Rita." Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voice. All Talkie. (Feb.)

LOVE DOCTOR, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix's last picture for Paramount. Dix and June Collyer are pleasing. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox.—From New York to the battlefields with a tear every step of the way. George Jessel scores as the little Italian hero. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. All Talkie. (Dec.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Universal.—Laura LaPlante, with little help from Neil Hamilton, proves that chorus girls are good girls. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

LUCKY IN LOVE—Pathe.—Morton Downey gets back to old Erin in time to pay off the mortgage on the ancestral halls—but who cares? The Downey tenor helps—but not enough. All Talkie. (Nov.)

LUCKY LARKIN—Universal.—A typical Western and a movie that actually moves in the good old style. Ken Maynard and a trick horse. Silent. (Oct.)

★ **LUCKY STAR**—Fox.—That immortal duo, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, in a gentle and charming story. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

MADONNA OF AVENUE A—Warners.—Too grown-up for children and too childish for grown-ups. A trite yarn. All Talkie. (Nov.)

MAN AND THE MOMENT, THE—First National.—An old-fashioned ripsnorting movie, all love and action. Billie Dove starred. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

★ **MARIANNE**—M-G-M.—Marion Davies proves there is no limit to her versatility. Delicious comedy and superb pathos. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE**—Paramount.—A fine, wholesome picture in spite of its sophisticated theme. Mary Brian and Frederic March are admirably cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. All Talkie. (Dec.)

MASQUERADE—Fox.—Remade from silent version of "The Brass Bowl." Old fashioned plot, but Leila Hyams is nice. All Talkie. (Sept.)

MELODY LANE—Universal.—The world seems full of clowns with breaking hearts. Eddie Leonard brings no vitality to a dead yarn. All Talkie. (Oct.)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. All Talkie. (Dec.)

MIGHTY, THE—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. All Talkie. (Dec.)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." All Talkie. (Dec.)

MISTER ANTONIO—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. All Talkie. (Dec.)

MORGANNE THE ENCHANTRESS—Franco-Film.—One of the very worst from France. Awful story, acting ham deluxe. Silent. (Sept.)

MOST IMMORAL LADY, A—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims. All Talkie.

NAVY BLUES—M-G-M.—Bill Haines is a scream as a fresh gob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. All Talkie. (Jan.)

NEW BANKROLL, THE—Mack Sennett.—Andy Clyde and Harry Gribbon and lots of very pretty girls. Old time comedy. All Talkie. (Sept.)

Producer Announcements of New Pictures and Stars

While all good advertising is news, we consider producer advertising of particular interest to our readers. With this directory you easily can locate each announcement:

First National Pictures . Page 148
Fox Film Page 7
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . Page 12
Paramount Pictures . . Page 4
Technicolor Page 2
Warner Bros. Page 147

NEW YORK NIGHTS—United Artists.—A hoke story, but Talmadge fans will be pleased with Norma's voice. All Talkie. (Nov.)

NIGHT CLUB—Paramount.—Made some time ago, this film is little but a series of face and voice tests for many Broadway celebrities. All Talkie. (Nov.)

NIGHT PARADE—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. All Talkie. (Dec.)

NIX ON DAMES—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, shave and love. Most of the players are from the stage and they're real troupers. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **NOT SO DUMB**—M-G-M.—(reviewed under the title "Dulcy.") This was a swell play, a swell silent picture—and now it's a swell talkie. Marion Davies is at her sparkling best. And you oughtn't to miss Donald Ogden Stewart's talkie debut. All Talkie. (Jan.)

OFFICER O'BRIEN—Pathe.—Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. All Talkie. (Feb.)

OH, YEAH!—Pathe.—James Gleason and Robert Armstrong of "Is Zat So" fame team up again—and how! Hilarious dialogue which plays tag with the censors. ZaSu Pitts does one of her riotous monologues. All Talkie. (Nov.)

ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. All Talkie. (Dec.)

ONE WOMAN IDEA, THE—Fox.—Rod LaRocque is a Persian diplomat who falls in love, and that's about all. Sound. (Sept.)

OPPRESSED, THE—William Elliott Production.—This ought to be renamed The Depressed—meaning the audience. Raquel Meller disappoints. Silent. (Oct.)

PAINTED FACES—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. All Talkie. (Feb.)

PANDORA'S BOX—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (Feb.)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordonil You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **PARIS BOUND**—Pathe.—A smooth drama of domestic woes that introduces to the screen Ann Harding, stage beauty and good actress. All Talkie. (Sept.)

PHANTOMS OF THE NORTH—All Star.—One of the old time Northwest epics, with nothing to distinguish it. Silent. (Sept.)

PHYSICIAN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Terrible story of the narcotic evil well acted by Miles Mander and Elsa Brink. Silent. (Sept.)

PICCADILLY—World Wide.—Wonder of wonders—a truly fine British picture! Gilda Gray is starred but Anna May Wong brings home the bacon. Silent. (Oct.)

PLEASURE CRAZED—Fox.—A good story, smothered in English accents, and played entirely by stage actors. All Talkie. (Oct.)

POINTED HEELS—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. All Talkie. (Feb.)

PRINCE AND THE DANCER, THE—World-Wide.—This European film is sure to inspire patriotism in the bosoms of American movie-goers. It's awful. Silent. (Nov.)

RACKETEER, THE—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. All Talkie. (Dec.)

RED HOT RHYTHM—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. All Talkie. (Dec.)

RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—Paramount.—The greatest sleuth of them all wouldn't recognize himself in this faint reincarnation. Clive Brook has done bigger and better things. All Talkie. (Jan.)

RICH PEOPLE—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. All Talkie. (Dec.)

RICHTHOFEN: THE RED KNIGHT OF THE AIR—F.P.G. Production.—A Teutonic version of "Wings" lacking all the virtues of the American epic of the air. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **RIO RITA**—Radio Pictures.—The finest of screen musicals to date. Comedy, singing, dancing and romance de luxe. Bebe Daniels wows 'em and John Boles sets hearts to fluttering anew. All Talkie. (Nov.)

RIVER OF ROMANCE—Paramount.—Humorous romance of crinoline days in the South, with excellent work by Buddy Rogers, Mary Brian and Wallace Beery. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? All Talkie. (Jan.)

SACRED FLAME, THE—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. All Talkie. (Feb.)

SAILOR'S HOLIDAY—Pathe.—Riotously funny account of a sailor on shore leave. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SALUTE—Fox.—A glorified newsreel about a West Point cadet with a kid brother at Annapolis. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. All Talkie. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

To Rid Teeth of Destructive Germs

Remove film twice every day



that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

FREE... a 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection.

HAVE you noticed what you believe to be symptoms of decay?

Then it is time to change your method of tooth cleaning, for decay results from germs—pyorrhea from germs and tartar. Now germs can be effectively combated by a special method that removes from teeth the cloudy film in which they breed.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with teeth and tissues.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film successfully.

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

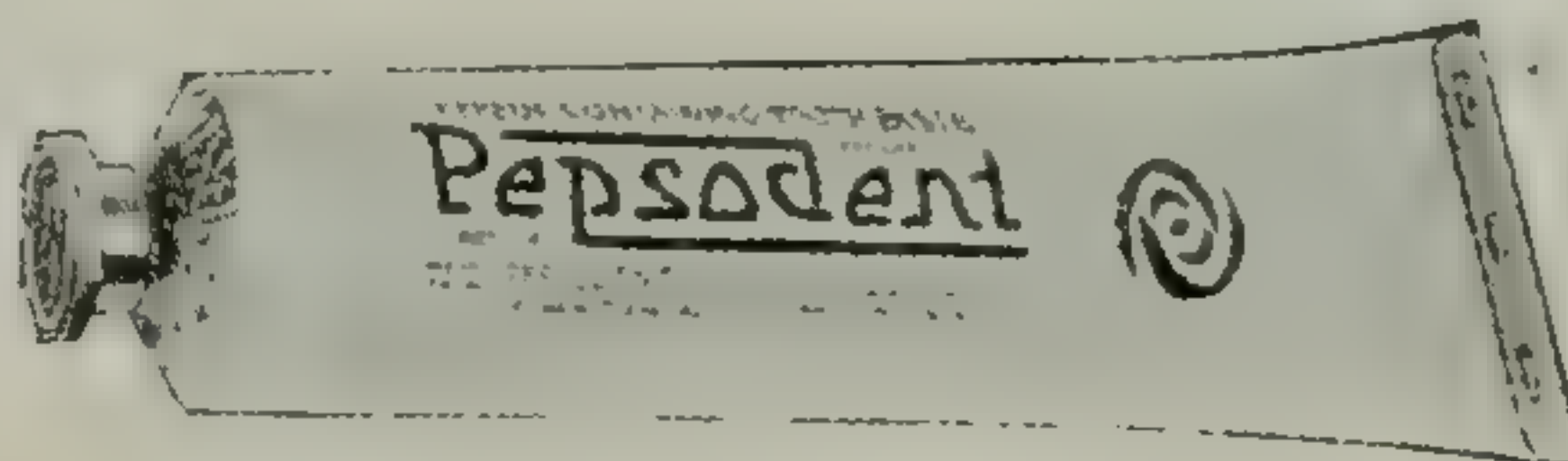
Acts in a different way

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it... safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive, but a fine, creamy paste commonly prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

When shall we send your supply?

You can tell that Pepsodent is different from all other ways the instant it touches your teeth. Can see the difference in results before your free tube is empty. Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



AMOS 'n' ANDY

Have Become America's Favorite Radio Entertainers



Laughs and tears make the experiences of these two boys part of your own daily life. Children will enjoy them too. Tune in every night except Sunday at:



7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

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191 George St., Toronto 2, Ont., Can.; 8 India
St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd.,
72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W.

Only one tube to a family 3383A



Do You Nag Your Face ?



Your make-up should flatter your complexion and features. Norma Talmadge emphasizes her beauty with well-chosen cosmetics, and she studies the whole effect carefully before leaving her boudoir or studio dressing room

GOOD complexions are born and made, but they aren't nagged into being. Many of you girls who write to me have not stopped to think about that. In your desire to help your skins retain the texture and bloom of youth and health you have grown over-zealous.

I would be amazed at some of the methods you use, if I had not made some of the same mistakes! Just as so many of you do, I combined treatments for oily skin with those for dry skin, and I even worked out elaborate treatments that no skin could long survive.

Yet I often overlooked the most obvious and simple preventive and curative measures. I did my own prescribing, without taking advantage of the help that expert cosmeticians could give me, either by personal advice or through their advertising and descriptive literature.

A letter received from Katherine L. reminds me of some of my experiences, and similar letters continue to come in such numbers that I feel it is time to say a word of warning.

Katherine writes that a few years ago her skin was fine-textured and smooth, but extremely sensitive to wind and sun.

During the past few years she has used most of the cosmetics on the market, never giving any one treatment time enough to produce results. She has included many cheap and inferior preparations. As a result, her complexion is marred by blackheads and large pores.

Now she is taking time to study her needs and to choose the right methods to protect her skin. She won't nag her face again, but will coax and nurture it back to normalcy.

THE word "moderation" and all that it implies is worth thinking about now and then, especially in connection with the use of cosmetics.

After considerations of general health, proper rest and diet are disposed of—and these have been stressed so often that no one should be ignorant of their effects on the complexion—most of us who are no longer children need a few well-chosen preparations to protect and improve our complexions. For ag-

gravated skin troubles, of course, a physician or skin specialist should be consulted.

The foundation of an attractive, healthy skin is scrupulous cleanliness. If powder puffs are used, they should be washed frequently. Hands and nails should be scrubbed before the face is handled. Fingers must not be dipped into the cold cream jar, rubbed on the face, and then dipped back into the jar. Towels and washcloths must be immaculate.

Borrowing and lending toilet articles is a pernicious practice and is certainly to be condemned from the standpoint of complete cleanliness and daintiness, if for no other reasons. If your friends are indifferent and careless in this respect and they neglect to carry their own make-up materials and combs, keep a guest supply of these articles.

If you have frequent over-night or week-end visitors, it is wise to lay in a stock of creams in tubes or tiny jars, and to pour a little face powder into a covered powder jar. Provide small quantities that can be used up by one person.

Choose your own beauty aids to fit your particular requirements and your own type of skin. Then follow the instructions of the master-cosmeticians who have prepared them.

Don't use make-up merely to cover up. Remember that it is not intended as a mask, to harden every soft outline and destroy every subtle bit of natural coloring. Employ it rather to emphasize the beauty that is there.

Let your common sense and your color sense guide you in choosing shades in powder, rouge and lipstick. Bright hues that can be worn so well by some types under artificial light are unflattering and cheapening to these same girls by daylight. Mascara and eye-shadow must be deftly and delicately applied.

Charm and beauty depend on many qualities besides regular features and a perfect skin. Artful make-up is highly important to the girl whose beauty is not flawless. But make-up is only artful when no artifice is apparent. The fair blonde, in particular, should be careful to avoid that "painted" appearance.

Rouge should simulate the bloom of health. Powder should lend smoothness and transparency, not that caked and solid appearance that so many girls mistake for skin beauty. If your complexion is somewhat yellow, you can use powder with a slight glow; if too florid, there are subtle shades to tone down your coloring without destroying it. Employ every bit of artistry in your

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]

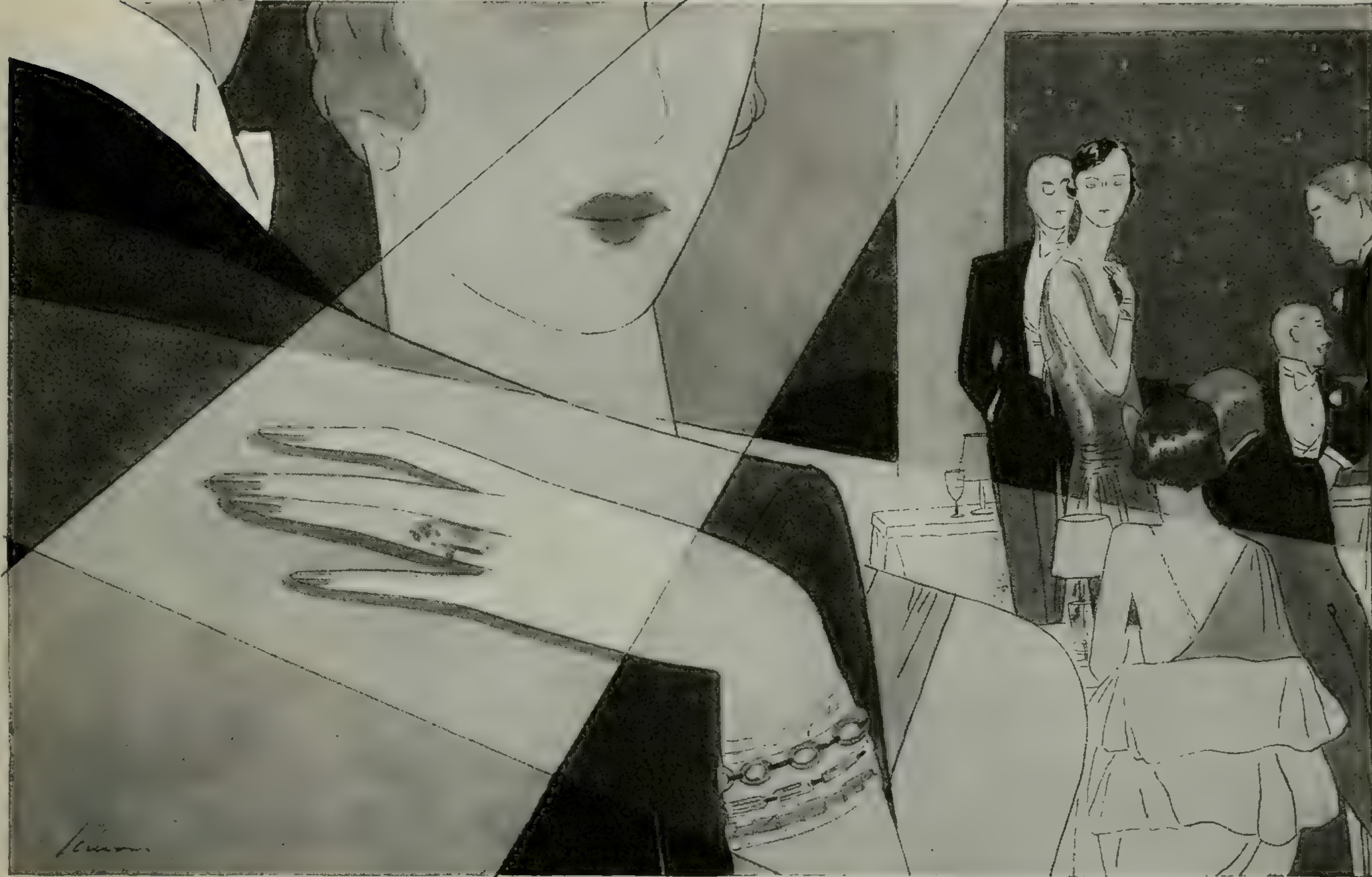
Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

WRITE to me if you want to know your correct colors in clothes and cosmetics—if you need personal advice about your hair or general appearance. My complexion leaflet is free. So is my booklet of sane reducing exercises and menus. Just send me your request, and a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Letters without return envelopes will be answered in the magazine, in the order received. My address is PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK



Only Glazo has the Tint that doesn't change in Party Lights



**GLAZO'S LOVELY TONE IS SCIENTIFICALLY PLANNED
TO LOOK EQUALLY WELL IN
ELECTRIC LIGHT, SUNLIGHT OR CANDLE-LIGHT**

HAS your nail polish ever deceived you at a party? Have you ever groomed your nails to the lovely tint you want—and, once there, discovered under electric light, that beauty had left your fingertips and that your nails looked as lifeless and dull as wilted flowers do?

A fashionable tint, of course, is the very essence of well-kept nails, but what queer tricks conditions of light play with many nail polishes. Some fade out in electric light, others take a yellow tinge, but with Glazo, the same pure and subtle color remains.

*Always—under every light—Glazo
brings beauty to your nails*

Lamp-light affects it not at all. The brilliant lights of ballrooms, theatres and bridge tables do not rob it of its charm. Even in dim lights it guards its pure tone.

If you want a startling proof of Glazo's constancy of color under all conditions of light, do your nails with Glazo exactly as you want them, under daylight.

Then step into a dark closet, turn on the electric light and examine carefully. Glazo will have the same tone in the closet as it had in the sun!

And, if you don't think that's remarkable, try any other polish and see what will happen!



*The Glazo Polish and Polish Remover twin
bottles — at all toilet goods counters, 50¢.*

A good polish like Glazo lasts longer than a week. It never peels, it never cracks, and gives a soft, lively sheen that never verges on artificiality. For its covering film is so smooth and thin that you will delight in its effect, and you can scarcely detect its presence.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. Its constant color is to you a great new advantage. For your polish, lasting a week, is seen under all sorts of conditions of light. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

If you would like to try the Glazo color test, send six cents with the coupon below.

Coupon

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-30,
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Plain ☐ Perfumed

I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo samples (polish and remover). See check above. Also booklet, "Lovely, Eloquent Hands."

Name.....

Address.....

©1930

In This Soap... *the Secret* *that keeps Face Pores Unseen*



You can feel it shrinking the pores... Cleansing deeply... the very first time you use it!

Keep your skin lovely and smooth—the skin he loves to touch—by keeping the pores fine!

BIG PORES, coarse texture—they are almost never seen in a very young skin. Definitely, unmistakably, mercilessly, they say of a woman—"middle age!"

Keep the pores of your skin small and fine! Small, clean, active pores mean lovely skin texture—freedom from blackheads and blemishes.

Even if your pores are becoming enlarged—you can overcome this condition. Every day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new skin takes its place. This is your opportunity! With the right care you can arrest this coarsening process and make the new skin, as it forms, smooth—clear—fine-textured.

A skin specialist has created the soap that will help you to do this—Woodbury's Facial Soap, which was formulated after a lifetime of study of the skin and its



THERE ARE THREE PLACES where your face pores are apt to be most conspicuous—on the forehead, nose and chin. Use Woodbury's Facial Soap to keep the pores small, clean, and active—the only way to have lovely skin texture.

needs. Woodbury's gives you lovely skin texture because it actually *shrinks the pores*. The first time you use Woodbury's you will feel its astringent action on your skin. You will feel how much finer and smoother it is than ordinary soaps—how much more deeply it cleanses.

Begin using Woodbury's today! See how it shrinks the pores—makes your skin finer, lovelier in texture! Around each cake you will find the booklet of Wood-

bury treatments, which have helped literally millions of women to free their skin from blackheads, blemishes, and other common skin troubles. To meet a skin specialist's exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use.

Get Woodbury's today and let it help you, too, to have "A Skin You Love to Touch"!

WOODBURY'S is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send for the large-size trial set

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2205 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1930, The A. J. Co.

LILLIAN ROTH came to pictures in Chevalier's "The Love Parade," but behind that first picture appearance was a brilliant, though brief, career on the revue stage in New York. She was a sensation in Earl Carroll's "Vanies," and was so gay and so pretty that motion pictures were a certain bet

Lillian Roth, being a newcomer from the New York stage, has left few footprints, so far, on the sands of film-land. She made her big debut in "Vanies," and was immediately snapped up for pictures





Victor McLaglen, dear to the hearts of doughboys, was born in London. He is six feet, three inches tall; weighs 215 pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes

VICTOR McLAGLEN, pet of the ladies with that enormous smile of his. What is a Novarro to such a lad? Vic has a tremendous following, thanks to his brilliant work in "What Price Glory?" and "The Cock Eyed World." And in "Hot from Paris" and "Broad-Minded" he ratifies his fan contract



VILMA BANKY—yes, it's Vilma, sleek hair and all. Vilma's voice will be heard to great advantage for the first time in "Sunkissed," the phonoplay version of Sidney Howard's unusual play; "They Knew What They Wanted," a great stage success of Richard Bennett's

Vilma Banky was born near Budapest, Hungary, in 1903. She is five feet, six inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and gray eyes. Husband—Rod La Rocque



Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901. He is six feet, two inches tall; weighs 180 pounds, and has black hair and blue eyes. Real name—Frank J. Cooper

A CAPTION is almost superfluous on this handsome picture of a handsome young man. Gary Cooper really needs no introduction, particularly since he became a star on the strength of his excellent performance in "The Virginian," phonoplay version of the famous stage play. Or shall we refer you to Lupe?



IF you have seen Ramon Novarro's first all-talking romance, "Devil May Care," you've seen this lovely child, Dorothy Jordan. She is the most beautiful film débutante of the hour—a pretty child of the South, with an accent that would melt butter at a hundred paces. Watch her! She'll go far!

Dorothy Jordan was born in Clarksville, Tenn., about twenty years ago. She was educated in Memphis, and after a brief musical comedy career entered pictures



Charles "Buddy" Rogers was born in Olathe, Kans., Aug. 13, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has black hair and black eyes. A Kansas University boy

WELL—America's Boy Friend! Does he need fuller mention? Buddy Rogers goes from hit to hit as a young Paramount star. He was the one very successful graduate of the almost forgotten Paramount School which graduated a class—the only class—in 1925. Buddy is a sensation in "Half Way to Heaven"



THE ONE ESSENTIAL TO BEAUTY
IN EVERY CLIME —

A SHADE ATTUNED
TO EACH LOVELY FACE

LES POUDRES COTY

*The ten "personal" shades of
COTY Face Powder give
the complete range of perfect
flesh-tones. Whether you be
sun-kissed or lily-pale you
will find your loveliest
accent in this fragrant,
luxurious powder.*



SHADES

OCRE
OCRE-ROSE
ROSE NO. 1
ROSE NO. 2
RACHEL NO. 1
RACHEL NO. 2
NATUREL
BLANC
MAUVE
COTYTAN

PRICE \$1.00



COMPACT

Now obtainable in two new
sizes. In Powder Puff design
box and East Indian design
box. \$1.00

ELINOR GLYN *Says* *"Wives..Keep the Trousseau Habit"*



ELINOR GLYN, famous writer
 on romance and marriage



Some wives keep romance in marriage forever—isn't one secret the trousseau habit?

HOW to hold a husband's love—that is the problem put up to me constantly by innumerable wives.

Can it be done? Fortunately the answer is yes. How? By being always feminine—colorfully, daintily feminine.

But first of all you yourself must feel your own daintiness, womanliness, before you can impress others.

One of the surest ways for a wife to gain perfect confidence in her lovely femininity is to wear charming lingerie and negligees.

Wonderful colors, soft, shimmering materials, lace-edged underthings! They just make a woman believe in herself—feel her inherent charm as a woman.

If a woman but keeps all this loveliness at its very best—as beautiful as when it came, new, from its tissue box, she is captain of her fate—irresistible.

But, women tell me, it is so difficult to wear lovely underthings always and keep them looking as wonderful, as colorful, as when they were new. Frequent washing (and we must be dainty) takes some of the lovely color and charm out of the garment. To this I reply, that is too often the case, but it need never be so if women

faithfully use that invaluable product, Lux—which is made especially to cleanse without disturbing the vibrant loveliness of colors. If a garment is safe in clear water alone, it is just as safe in Lux.

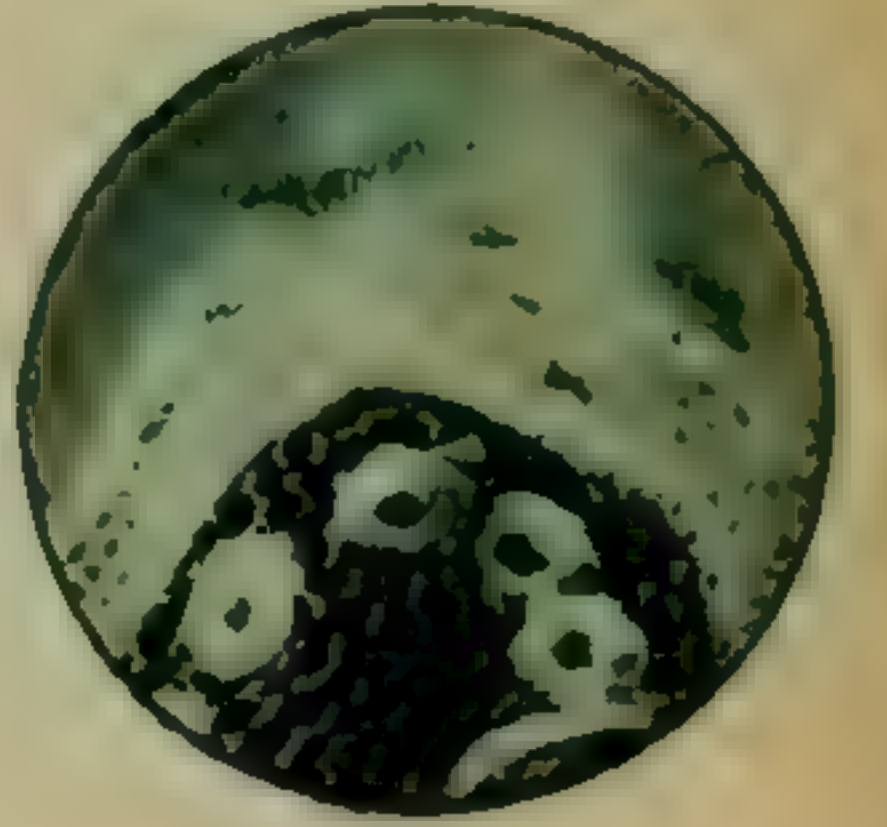
Let Your Surroundings Reflect You

Not only should you express your femininity through the effect dainty underthings have on you—as well as directly

through the magnetism of color in your frocks and accessories, but by your very surroundings. Even the curtains, draperies, slip covers in your living room form part of the magic spell that reflects *you*. And here, too, Lux is invaluable.



After 12 Lux washings—every thread in place—silk and lace fibres intact, color intact. The garment retains all of the qualities it had when new.



After 12 washings with an ordinary good soap—silk fibres a little out of place—lace damaged. Lustre slightly impaired—color lifeless, dulled.

*If it's safe in water
 . . it's safe in LUX*

March, 1930

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

WHEN Ruth Waterbury spent a day in the research laboratories of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company gathering material for the splendid article that appears in this issue under her name, she returned to the editorial offices of PHOTOPLAY, apparently a very sad girl.

"What's the matter, Ruth?" I asked.

"How would you like to have a specialist tell you a good friend of yours had been stricken dumb and would never be able to talk again?" she asked me.

"I wouldn't like it at all," I said. "Who is your friend and who is the specialist?"

"It is John Gilbert," she answered. "I asked those scientific fellows the direct question: 'Is there anything that can possibly be done to adapt John's voice to the talking picture?' and they gave me a very definite 'No.'"

THAT is just one of the weird little tricks of fate the talking pictures have played the Hollywood world. The camera was very kind to Jack. The microphone played him false.

Jack's natural voice is extremely pleasant. To the ear it is well pitched and as fascinating as a Rudy Vallée song. But it just will not reproduce in its natural quality.

NO one yet knows what happened in that week when Chaplin went into a secret session with the microphone and the sound experts in his studio. But his next picture, "City Lights," will be silent. The outstanding figure of the motion picture has probably also been rejected by the sound reproducers.

Chaplin is getting tired, anyhow. It is quite probable that the picture he has had in production for over a year will be his last.

But fifty years from now they will still be running

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
JAMES R. QUIRK



Chaplin pictures, and millions of people still unborn will rock in their seats with laughter and bless the little fellow for the enjoyment he contrived for them away back in the days before the talkies came.

BUT wouldn't it be a good joke on those scientific sound research chaps if, in a few months, they stumbled onto a way to do justice to the voices of Chaplin and Gilbert, just as they stumbled onto a lot of the other developments?

Columbus discovered America while searching for Asia. The talking motion picture of today is the direct result of a search for ways to improve the telephone.

PROFESSOR FRANCIS POWELL, of the Department of Spoken English of Smith College, has a peeve against talking pictures. He says that he and his National Association of Teachers of Speech are sore because the producers do not realize their responsibilities to the public, and demands that they train their actors in good English.

How about Professor Powell taking John Gilbert's job? And I have no doubt that among the lady teachers we could find a good supply of Corinne Griffiths, Clara Bows and Greta Garbos.

Few things annoy my ear more than the vocal affectations of the average professional teaching voice. But then, I never did like school anyhow.

ART ACORD, once a cowboy hero of the screen, says all his friends have deserted him since he fell upon bad times and lost his job. He was pinched with two pints of liquor in his pockets and told the judge he might not be able to pay the fine and might have to go to the hoosegow.

"When I was making lots of money everybody was my friend. Now I don't seem to have any friends any more," he said.

Art's liquor must have been pretty bad. Think of a man having two bottles of good liquor and having no friends.

EVER hear of Ivan Abramson? Well, anyhow, years ago when the motion picture business was in its infancy, as we used to say, Abramson was one of the most interesting characters in the business. He was a Russian immigrant and had been a producer of melodramas in the old country. He made motion pictures in New York on a shoe string capital and often carried them around under his arm to sell to distributors.

Ivan couldn't speak English very well and he was never mentioned in the society columns of the newspapers, but his formula was society, sex, and plenty of hot titles.

SOME of the classic stories of the old days of picture production are told about him. At one time he was making one of his sex thrillers in which he had gone to the expense of several thousand dollars in building a ball room "set."

As an assistant he had a nephew of about eighteen who had been to high school and was his uncle's mentor in the ways of the American *haute monde*.

Ivan had engaged thirty or forty extras in hired dress suits and gowns for one day, and was putting on the big ball room scene in what was supposed to be a millionaire's home. He worked for about an hour, finished up all the scenes and business in his scenario, and found to his disgust that his story did not call for enough action to keep the ball room set and the society dressed actors on the screen long enough to get the full value of the money expended. He puzzled over his problem, and called his nephew assistant.

"Max," he said, "we need more footage on this fine set. Tell me, what do the society people do when they are not acting in the scenario?"

"Oh," replied the nephew, "they just monkey around."

"All right," yelled Ivan to his workers. "Lights, camera, action. Everybody monkey around like society people for fifty feet."

WE hadn't heard of Mr. Abramson for years until recently, when he started suit against the entire motion picture business, Will Hays and all, claiming that the monopoly had deprived him of the means of making an honorable living.

A few other companies have come into the business in the meantime and prospered, but Ivan seems to think the entire business has been picking on him.

The titles of some of his pictures were "Sex Lure," "Forbidden Fruit," "Lying Wives," and "Enlighten Thy Daughter."

And one dignified New York newspaper took the lawsuit so seriously it gave the story about it over a column of space.

WE have as yet no conception of what the motion picture and the talking picture has done and is doing in influencing the world in manners, style of clothes, architecture, interior decoration, development of beauty, health and speech.

We know that a motion picture created a demand for sewing machines in Java and Sumatra. We know that one Wally Reid picture increased the sale of one type of car tenfold in Rio de Janeiro. We know that one Gloria Swanson picture sold millions of bottles of a popular perfume which was recognized by its peculiarly shaped black bottle.

The plumbing manufacturers admit Cecil De Mille influenced tremendous changes in bathroom design and fixtures, and department stores in Detroit and other cities traced a sudden demand for doll telephone covers to his pictures. We know that the effort of the feminine stars for slenderness started a national reducing craze. But we do not yet know the half of it.

Leaving the Paramount Theater in New York recently after seeing—and, pardon me, hearing—Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook in "The Laughing Lady," I heard a girl say to her companion:

"That finished it. Tomorrow I am going to buy a new dress. This short evening dress is out. When I watched Ruth Chatterton move about in those beautiful flowing dresses I felt old-fashioned and gauche."

THE most efficient production manager in California has been discovered. It's his job to keep expenses down and see that everybody who is drawing a pay check works for it.

The other day he heard some carpenters working on a set outside his office and rushed out in great excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked his assistant as he went by.

"There are eighty-one carpenters charged to that set, and I only hear eighty hammers," was the production manager's answer.

TO the colored actors in the picture colony all producers are multi-millionaires.

Stepin Fetchit, the somewhat erratic and quite self-important featured player, was discussing Douglas Fairbanks with one of his negro friends who works as a general utility man in the Fairbanks studio.

"Yes," opined Stepin, "I suppose Douglas is a millionaire."

"Millionaire, . . . millionaire?" replied his colored friend, looking at him in disgust. "Ah is surprised at yo ignorance. Mr. Fairbanks is not only a millionaire, boy, he is a malted millionaire."

ANOTHER proof that New Yorkers are easy marks is the way some of us give up two dollars to see a picture that runs an hour and a quarter.

"Disraeli" is a splendid picture and one everybody should see.

BUT—

I not only object to a two-dollar charge for it, but I object to the way they wasted a good hour and a half of my time making me sit through a tiresome lot of second rate preliminary junk before they got to the picture.

I heard many murmurs throughout the house, and more than one member of the audience got up and walked out.

CLAYTON
KNIGHT



DEATH *Rides With The* CAMERĀ!

THREE great planes flew out across the Pacific to make air scenes for a Fox picture, "Such Men Are Dangerous." Two carried cameramen and Director Kenneth Hawks, husband of Mary Astor—ten men of Hollywood on business bent.

From the third a parachute jumper was to leap into the sea. As the parachute plane circled below,

its pilot and passenger were horrified to see the camera planes—for reasons unknown—crash, and plunge flaming into the Pacific.

Ten men died. Among them was Ken Hawks. From the shore Hoot Gibson saw the tragedy. He was to have gone along!

This is Artist Clayton Knight's conception of the fatal crash.

Do You Know We Are

W. E. Benton, character analyst, discovers there are two sides to every face, and each one tells a story

THIS is the way Mr. Benton does what he calls character analysis by the face, as presented in these striking composite pictures. The right side of the face, he says, shows the conscious side of the subject, while the left displays the subconscious, or hidden characteristics of the person. He has taken a picture of each star, cut it in half, and has photographed two right sides and two lefts together. And presto, these results!



Below is a conventional portrait study of our handsome hero, Ronald Colman. Mr. Benton has turned his face-analyzer upon this picture, with the somewhat astonishing results shown to the right and left of here



Above, the left side of Ronald Colman's face, doubled. In this, the subconscious side, alertness and determination are predominant, with an almost Oriental cast to the eyes. Below, the left side of Norma Shearer's face. Note that it is stronger-jawed than the right. This shows that subconsciously she has enormous stamina—the secret of success

The right, or conscious, side of Ronald Colman's face, above, shows the star we know best—orderly, a bit repressed and a trifle tragic around the lips and eyes. Below—Norma Shearer's right side. This shows the girlish, bright-eyed Norma, notable for optimism, high spirits, and tremendous zest for life, even in the face of adversity



A studio portrait of our lovely friend, Norma Shearer. Mr. Benton, in his analysis of this classic face, finds that Norma's is one of the best balanced in all film-land, as you will discover to right and left



All Really Two-Faced?



Above, the left side of Greta Garbo's face, showing a Garbo that perhaps you never even suspected. This, the sub-conscious side, displays an almost mischievous quality about the eyes. Benton finds optimism in this lighter side of Greta's nature, and even gayety

Below, Greta Garbo, full face and head on. Mr. Benton chose this characteristic picture of the Swedish star for purposes of analysis, with the surprising results shown in the photographs to the left and right



The right side of Greta's face mirrors the Garbo we think we know—quiet, thoughtful, unobtrusive, even a trifle sullen. This, the conscious Garbo, is the girl who dresses quietly, shuns the spotlight in and out of the studio, and embodies the star's odd mystery



The analysis of this picture of Lon Chaney, shown below, is not to be taken as a study of the man himself, but of his extraordinary ability to portray dual-natured, bizarre types on the screen, or "Why Chaney is a Great Star"



The left side of Lon Chaney's face, as shown in the character portrait to the right. This pictures a man grim, sensitive and dour, fitted to many of the bitter characters Lon has played in his long career as one of the leading type actors of the screen. Not exactly a pal!

The right side of the character picture of Lon Chaney, to the left. A jolly friend and good companion, looked at from this angle. These two, out of Lon's thousand faces, when analyzed by Mr. Benton's method, form an astonishing contrast in human lights and shades



Two True LOUISE

She Takes Life
Seriously!

By Katherine

Above, the beautiful Louise Dresser, once a toast of the musical comedy stage, and now one of the most earnest and talented character actresses in all Hollywood. To the right, Miss Dresser as *The Goose Woman* in the film of that name—a great rôle that made her famous

SHE began her stage career as a light comedienne. As such, she achieved nation-wide fame.

She came to Hollywood to retire, but was persuaded to join the film colony by Pauline Frederick.

A year later came "The Goose Woman."

She has been playing that same rôle ever since.

She is forty-seven years old and is determined to be another "Goose Woman" and another "Mother Knows Best" before she stops.

"I look at myself on the screen and I'm amazed," said Louise Dresser. "I think I'll scream if I see that slovenly, dull, peasant woman flash before my eyes again. I've been playing that same rôle for years. I wish I were a Pollyanna sort of person who was always pleased with every rôle meted out to her. But I'm not, and I'm not happy unless I have good stories and good parts."

LOUISE DRESSER has had tremendous success. She, like Marie Dressler, has achieved film stardom at an age when most women are content to fill their lives with petty household details. But she is restless and dissatisfied with her work unless she reaches the peak of perfection that looms above her.

She is as eager as a young girl just choosing her career. She takes her work and her life with the deadly seriousness of a great artiste.

You might think she'd be content to live in her gorgeous Beverly Hills home with her Persian cat and her French bull dog. But she isn't. There's too much to be done, too much to be accomplished. So she's going to New York. She's going to show the stage producers that she isn't the broad-hipped, sod-



den, weepy character she's been ever since he achieved her amazing brand of stardom.

"I'm not really a Gloomy Gus," she said. "I'm quite a cheerful person, but I'm never happy when I'm not engrossed in my work and feel that I'm giving the best I have."

"Jack"—that's Jack Gardner, her husband, the casting director at Fox—"says that I'm just like all actors. Well, if we weren't all alike we wouldn't be actors. He says that we are always dissatisfied with our performances."

I DON'T work to have people look at me and say, 'Oh, isn't she a marvelous performer!' I work to satisfy myself. To do the things I know I can do. To touch, for a moment, something of beauty.

"And, truly, I don't work for money. I'm hopelessly stupid about finance. Unless I've got somebody watching me all the time it trickles through my fingers and I don't know where it's gone. Oh, it isn't the money that has kept me here. And it isn't the fame. It's the hope that some day, some time, I'll do the things I really want to do."

Louise attended the opening of the Fox Theater in San Diego. When the players were introduced, she received the biggest hand of any of them. She stood for several tragic minutes, arms thrown back against the curtain. She told me later that it was one of the most exciting moments of her life.

"I was thrilled at the touch of an audience again," she said. "It made me think that maybe I could go back on the stage and that they'd remember me. There is still a theater and I feel that if I could get away from Hollywood for awhile—I haven't been to New York for ten years—and do a good play, the sort of thing I used to do—bright, humorous comedy drama—I would get a new lease on life. And maybe the producers would forget that woman I've been on the screen."

Louise Dresser is one of the most charming women in Hollywood. Her friends know her as a gay, laughing, happy person. It is only her work, which is, of course, her life, that she attacks with the earnestness of a novice.

AT a moment when most people are thinking of settling down to ruminate on past glories, Louise feels as if she were just beginning.

Her last words were: "You wait. Just wait. I'm going to do something as good as 'The Goose Woman' and 'Mother Knows Best' yet!"

Troupers & MARIE

She Just Laughs
It Off!

Albert

SHE has been to Europe every year since she was twenty.

As a girl she was the toast of Broadway and her most intimate friends were the Stuyvesant Fishes and others whose pictures decorated the newspaper society sections.

When in Europe she is always lavishly entertained.

She has played before all the crowned heads of the last generation.

She has toured the United States over and over again.

Newspapers have acclaimed her and critics have been inspired to journalistic sonnets.

She is the author of an autobiography.

She has known almost every celebrity of this era.

Maybe you think that all this has made her blasé, bored, dulled. Then you don't know your Marie Dressler, who finds life absorbing, fascinating and the best joke she's heard since the first one about the traveling salesman.

Marie Dressler doesn't know her own age. Actually! When she was a very young girl on the stage she made herself older than she was. Later on she set the clock back. It all became frightfully confusing. She's somewhere in her late forties, at the age when most women are reviving their own thwarted hopes and ambitions through their grandchildren. But Marie is having the best time she ever had in her life.

ALITTLE over a year and a half ago she decided to put the theater and the pictures out of her mind completely. She would retire and lead the simple life on the money she had made, but M-G-M begged her to do one more picture, "The Callahans and the Murphys." Since then she has appeared in a dozen films and there are three waiting for her just as soon as she finishes "The Swan." Of course you remember her in "The Hollywood Revue."

"Life is the best joke I know," she said, "and the most amusing gesture of all. Whoever made the world was the greatest wit of all time. I have a perfectly grand time just living and keeping on living. Everything pleasant seems to happen to me. Big things as well as small. The other day I was in a department store. A woman came up to me and said, 'I'm furious.' I waited for my cue and there didn't seem to be any. So she went on. 'You don't play in nearly enough pictures and I'm furious.' Wasn't that a divine gesture?"

"Nothing bores me. Absolutely nothing. Wait! I'll take that back. A tea! Oh, Lord, a tea, with a group of women smirking and smiling and looking at each other's clothes and



Marie Dressler, above, in one of her more regal moments, when buffoonery is put away and she drapes herself with the famous Dressler pearls. The smaller picture shows the marvelously mad Marie we know best—as funny a comic as ever knocked a customer into the aisle

talking behind each other's backs. There! That's the only thing in this world that bores and depresses me. This"—she flung out her hand toward the set—"this is marvelous. This is real fun. I love to be a small fish in a big pond. I love knowing that I'm a part of anything large and vital and intense."

As she talked, men and women kept passing her chair to remind her of laughs she'd given them.

Friends—she has enough of them to nominate her for president and she keeps them bound to her with laughter, wit and vivacity.

The stars with whom she plays adore Marie Dressler. Marion Davies sent out an order, after they had finished "The Patsy" together, that not a single Dressler scene was to be cut out.

Greta Garbo, a close friend of hers, protects her work in the same way.

And Lillian Gish. And others, all the others with whom she works.

If you get depressed because there are wrinkles just beginning to show around your eyes take a look at Marie. Sure, she has wrinkles.

They got there from laughing.

WHEN she is on the set, at a dinner party, or a member of an executive conference she is the center of attraction and the most sought after woman in the place. Everyone knows that.

Marie's age doesn't matter. She might be twenty or a hundred.

Anyhow, she doesn't bother about it, for life is a joke and you just can't get serious about it.

The "OTHER WOMAN"



Aileen Pringle having her wicked way with Conrad Nagel, in the famous film version of "Three Weeks," produced some years ago. Aileen was, and is, a noted "other woman"

Some great menaces of the screen give their ideas on home-smashing

The vampire of the screen has had as great a metamorphosis as the screen itself. The old paraphernalia of peacock fans, slinky, snaky gowns, and a come-hither that any half-intelligent child of six would recognize, might have been interesting, but it wasn't convincing. The new-model vamp, and you really can't call her that, is a human being. On the screen she wears Paris gowns, plays tennis, dances, and drinks bath-tub gin. She's a good fellow, and she's a man's woman.

THE 1914-18 dame was something out of a Bram Stoker thriller. A real life male would have taken one glance at Theda Bara, and then started a marathon for home and mother, yelling at the top of his lungs. The Baras, Glaums, Suratts and Pearsons, and their sirening, are as extinct as the dodo. Betty Blythe, a contemporary, was a bit more convincing. No one else has managed to be so utterly majestic and dignified in a string of dime beads.

Which gets us around to the place we've been trying to get around to. The old vampire was about as dangerous as the Rover Boys. The new bad woman on the screen is dynamite to the wife or fiancée. She is subtle, and does she understand men! She could write prologues and epilogues for Darwin.

Even the term "bad woman" is an anachronism.* The new charmer has to be real. The old vamp had no motivation unless it was to pose with her hair over her face, looking gleefully on a pile of human bones, and with a raven perched on her shoulder.

No one understood what the interest was supposed to be in the vampire. Everyone is interested in what the attraction is in the modern woman who makes a business of keeping men guessing. There's no better authority on the subject than these other women of the screen, themselves.

Well, just what does the man see in the other woman?

George Bancroft says it isn't the bad in a woman that attracts the man, but the desire to bring out the good in her.

NOW that's a pretty theory, but somehow we feel it's "hoey." Not many men are such good Samaritans. The desire for reform isn't exactly burning in the average predatory male.

"It is the contrast with his wife or sweetheart," said Evelyn Brent. "He is attracted by her experience. First of all it becomes a matching of wits, the wish to conquer a formidable enemy. Then there's pride. He likes to be seen with a woman that other men want. That's the secret of Peggy Hopkins Joyce's attraction.

"Other men are interested—well, so is he. The other woman does not allow herself to be held by the conventions that bind the wife and sweetheart. She has the courage of her convictions, the courage to do wrong in the conventional meaning of the word."

WHAT is the attraction that lures a sedate husband from his comfortable Late Grand Rapids living room and the tasty apple pies of his wife to the drawing room of "the other woman"?

The husband thinks he knows, but he doesn't. The wife thinks she knows, but she doesn't, either. Nobody knows, except Elinor Glyn, who writes pieces on the general idea, and the other woman. You can bet your red flannels that the other woman knows.

The other women of the screen plays have some rather definite ideas on the subject. A formidable list—these cinematic enchantresses—spelling murder to just about any happy home and fireside. When Evelyn Brent looks out of those smouldering eyes it's time for the ingénue to turn on the baby stare and work like the deuce. And when Aileen Pringle brings out her domino set, there's a divorce just around the corner. Janet Gaynor had a tough time lashing Mary Duncan to the mast in "Four Devils," and for a while Mary had Charlie Morton jumping through hoops. Then there are Margaret Livingston, Jetta Goudal, Estelle Taylor, Lilyan Tashman, and the arch-sorceress of men, the mysterious Garbo.

Of course, before there are any hard feelings, it has to be clearly understood that they are other women only on the screen. In private life they may teach Sunday School classes, and bake swell gingerbread for the neighborhood kids. But the other women on the screen have to have the same attributes as other women in life. Having wreaked destruction to domesticity on the screen, these women have the psychology of the business down to a fine point.



By Marquis Busby

Poor Charlie Farrell! Mary Duncan turned loose her stupendous charm in his direction, and Farrell is taking the count of nine as this picture is snapped by a snooping photographer. This is a scene from "The River," one of their best-known pictures for Fox

Evelyn holds to the theory that the other woman on the screen is real and understandable as long as she has a motive for her wrong-doing. Evelyn made things pretty tough for Doris Kenyon, William Powell and Clive Brook in "Interference." Here was a bad woman, but she never lost the sympathy of the audience. She was motivated by a tragic, hopeless love.

Now if Margaret Livingston wasn't the other woman in "Sunrise" we'll hock the typewriter and open a laundry.

Margaret, honest, frank and a prince of good fellows in life, has done some terrible things on the screen.

"MEN are naturally naughtier than women," she said. "They're like kids, and they want to play with fire. I don't think one woman can ever completely satisfy a man, although he may be faithful to her. He likes the respectability of the wedded state; that is the rock to which he anchors. His wife runs the house and sees that he doesn't eat liver when it doesn't agree with him. She looks after his material well-being. The other woman looks after his moods. She jokes with him when he is gay, and is serious when he is serious. And she has time to please the playboy side of him. A woman has to keep a man interested. Maybe he needs a little spat now and then to keep him guessing.

"I don't think the man is deliberately seeking a love affair away from his wife. He is willing to pay in some other way. The other woman expects to be paid. Usually she has some end to serve. Sometimes she gets caught in her own net, and falls in love with the man.

"But a man gets a thrill out of the excitement of the thing—the escape from routine."

Married women have a friendly interest in the other woman, accord- [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 131]



Jetta Goudal is a famous "other woman" of the screen, using her unusual exotic charm as bad news for the other sex. A scene from "The Cardboard Lover," the victim being the opera singer, Andreas de Seguroia



P. and A.

Ever see a finer looking young family? It's Lita Grey Chaplin and her two husky sons, Charles, Jr., four, and Sidney, three

“Dumbbell-Eh?”

LITA GREY CHAPLIN has licked the game!

After her divorce from the little gray comic (no pun!) Hollywood put her on the well-greased skids.

A year after she tried her wings in vaudeville she is still flying high in the two-or-more-a-day. She is a personal success, with a crooning blues voice that does things to the fans. She has put it over in an exceptionally big way. How come? Hear Lita!

“I never thought of going on the stage after my divorce,” she says. “I had had enough grief. I wanted to be left alone.

“But I found out who my friends were, after my trouble. I found one—my mother. The rest were fair-weather. I got freezing nods, or averted heads. I didn’t worry much about that, but one day I heard a group of men discussing me. One said I was ‘just a dumbbell’—that I had no education and could do nothing; that if I hadn’t married Charlie I’d be juggling trays in a cafeteria. He said I should be ashamed not to give my babies something they could respect.

“That settled it. The next day I chose a manager, and two weeks later I opened in San Francisco. That was a year ago. I’m still in vaudeville. Dumbbell, eh?”

She’s played from Coast to Coast, has Lita. Her blues voice has theater patrons winging. She’s aces on the air.

Nowadays, when her name pops up in lights before a theater, people go in, not only to see the ex-wife of a great comedian and

Charlie Chaplin’s ex-wife beats bad luck, gossip and publicity

the mother of his children, but because they like to hear her sing.

Lita Grey Chaplin has won out. She wasn’t satisfied to sit back and take it on the chin. She wasn’t content to live on her \$850,000 settlement from Charlie. She vowed she was going to make a career for herself that would be a credit to her two handsome little boys, and she’s done

it. Even if she marries Phil Baker, the comedian, she’s going on with her work.

She has had some interesting offers to appear on the legitimate stage, and if a particularly juicy plum is dangled before her she may snatch at it.

But if she doesn’t enter a stage production, Lita is planning to complete her vaudeville tour and go back into pictures when she returns to Hollywood.

It has taken a lot of courage to do what Lita has done—make herself a sound and solid position in the world of public entertainment absolutely on her own and in the face of some pretty unhappy, unpleasant publicity. Everyone has to admit that.

And she’s come through with healthy views of life. The bitterness of her tribulations has left her with clear vision and no illusions about herself or anyone else. But, on the other hand, she’s not too cynical about either life or love.

Lita Grey Chaplin has just made good, that’s all!

Intimate Portrait

of a MAN with BLACK HAIR

HIS hair is black and he parts it almost in the middle but slightly on the right. His eyes are dark brown and large and moody. His forehead is wide and high, and his chin cleft. His ears are set back against his head, and his lips are firm and crook down to the right.

Upon meeting him once or twice or a hundred times one remembers most vividly his eyes and his crooked smile.

His name is Richard Semler Barthelmess.

His body is strong and solid, and he catches cold very often.

His voice is baritone; he speaks in low tones and although not a singer, will, on occasion, burst into "White Wings."

He fought stubbornly against theaters advertising his "golden voice."

He dresses inconspicuously, and in summer likes to go without socks.

He attends formal functions in an opera hat. He likes to play tennis, plays often, but does not play well. He is a fair marksman with rifle and pistol. He is equally at home in drawing room and camp.

HE dances well but modestly and does not indulge in the latest ballroom gyrations. He cannot tango.

Richard Barthelmess plays no musical instruments and will not have a radio in his home. He is a Wagner addict.

He numbers among his friends Joseph Hergesheimer, Beatrice Lillie, Jascha Heifetz, Ronald Colman, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsie Janis, John McCormack, Paul Whiteman, George Fitzmaurice, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, John Colton, William Powell, Ethel Barrymore, Lois Wilson, and "Shorty" English, a lovable oaf and world-vagabond. His friendship for Shorty dates back to Barthelmess' pictures under D. W. Griffith when Shorty was a property boy.

He travels whenever the opportunity affords and has visited Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Bermuda, Hawaii, France, England, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Hungary and Egypt.

He likes Paris and Havana best of all.

He has no luck in gambling. He usually loses bets. He likes horse-racing, football and tennis. He plays bridge only fairly.

He likes to drive a car. He is a good horseman and enjoys riding. He does not own a horse.

He is not a flying enthusiast and flies only in an emergency. In 1925 his pilot was found dead at his controls upon landing.



By

Joseph Henry

Steele

The shock of this incident has never quite left Barthelmess.

He has epicurean tastes but his favored dishes are ham and eggs and pork and beans.

He never wears spats, and very seldom wears suspenders or starched collars. Frequently he goes to the studio dressed in a pair of old flannels, sweat shirt and sneakers.

Whenever possible he avoids people who confide to him their troubles—and expect him to remember them.

He dislikes the gaudy display of motion picture openings and attends them only under duress. His favorite beverage is good beer.

He hates to pose for portraits and dislikes being interviewed. He smokes cigarettes, occasionally a pipe, but never a cigar.

He wants to do the story of the young Napoleon on the screen. He considers "Tol'able David" his greatest picture and "The Drop Kick" his worst.

He avoids crowds and refuses to make personal appearances. He is inept as master of ceremonies and after-dinner speaker.

HE likes sailing and owns a 49-foot schooner. He is fond of dogs but is unable to keep them as they are either lost, strayed or stolen.

He will not have in his home a canary, parrot or monkey.

He never plays poker but occasionally will roll the bones. His literary inclinations run to biographies, histories and satire.

He collects rare and first editions and has no use for poetry.

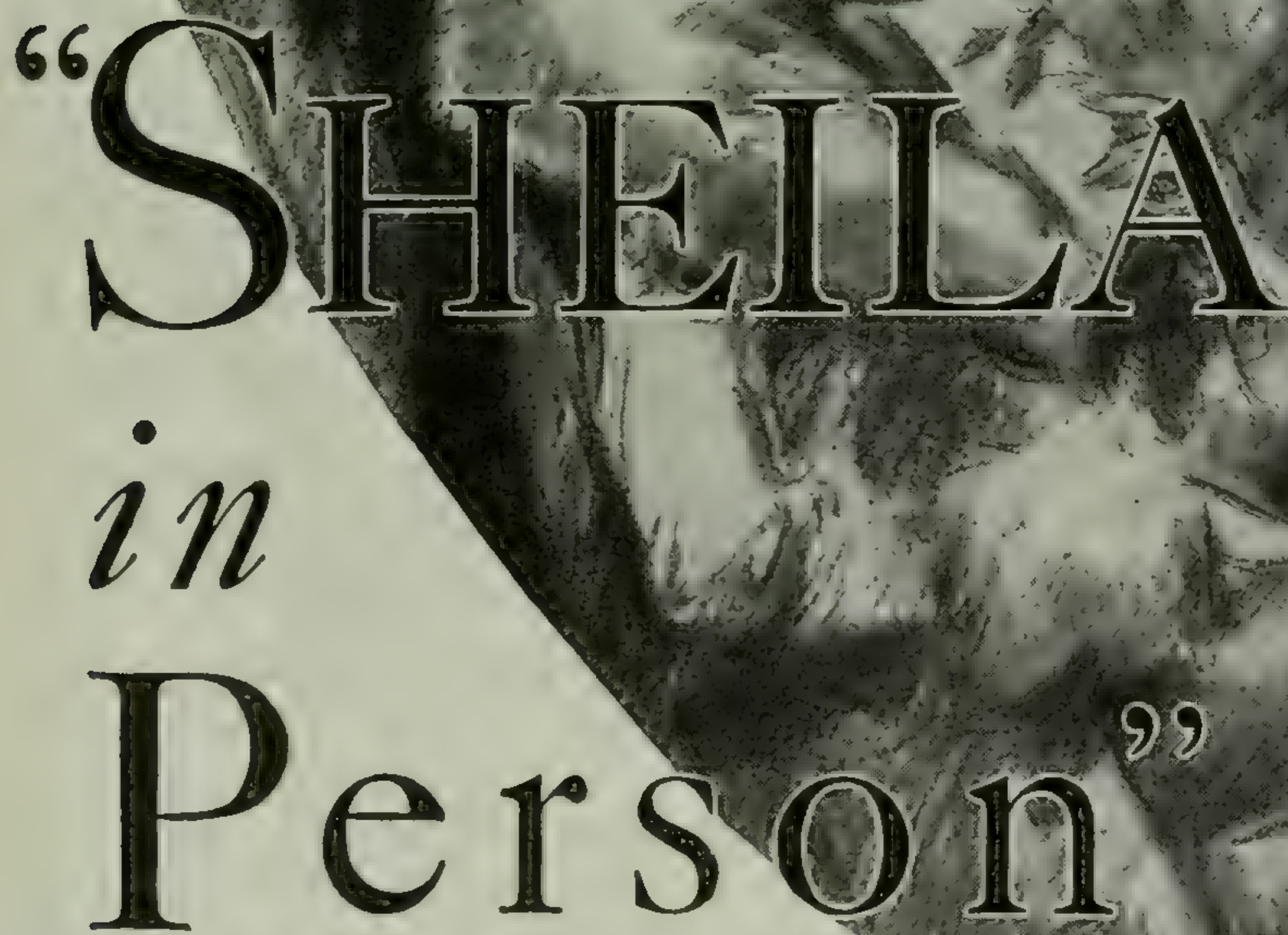
Richard Barthelmess would rather have been a writer than an actor.

He plans some day to be a director-producer. He never wears plus fours and does not play golf. He hopes light wines and beer come back.

[PLEASE TURN TO
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Three happy musketeers of the studio, loose aboard the Barthelmess yacht, singing Dick's favorite song, "White Wings." The warblers are, left to right, Ronald Colman, Bill Powell and Dick



"SHEILA *in* Person"

*A story of a
pretty martyr
of the microphone*

THE decrepit organ wheezed to an exultant climax as the screen lovers fell into the inevitable clinch. Sighs of envy fanned the stuffy air in the Yellowstone Theater, and Miss Sheila O'Shaughnessy, piloting couples down the aisle, was acutely conscious that the soles of her feet were as hot as the hinges of Hades.

The second show got under way, and with it came the nine-fifteen lull that heralded comparative peace for the rest of the evening. Miss O'Shaughnessy leaned gratefully against a railing and tried out a new powder on her haughty little nose. That facial ornament had a right to be tilted a bit, for its owner,

being bronze-haired, blue-eyed and provocative, was the recognized beauty of the particular part of Montana wherein she dwelt and dieted.

A series of jerky noises by the organ failed to stop Sheila from drifting into a haze of dreams. She indulged in a vicarious adventure that would have melted the apathy of a ticket chopper, and not until an uncultured kiss landed on her left ear did she awake from her trance.

"Thinking of me, honey?" whispered Mr. Andrew Dent, the manager, grinning.

Miss O'Shaughnessy, snatched from a thrilling struggle with



Illustrated by
Everett Shinn

By
Stewart Robertson

a nebulous lover, gazed upon her best boy friend with a lack-luster eye. Andy was a swell fellow, she told herself, but—what was the word she'd noticed in that novel? Oh, yes—provincial! Just a homespun admirer, off the target when it came to dressing. Andy would be hurt when he heard her decision, but a girl lives only once—

"Say," persisted Mr. Dent with the suspicion of an ardent swain, "what's all this soulful stuff? For the last couple of days you've behaved like an absent-minded creditor. That's no way to treat a fellow who's saving up to buy you a ring."

"I've been meditating," stated Sheila loftily. "Maybe that's

Sheila stood on the stage steps, and "her public" rose to her on a wave of thunderous applause. Matinée girls threw flowers. But all her thoughts were of a shadowy male figure, high in the mezzanine

why I look sort of different. I don't want to be engaged yet. I've been on the heights, Andy, exalted too—oh, you wouldn't understand!"

"Yeah?" said Mr. Dent dangerously. "What is it—a crush on some parlor snake from Miles City?"

"I was talking about the heights of ambition, Andy. I didn't see any man up there, either! It was kind of lonesome, but I guess I can stand it."

"I've seen enough society pictures," muttered the manager, "to know that last remark has a hidden meaning. You've got ambition, but you're afraid I haven't. What's the answer?"

The Microphone Martyred Sheila, But—

"I'm going to Hollywood," throbbed Sheila, and waited for an explosion, but Mr. Dent's guileless countenance showed nothing but bewilderment.

"Why, honey," he said uncertainly, "didn't you ever think that perhaps the Queen of Rosebud County might be Grade B or C out there?"

"Not when I look at some of the washouts we show. I've got as good a chance as the next, and anyhow, I'm sick of ushering in this shooting gallery. You've been nice to me, Andy, but it doesn't seem that you're getting anywhere. I want success!"

"I'm not going to stay in Castle Butte all my life," protested Mr. Dent. "I'm learning the business!"

"But I can't stand the slow and steady stuff! No matter what you get in Hollywood, it hits you in a hurry."

Andy regarded the glowing damsel with respect and dismay. After all, how could he hope to hold her? Sheila possessed a few hundred dollars and the ardent desire of an orphan to throw the world for a loss. He grimaced a little.

"Well, I guess I've got to let you go," he said in the tolerant tone that seldom fails to exasperate a woman bent on improving herself. But his wistful manner removed the sting. "I'll miss you a lot, honey. Don't forget me too soon."

"As if I could," cooed Miss O'Shaughnessy, her mind on the future. "Why, Andy, if I make good you could become my personal manager, or something. Lots of stars have them."

"Scratch my entry," snapped Mr. Dent. "You can't make any high-class *gigolo* out of me. Sink or swim, I run a theater, not a bluff."

"You don't need to get sore," flared Sheila. "It's very sweet of me to ask you."

"You're dealing in futures," reminded Andy. "You can ask me for just one thing, and that's carfare home after you flop."

"You big ox!" cried Miss O'Shaughnessy. "Flop your Aunt Emma! See that calendar there—it says October 12th, 1926, doesn't it? Well, smart aleck, next time you see me I'll be a star, eyelashes glued on, and everything. I'll—."

"Hey!" growled a voice from the rear row. "Get married and do your fightin' at home, willya?"

MISS SHEILA O'SHAUGHNESSY, featured lead with Stupefaction Pictures, retinted her roguish countenance as she looked thoughtfully into her dressing-table mirror and reviewed the events of three years before. Good old Andy! She remembered his silent adoration when he put her on the North Coast Limited and watched her roll away from him.

Their desultory correspondence had ceased about the time the papers printed those shots of her alongside Prince Kinnick-innic of Korea, who had turned out to be a loony Filipino. And then there had been a procession of other cavaliers, none of whom had made the grade with the fastidious Sheila.

Picked from a mob of extras as the ideal college girl type, although she could neither drink pineapple gin nor parse a sentence, she had been given a bit by a director who saw something new in her impudent charm. More bits, a part, two closeups per picture, second woman, leading lady—she climbed steadily upward until the jealous beauties began to realize that she was cutting into their fan mail.

Miss O'Shaughnessy sighed happily as she estimated the luring effect of a new gown, for another moth was begging to be singed. She had met J. Pennypacker Mawlings, 4th, of the sacred and well-oiled Philadelphia Mawlings, during her vacation at Yosemite. Viewed from the side, J. Pennypacker somewhat resembled a halibut, and by a little effort could be browbeaten into excellent husband material.

If only Andy had agreed to manage her, things might be different. She had thought of him a lot during her holiday, which for some unknown reason had lasted three solid months. Decent of old Abe Zoop not to work her to death, but it was all over now, for the studio had called her that morning. Another day, another dollar! Winking farewell to her dainty image, she floated downstairs and climbed into a neat eight thousand dollar paint job that carried her [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]

Meet Gilbert Emery! *A Yankee Actor*

*Who Has An
English Voice and
Writes Fine Plays*

GILBERT EMERY is an American. And if that doesn't surprise you, it's because you haven't heard his repressed English voice in "Behind That Curtain" and "The Sky Hawk." Somehow you can't quite reconcile Yankee blood in a gentleman who wears loose tweeds and lives in a bachelor home where a little log fire plays on the hearth and a crisp maid brings in strong tea and lemon at five o'clock in the afternoon.

But if you're bored with bounding juveniles you'll find Emery good for what little soul you have left after a session in Hollywood. He's tall, moustached and in his early forties.

Kicking around somewhere in the top bureau drawer is a French Legion of Honor decoration and the Italian Order of the King. He enlisted in the French army before America "got in," and eventually joined up with his own troops.

It is strange that he should have become an actor, because he is best known as the author of a piece called "The Hero," which Heywood Brown described as "the best American play." Acting overtook him just after he had returned from Europe, broke. He was writing better than he had ever written before, but the trick was to make the editors think so.



Gilbert Emery—soldier, playwright and excellent actor for the stage and talking screen

"Look here, Gilbert," said Jane Cowl at an informal dinner one evening, "you must do something towards earning your living, you know."

EMERY admitted that he must, since he had no genius for staving gracefully. "Why don't you try acting?" And she and her husband found a small part for him in one of her farces.

And that began a stage career that eventually identified him with the leading rôles in "Tarnish" and "Love in the Mist." He's now in Hollywood because of the talkies, but because he spent his childhood in New England his nose is homesick for the smell of damp earth and the brisk tang of the sea.

So you have now met, socially, one of Hollywood's greatest anomalies—an American actor with an English voice who writes fine plays and plays British parts in American talking pictures 3,000 miles from his old New England home!

Second Thoughts on MATRIMONY

Dorothy Mackaill is the kind of girl who looks one straight in the eye and says what she thinks. If you're inclined to doubt it, look at this frank and fearless picture, and then read what she says about marriage!



By
Stanley
Burton

Dorothy Mackaill tells what she will look for in Husband Number Two—if any!

DOROTHY MACKAILL, having been exposed to marriage without its taking, thinks she could do better if she had it all to do over.

She can't be married for the *first* time again, but there is nothing to prevent her from taking a second jaunt to the altar. She thinks she knows what she wants this time. Dorothy, being big enough and honest enough to talk frankly, confessed what she was looking for in the way of a new model husband.

"Sure, I want to get married again," she said. "I married and found I had made a mistake. I got a divorce, because I could not live a lie. We might have patched it up, but patches always break out again. If I marry again, and find that once more I have been mistaken, I'll get another divorce. Somewhere there is the right man. I'll find him."

Her first marriage was one of those spur-of-the-moment things. She met Lothar Mendes, the German director, now at Paramount, just before she left New York for Hollywood. She didn't want to leave New York at all. Probably she thought that a husband might make the West more endurable. The first time she had ever heard Mendes' first name was when he repeated it to the clerk at the bureau. She will never forget how strange it sounded to her.

The marriage failed through sheer boredom on Dorothy's part. Mendes wanted to do what she wanted to do. It was a little too peaceful. One night as they were sitting at the Ambassador at dinner Dorothy said she was tired of being

married. Mendes agreed to give her her freedom. The divorce was painless—no scandal, and no hard feelings. Now Dorothy has been in the open market for several months, and no prospects. Neither is she prospecting, but she's interested.

"Of course, every woman thinks she could make a better job of a second marriage. She thinks she might be fooled once, but the next time she'd shop around and get the best bargain. Well, with certain reservations, that's my theory.

FIRST of all he should be a man's man. I suppose I'm a man's woman. As a rule I don't get along with other women, and they don't like me. I'm out of place at a bridge party.

When the conversation turns to hats and gowns I want to wise-crack. I can't help it. I don't like a man to continue all evening telling me how charming I look. If it's a nice gown I'm wearing, naturally I don't mind hearing about it once. If he forgets entirely, that's all right, too.

"In the first marriage, the woman is looking for love. That is the all-important thing. When she marries a second time, she looks for something other than just love. Love is bound to fade. Then there must be understanding and mutual interests.

"So, when I marry again there must be something more than a love that sweeps me off my feet.

"I want a masterful man. My husband will have to wear the trousers in the family. I'm [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



Grimes

THIS, kiddies, is that mystic proceeding known as a "conference." The huddlers are Director William Nigh and his battalion of assistants, cameramen and other forms of life. Nigh, who has just completed "Lord Byron of Broadway" for M-G-M, occupies the chair. That's because he's a director



Gary, Lupe and Mark.
You can't date up Lupe
without Gary

Lookee Lupe Whoopee!

"Wild Mark" spends a
quiet evening at Lupe's
Mexican menage

By

Marquis Busby

THIS campaign of mine to find out how much it costs to step out with the stars may come under the classification of social research, but don't let anybody tell you it has anything to do with the Carnegie Foundation reports.

"You want to make date with me? What we do, eh?" asked Lupe.

That was a direct question and fair enough, too.

Would Lupe, being Mexican, like to go to a bull fight? But, no, bulls aren't allowed to squabble in Hollywood. Unfair discrimination, says I. Everybody else can fight, why do the poor little bulls have to go shrinking about? In Mexico it's mighty different, but in Hollywood a bull is just a cow's husband.

"Well, how would you like to start out with a Mexican dinner, Lupe?"

"I wouldn't."

"—and maybe go to a Mexican theater down in Sonora-town?"

"I should say not. I tell you, you come out to my house for dinner. I give you a nice dinner, and it be a better show than any place in town. After that we decide what we do."

You know that kind of date. "I'll come over and then we'll do something."

I LEFT home with an open mind, not knowing whether we would wind up at the Roosevelt or Ambassador for a little friendly dancing, or at a Sunday School picnic. I had enough money to amuse Lupe as long as she didn't ask me to buy the United Artists company.

When I left her house I had more than I came with, or, at least I should have had. Now that's fair enough, but I'll bet she's sorry she ever brought up the subject of that trick game of solitaire at five cents a card. It's the first date I ever had where the girl friend owed me money after it was over.

I had always wondered who lived in the most beautiful Mexican house in Beverly Hills. Now I'll let you in on the secret. Lupe lives there.

A colored butler ushered me into the hall.

"Who ees eet?" called Lupe, peering over the upstairs balustrade. "Do you know Gar-ee? You talk to Gar-ee until I come down."

I don't know for sure yet whether my date was with Lupe or Gary Cooper. Gary was on hand when I got there, and Gary was still on hand when I left at one A. M. Talk about flag-pole sitters, and refueling aeroplanes in the air—Gary and I should win some kind of endurance record, trying to out-sit each other.

NOW, understand, I'm very fond of Gary and I think he's a good scout and all that, but, oh, well, you know. Two's company, and so on. But Gary can shake an elegant Baccardi cocktail, although I bet he never learned that in Montana.

"Come upstairs and see my room," called Lupe.

You could hold the Yale-Harvard football game in that room, and still have space for a golf tournament and tennis match. Even the bed is eight feet square. Her room is furnished in extreme modernistic style. It's a beautiful room—for Lupe. I'd be afraid to sleep in it. I'd keep thinking that the curtain would go up at eight forty-five evenings; matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Lupe is prouder of her home than anything else, unless it's Gary's accomplishments. The house is new. As yet there is nothing in the library but a stuffed owl that Gary shot in Montana. But then, there is more than one library in Hollywood with nothing in it—not even a stuffed owl.

The butler began announcing dinner at eight o'clock. At eight-thirty he was still announcing, although his voice was getting weaker. Gary finally started the procession to the dining room. I sat at the head of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 135]

A True Story of a n



Duncan Renaldo and Edwina Booth in a jungle scene from "Trader Horn," thrilling African adventure of a little band of white men. Edwina's sketchy costume left her prey to the bite of the dreaded African tsetse fly

An average little Hollywood extra girl who went through a living hell to make a motion picture

By Katherine Albert

girl such demands. Only the men who guide studio destinies could have discovered such a fantastic plot in which to place her.

Picture her as she was. An average American girl, average parents, a life story as ordinary as ham and eggs.

Born in Utah, came to California for her father's health, worked as a secretary, picked from hundreds of extra girls to play the lead in "Trader Horn." Simple enough.

BUT the playing of the leading rôle in "Trader Horn" was not just putting on make-up and giving a creditable performance. It meant going with a company of thirty men and three women to darkest Africa, into the very heart of the "blue," into the restricted germ-infested tsetse fly district, braving the innumerable dangers that abound in the strangest and most cruel continent of all.

Playing the lead in "Trader Horn" meant that Edwina Booth, not yet twenty, afraid of spiders, afraid to sleep alone, a girl who had never spent a night away from her mother, must venture into a land from which many a wayfarer has not returned.

Her mother read in the paper the news of her daughter's assignment. The studio had not notified Edwina that she actually had the rôle, and what the mother's heart suffered as she saw the glowing announcement, only the mother knows. She knew the perils the trip held—malaria, sun-stroke, rough life in the jungle, contact with wild animals—but she also knew, as she sat in her safe, snug living room with the paper in her hand, that if she refused Edwina the trip, her daughter might one day stand before her and say, "You've ruined my career. You kept me from my chance for success." The mother's heart couldn't bear that.

So she let her go. She told her goodbye at 6:20 one evening and during those long, long months she wrote her every night at 6:20.

AND now Edwina is back; more pale, more wan than before. Her face has changed. There is a lost, hunted look in her eyes. Completely exhausted mentally and physically, she is trying to regain her strength in her familiar little bed in the quiet home.

Her nervous hands plucked at the coverlets. Her restless eyes roamed the room she knew so well.

"I don't know what to do with myself, now that I'm back," she said. "I'm restless, unhappy. When I was in Africa it all seemed like a dream, but now this"—she flung out her hands to the room—"this is strange and weird. Africa is the only reality."

Edwina is glad to be out of the danger, but unrest has claimed her. She is hungry for Africa, hungry for the country in which

EDWINA BOOTH is back home! Back to familiarity. Back to her mother, her brothers and sisters. Back to the simple house set among shady trees. Familiar faces. Familiar streets. Familiar talk. And yet it is all unreal. There is no reality for Edwina but the brooding, sinister stillness of Africa!

The strange drama in which Edwina Booth found herself involved could have played its first act in no other town but Hollywood. Only the cinema could have put upon an average

African Nightmare



Just a gay little extra girl of Hollywood, without a thought of the high adventure that was to leave its mark upon her life. Edwina Booth in her pre-"Trader Horn" days



Trying to save Edwina Booth from the blistering African sun as Director Van Dyke shoots a scene for "Trader Horn" while on location at Murchison Falls. Van Dyke is the bearded man leaning on the camera. The helmeted lady in the dark glasses is Olive Fuller Golden, wife of Harry Carey

she so suddenly found herself.

Nights—the deathless nights of Africa. Natives beating, beating the drums of war. Fantastic native dances. An ordinary, little blonde girl in the midst of it all.

She and Duncan Renaldo sitting on the banks of the Nile, watching the gleaming eyes of crocodiles. The sinister silence, like no other silence in the world. Quiet but not calm. Ominous waiting. The expectant African nights.

Sudden, vivid pictures—cruel as the death of a child. Dozens of ebony natives, absolutely innocent of clothes, carrying an enormous buffalo head on spikes, followed by dozens of native women with raw buffalo meat poised on their heads.

A NATIVE uprising in camp. A doctor almost killed by the black men. The stealthy languor of jungle fever. The horror of a wild animal's cry, shrill and clear in the night. And then—the buffalo stampede.

She and Renaldo had ventured from camp against orders. The two of them trod the sun-baked path. They heard a noise. It came closer. Huge bodies crashed through the bushes.

"Quick," said Duncan, "can you climb this tree?"

Like a monkey, Edwina found the highest branch. Duncan followed. It was none too soon, for almost instantly there surged below them a herd of wild buffalo, snorting and stamping. And yet a peculiar sort of calm possessed the girl who had once been afraid of spiders.

"I was more frightened of the little things than the big ones," she said.

"Once I remember lying in my tent when the heavens were split in a terrible thunder storm. I went to the flap and saw my full length mirror swaying wickedly from side to side. That mirror, by the way, was carried all over Africa and there is not a crack in it.

"I ran into the storm and dragged it inside the tent. I had just jumped back in bed when a tremendous shaft of lightning made everything in the tent stand out sharp and stereopticon. There on the floor my shoe moved. I waited, horrified, for another flash. The shoe moved again. I got up and grabbed my shoe. Inside was a fat little toad who had hopped in and couldn't get out.

"On another night, I was awakened by a frightful scream. Right over my bed. I got up and at last found my flashlight. A bird, one of those strange, human sounding birds of the Nile, had flown into my tent and was making the noise.

"On both of these occasions I was more frightened than the day we went lion hunting. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Through *the* Studios

By Cal



Acme

In answer to many a maiden's prayer, we give you a look at Nancy Carroll's husband—Jack Kirkland, newspaperman and playwright. This is one of the truest and finest romances in pictures, Nancy being a devoted wife and mother. A nervous breakdown has sent Nancy to Honolulu seeking rest

Our little Bessie Love's wedding gown — and not for a movie, either. Thus arrayed in satins and laces, the beloved Bess stepped up to the altar and said, "I will!" to William Hawks. Her honeymoon was saddened by her brother-in-law's tragic death



WITH many bursts of his very best French guffaws, Henri "Hank" Marquis de la Coudray and so on laughs off the report that he intends divorcing Gloria Swanson to marry Constance Bennett, the film star.

"But no!" says Hank, between bursts. "Who is trying to separate Gloria and me?"

"Miss Bennett—she is to be my star, not my wife. But yes! I have signed her to a contract for a big film. Our relations, my little cabbage, are strictly of the business. Ah, but yes!"

Rumor hounds spread this report all over America, but Hank spikes it. In the meantime, Gorgeous Gloria is in Hollywood, and her titled husband scampers about that dear Paris, very often in the company of that so charming Connie Bennett—who was recently divorced from Phil Plant and got a settlement of a million.

But it is all absolutely of the business! But yes!

PART of the Christmas "hoopla" program in Los Angeles was having a star ride with Santa Claus down Broadway. Nancy Carroll was Santa's girl friend one morning. That afternoon she was invited to take another ride with jolly old St. Nick, this time down Hollywood Boulevard.

"I should say not," said Nancy. "There'd be stories out that I was 'that way' about Santa Claus."

THERE'S a real story in the brief fame of Margaret Mann, the pathetic little mother in "Four Sons."

After years in Hollywood as a struggling extra woman, she received her great chance in this Fox picture. Fan mail poured in upon her, and after all the years of waiting, success seemed an assured thing.

As quickly as it came her fame was taken away. Margaret

Mann is forgotten in Hollywood today. The choice of "Four Sons" as the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Picture of 1928 had Hollywood wondering again. What became of Margaret Mann? She is living quietly in Hollywood. Only once or twice since the John Ford picture has she been given small rôles. After a long absence from the screen she plays a very tiny part in "Disraeli," her first in many, many months.

Hers was the briefest career in filmdom.

MELISANDE is no longer with the company that put her in "The Big Parade," and so made her famous.

That is to say that Renee Adoree, on Feb. 1, saw her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer expire. Now she is freelancing, which means waiting on the bounty of other studios.

The gradual fading of Renee's star has been one of the saddest things in filmland's history.

Poor parts, and then none at all, after her truly astounding performance as the pitiful little French girl in the Stallings-Vidor master picture.

I am sure we all join in a heartfelt little prayer that many companies can find worthy toil for one of the finest and most appealing of our actresses.

THERE'S a rumor afloat that Universal is going to have a happy ending on "All Quiet on the Western Front." They're going to let Germany win the war.

with Pen and Camera

York



P. and A.



You can try from now until Farina plays Uncle Tom and not guess the name of this gay, athletic star, now retired. Well, it's Carol Dempster, in Florida with husband Edwin Larson. Where's the slim, pale lily Griffith tried to make famous?

In courtship days, when the sun shone brighter and the love-birds twittered. Billie Dove and Irvin Willat on the location trip in 1923 that saw the beginning of their romance. Now their separation has been announced, with rumors that Willat will sue a film executive for alienation of her affections

A STRETCH of road runs between Beverly Hills and Hollywood that gives a swell view of the Los Angeles plain. At night, as far as the eye can reach, there is a sea of lights. Local enthusiasts always take the tourists along this boulevard to see the sparklers. Beatrice Lillie, the English comedienne, was taken on several such tours while she was making a picture at Warners.

"Now isn't that beautiful?" her friends always asked.

"Yes," said Bea, beginning to get a bit tired of it all. "It's very beautiful, but some night all those lights are going to spell Clara Bow."

GREAT news for the Jack Gilbert fans—all ten million of us. The boy with the eloquent eyes is to be starred, I hear, in a film version of Ernest Hemingway's grand novel, "A Farewell to Arms," and no less a personage than Laurence Stallings, of "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory" fame, is adapting it.

Let's pull for a big Gilbert hit.

The combination of Stallings and Gilbert was great in "The Big Parade," and Hemingway's magnificent story of love and war in Italy is perfect picture material for another smashing success.

Except, of course, that a lot of it will have to be retouched to please our beloved old pals, the censorial boys with the big shears.

LON CHANEY'S thousand faces are all still silent, in spite of the menace of the microphone.

His next picture for M-G-M will be called "Sergeant Bull," a romantic English war story from a novel called "Brother Officers."

And Lon won't talk. That's flat. As if any Chaney picture could be flat!

THESE are dark days for Nils Asther.

Dark, because the talkies are bumping his career pretty badly. It has even been reported that he has been unhappily hibernating in the hills above Hollywood, a prey to sad and unpleasant thoughts, and guarded by a large pet leopard.

Nils was in a fair way to becoming the leading Flapper Crush until the arrival of the accursed talkies. Then a heavy accent cramped his style—stuck a Micky Finn in the happy and brimming cup of his career. Metro views him with a dark and dubious eye.

Now his fate is in the balance. Rally, you Asther fans, and sacrifice to whatever gods you affect. It looks black for our Nils!

THE late Enrico Caruso, tenor of the golden voice, had the honor of being the highest-paid artist ever to perform in Berlin, Germany.

That, of course, was before the time of one Al Jolson, greatest of living entertainers and the man who put the sob in the human voice.

Now Al has been signed to appear in the German capital in the course of his coming world tour. And the price is \$2,000 a night.

"MAMMY!"



A couple of gay old dogs learning new tricks. Joe Weber and Lew Fields, for fifty years famous on the American stage, limbering up with a couple of chorus girls on the Metro lot, where they are playing in that company's old-timers' revue. Try this on your sixties!

BEN LYON was working on location about a hundred miles from Hollywood. His airplane was to pick him up when he was through for the day. He was in the midst of a close-up when he heard the whir of the motor. The next minute he was out in the open field, waving his arms wildly to signal his pilot how to land.

As he started to walk back into the scene, the astonished and fuming director exploded. "Whoinell do you think you are, anyway? I've a good mind to send your plane back and shoot your night scenes tonight."

Ben stopped. "Who are you used to working with?" he asked.

"Horses and actors," was the sarcastic reply.

"Then get a horse to finish the scene," Ben advised, turning back toward his plane.

INCLUDED in Greta Garbo's fan mail was a letter with a picture of her on the envelope and in place of the address this simple legend, "God knows where."

SOMEBODY asked Bessie Love why she was married on Friday. "Well, I'll tell you," said Bessie, "it was during Christmas week and I knew everybody wanted to get away for the week-end. I'm not superstitious and I wanted everybody to be there."

Well, everybody was there, because if there ever was a popular girl, Bessie is it and if there ever was a sweet bride Bessie was that bride.

Strange about the picture business. A year ago before the Love kid made her big come-back the newspapers wouldn't have given her wedding much of a tumble. Now everything is different. Photographers were everywhere, crowds stormed the church doors, and big stories were written.

Blanche Sweet was matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Norma Shearer and her sister, Athole; Carmel Myers, Bebe Daniels, and the two Mayer girls (without whom no Hollywood wedding is legal). Mary Astor was to have been a bridesmaid, but she was working in a theatrical production.

And did Hollywood turn out in its most gorgeous evening gowns? You bet it did, including Lilyan Tashman in a real chinchilla coat.

Oh, yes, William Hawks was the groom.

One of the most envied girls in the whole country, at this moment. Samuel Goldwyn went shopping for a new leading lady for Ronald Colman, and this is what he found—Frances Dade, a young Philadelphia blonde with a little stage, but no cinematic, experience



Acme

THEN, a week later, came Death's smashing blow that shattered the triumvirate of happy Hawks boys who all had married into the movies.

Director Kenneth Hawks, of Fox, along with nine other film men, was killed when two great planes crashed high over the Pacific and fell, in flames, into the sea.

Mary Astor, his bride of not quite two years, was prostrated, and the tragedy cast a pall of gloom over the whole picture colony.

The picture they were making was "Such Men Are Dangerous," with Warner Baxter its star. Hawks' brother, Howard, was only prevented from making the fatal flight by a sudden message from his wife, sister of Norma Shearer, just before the death ships took off.

And so little Bessie's great joy was followed so quickly by the agony of her pretty sister-in-law, and the profound sorrow of all filmdom.

CHARLES "BUDDING" ROGERS was rehearsing a scene with Nancy Carroll. He was supposed to give her a good push. The scene was gone over again and again. Buddy's "pushes" were pretty polite.

"Push harder," yelled the director.

"But," asked the worried Buddy, "do you think a gentleman would push a lady?"

If you know of a prettier, more charming frock for a young miss, lead us to it by the nose. Alice White is wearing this dark blue Canton crepe dress, trimmed with cream satin collar and cuffs, with a dark blue moire and velvet hat. And the skirt is short, Alice being a holdout



The beauteous Billie Dove defying fate. With her wall calendar at Friday the 13th; sitting under a ladder before a broken mirror, she tells life and the gods to do their worst. And as she and Irvin Willat (see preceding pages) are separated, perhaps they are!

Jane Murfin play has been screened. Jane Cowl made it into a picture several years ago. Norma was second. Now it will be photophoned.

The play has a tailored-to-measure theme song, the familiar and one-time popular number, "Smilin' Through."

MONTHLY Ho-Hum Bulletin.

Now it looks as if Clara Bow and Harry Richman were sore about all this stuff that they're only engaged for publicity purposes and are really going to step off down the old church aisle.

WITH "The Swan," Lillian Gish's first talkie, safely "in the can," there is a chance that she may get a story from Eugene O'Neill, by practically common consent America's first playwright. At any rate, the pale one is going to Europe this Spring to visit the dramatist in Paris, in an attempt to get one of his famous plays to do for the screen.

O'Neill was never interested in silent pictures, but is said to view the talkies with some enthusiasm. For this reason Lillian has high hopes of obtaining the screen rights to one of his plays suitable to her position and talents. His "Anna Christie" has been done twice—once in silent form by Blanche Sweet and lately the great talking version by the Great Garbo.

IT is no secret that the little Napoleon of the M-G-M lot, Irving Thalberg, has never been on what you might call friendly terms with the ravishing Garbo. Maybe she said "I t'ank I go home" once too often. But Thalberg was called into the projection room to see "Anna Christie." He sat through it with the tears streaming down his cheeks and when it was over said, "That's the best picture I've ever seen. Get Miss Garbo on the phone. I want to congratulate her."

As usual, Miss Garbo was not to be found. She was hiding out in some out-of-the-way corner and had left no forwarding address.

A COLORED boy who called himself Stepin Fetchit came to fame and \$750 a week in a picture called "Hearts in Dixie," and since that great day has done practically nothing sensible.

Like all simple children of this [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]

BULL MONTANA, Adonis of the lots, was, as you know, recently married.

But film jobs, of late, have been few and far between for the Bool. To defray the expenses of the honeymoon the poor boy, through no fault of his own, was forced to go back to his first line of gainful work—wrestling.

And I am sad to tell you that at Toledo, Ohio, Bull's honeymoon rassling struck a snag. He was so unfortunate as to be pinned quickly to the mat twice by one Hughie Clark, a former middleweight champ. And maybe the Bool's honeymoon was not quite so forte for a few days.

But Montana got his revenge. Between falls, I hear, he sang a verse and two choruses of "You Were Meant for Me," the song he warbled in "The Show of Shows."

Bleeding Toledo!

All that surprises me is that he had any honeymoon at all, after that!

NORMA TALMADGE will not remake into a talking picture the film that many consider the outstanding success of her entire career. Joan Bennett will have the leading rôle in the hauntingly beautiful "Smilin' Through." Norma never gave up that rôle without a heartache, her friends say, for she has said many times that it was her favorite rôle of all.

Incidentally, this will be the third time that the Jane Cowl-

Two Girls—And A



He is loaned out for ten times
his salary

IN those color biographies that the studios get out as handy guides to busy interviewers it says that Frank Albertson, the "fresh" youngster in Fox films, would rather act than eat. Now that is a pretty alarming state of affairs for a husky young man of twenty.

Any boy of that age who would rather act than eat needs the attention of a good doctor, or a good dose of sulphur and molasses.

Frank really grew up in and around the studios.

When he was thirteen he played a "bit" in "Hollywood," that hit turned out by James Cruze seven years ago. Frank was wearing knickers then.

Now he will be twenty-one this spring, and he is headed straight for stardom at Fox, unless there is a big slip some place down the line. It is no secret that the studio regards him as one of the most promising youngsters to be developed in many blue moons.

His sudden turn in fortune came after several months in which he could get no work. He tried to get extra work in "Sunrise" and "Four Devils." When Frank realized that he couldn't even be chosen as one of the hundreds of people in these pictures, he visited the Fox lot to apply for a job as prop boy. David Butler, who had used him in one picture, saw him.

"Hello," he called. "Aren't you in pictures any more?"

"I guess not," said Frank, mournfully.

BUTLER told him that he had something in mind for him. He was called that week for a test in "Prep and Pep." And Frank got the part that started him to fortune.

Maybe this shouldn't be mentioned, but Frank has been a valuable piece of property to the Fox Studios. He was loaned to First National for exactly ten times the salary he collects on his home lot.

Recently Frank has been given an opportunity to step out of the cut-up rôles. He has a serious dramatic assignment in the Fox "talkization" of "Men Without Women." He plays a young naval officer who takes command of a submarine when his superior officers are killed. There is plenty of chance for stark drama.

"It's a good rôle," he said. "I hope I'm all right in it."

NOT all sisters quarrel over boy friends, new hats and the best part of the turkey. If you think they do, you got the idea from a movie. No sir, the Young girls, Sally Blane, Loretta and Polly Ann are just one big happy family. And although Sally is the middle sister she feels as if she were the oldest and acts as mother confessor to the other two.

She advises Loretta, who is sixteen, about her love affairs and she helps Polly Ann with her career. Sally isn't twenty but she was the first to play leads in pictures, and that gives her prestige.



The Mother Confessor to Loretta
and Polly Ann

"Polly Ann couldn't get ahead because of her mouth," said Sally. "You see, her teeth were crooked and her lips were too big, so I insisted that she go to a doctor and have an operation. She did and she's getting lots more work now."

"And now there's Loretta in love with Grant Withers. Honestly, I'd die if Loretta married. It would be terrible for us girls to be separated when we've been so close. I'm crazy about Grant."

"He's a sweet person and he makes Loretta awfully happy, but I wish she wouldn't marry quite yet."

AS for me and my love affairs the other girls don't have to worry. I've been going with the same boy for four years. Tommy Lee isn't in pictures and I'm glad. A few times when we've quarreled I've tried to go out with other men and I can't like 'em. Most actors are conceited and know it all. So I just jog along with Tommy.

"Polly Ann is too nice to the boys. She doesn't make them wait on her. She's always so interested in what they're doing and so unselfish. That's a lot of bunk."

Sally is under contract to Radio Pictures where she has played in "The Very Idea," "Tanned Legs" and Rudy Vallée's "Vagabond Lover." The studio believes in her and has arranged for her to take voice and dramatic lessons from Laura Hope Crews.

Couple of Fellows

THE night "The Sky Hawk" opened, a new face struck the American screen—a nice, English face, modelled very closely on that of the Prince of Wales.

John Garrick not only talked in "The Sky Hawk," he sang and acted as well, and everybody in the theater kept asking, "Who is that new kid?"

The new kid is as repressed off screen as on.

"There isn't anything to tell, really, about me," he said. "I began in rather the usual way. Amateur theatricals and all that sort of thing. And when I came out of college I went to



"There isn't anything to tell,
really, about me"

work in a bank in Brighton, but I kept on singing. Oh now, I don't mean I sang when people came in to put money away. I did confine that to the privacy of my home and to one theatrical agent who booked me out in a vaudeville sketch.

"This got me a chance in the featured rôle in a revue which played the Queen's Theater in London.

"Then I was frightfully lucky and found work in 'Rose Marie.' I did that for two years, with one run right in Sydney of forty-six weeks. I did 'The Desert Song,' too. But one of the shows went broke again.

"I CAME to America. 'The Wishing Well,' in which I played in Los Angeles, managed to last just three nights. But one of the Fox officials had seen me in it and told me to come out for a test. I was right on hand when they decided to make 'The Sky Hawk' and it was just luck I got it."

John doesn't claim the famous David Garrick as his ancestor. His real name is Reginald Dandy, but Fox officials thought it sounded too much like Reginald Denny.

His is an attractive face with blue, blue eyes, very light brown hair and that ruddy British complexion.

You'll never hear of him making spectacular gestures, nor getting himself involved in private scandals. He isn't that kind of a lad. But you will hear about his excellent screen work and his reputation as a first calibre actor.



She wanted to write Christmas
plays for children

BERNICE CLAIRE made her first motion picture test merely as a courtesy to Alexander Gray. The test was Gray's. He needed a girl to appear with him and Bernice expected to hear nothing further of it. She went home to Oakland for a vacation and found a telegram from Jack Warner, offering her the rôle of *Nanette* in "No, No, Nanette." And she was to sing opposite Alexander Gray.

This was the beginning of the new and talented co-starring duo at First National. Recently, Hollywood, the old gossip, has been saying that Bernice and Alexander are "That way" about each other. At least they are very old friends. When Bernice sang "The Desert Song" in New York, Alexander was the dashing "Red Shadow" in the same company.

It has been Bernice's fondest hope to write Christmas plays for children, but she has been too busy with singing and dancing to get around to it. That was her first great ambition. Now her wish is to be an opera star, a celluloid opera star, if you please.

This five feet-two prima donna with the blue eyes is one of the few native Californians in pictures. She was born in Oakland, and when she was fourteen months old—no more—she surprised her mother by singing. Right then it was decided that Bernice should be a singer.

AFTER singing leads in the operettas at Oakland High School, Bernice went to New York to do a little twinkling on Broadway. Jeritza, the opera star, was among the first to be captivated by the young coloratura. She immediately began studying with Emil Polak, the diva's accompanist.

On the New York stage, Bernice has appeared in "Babes in Toyland," "The Chocolate Soldier," and as *Margot* in "The Desert Song."

Her new pictures at First National, with Alexander Gray, are "Spring Is Here," and "Song of the Flame."

Little Bernice, of all the musical comedy singers who have come twinkling and trilling to Hollywood on the single tide, came in perhaps the most roundabout fashion. A California girl who had won her spurs three thousand miles to the east, only to be called to pictures from her native heath!

Small wonder that Fate seems to have her ear-marked for fame and glory!



★ **THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA—**
Radio Pictures

IN a season of musical fluff and drawing room persiflage "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" stands out like a lighthouse. It is one of the important productions of the new year—stark, compelling drama marching relentlessly to a tragic close, almost unrelieved by humor. Too drab and wordy to have a widespread appeal, it is nevertheless another directorial achievement for Herbert Brenon.

It is another war story, but there are no trench scenes. The action is laid on the Eastern front of the German Army. The tragic death of the escaped Russian soldier by a German firing squad is brilliantly handled, almost unbearable in its intensity. Chester Morris is superb as the human, lovable *Grischa*. Fine support is offered by Betty Compson, Jean Hersholt and Alec B. Francis. *All Talkie.*



★ **NO, NO, NANETTE—First National**

FIRST NATIONAL has learned a stupendous secret, and so has made a rip-roaring good picture out of this musical comedy. It has discovered that these girl-and-music things need laughs!

For all the beautiful Technicolor stuff—the finest to date; for all the songs, dances and love interest, "Nanette" is notable for its loud, continuous haw-haws. Led by ZaSu Pitts, Lilian Tashman, Lucien Littlefield and Bert Roach, the picture has howl after howl. Littlefield plays an amiable Bible-publisher who gets into all sorts of grief by harmlessly helping pretty girls and producing a musical comedy.

Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire do the loving and sing the songs. The little Claire girl is pretty, and sings like a birdie. Entertainment plus. *All Talkie.*

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ **ANNA CHRISTIE—M-G-M**

HAIL the new Garbo! The white flame from Sweden has found her voice! Some of the strange mystery of the woman (you never visualize Garbo as saying words, and it is a breathless sort of shock when she speaks) is gone, but the new Garbo is a greater actress than the old. In her hands the neurotic O'Neill heroine becomes a rare, fascinating creature.

From the moment she enters the back room of the water front bar until she at last makes her compromise with happiness you watch and listen spellbound. Her accent, which is necessary to the characterization, is very slight.

Clarence Brown's direction is faultless. He has stuck to the original script, but has used the scope of the screen to its fullest extent. Pauline Lord played it on the stage, you remember, and Blanche Sweet did it in silent form.

There are no hot love scenes—only one kiss, in fact, and *Anna's* father is in the room then.

Charles Bickford is the Irish carrot-top. No more perfect type could have been found. Marie Dressler, as the drunken wharf habitué, does the best work of her career. George Marion, who played the father rôle on the stage, loses none of his greatness.

But it is the talking Garbo that will pack them in. Her characterization is one of the fine, classic gestures of the screen. *All Talkie.*

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

ANNA CHRISTIE THE LAUGHING LADY
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA
NO, NO, NANETTE ROADHOUSE NIGHTS
THE ROGUE'S SONG MEN WITHOUT WOMEN
STREET OF CHANCE

The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie"
Charles Bickford in "Anna Christie"
George Marion in "Anna Christie"
Marie Dressler in "Anna Christie"
Ruth Chatterton in "The Laughing Lady"
Clive Brook in "The Laughing Lady"
Chester Morris in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa"
ZaSu Pitts in "No, No, Nanette"
Charles Ruggles in "Roadhouse Nights"
Jimmy Durante in "Roadhouse Nights"
Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue's Song"
Kenneth McKenna in "Men Without Women"
Richard Arlen in "Burning Up"
Marilyn Miller in "Sally"
Charles Bickford in "Hell's Heroes"
William Powell in "Street of Chance"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 138



★ THE LAUGHING LADY—Paramount

RUTH CHATTERTON and Clive Brook should be teamed forever.

True aristocrats of the talking tintypes, yet able to blow up a tremendous head of passionate steam when it is needed, this royal pair makes a sizzling, stinging thing of "The Laughing Lady," a play by the English Alfred Sutro.

The story is excellent talkie material, and the brilliant direction of Victor Schertzinger keeps affairs moving like the Twentieth Century Limited. But it is the superb work of the two trained and eager principals which makes "The Laughing Lady" a best picture in any league.

The regal Chatterton plays a young married woman, with a baby, whose husband divorces her on circumstantial evidence which blackens her character. From this point the story moves, with breakneck speed, toward her vamping, and then degrading, the brilliant attorney who handled her husband's case and did the besmirching.

She gets him in a compromising situation before a newspaper camera—but by this time he has so far given in to the Chatterton charms that he doesn't care. Moreover, he has proven his decency to her by getting back her child and attacking the ex-husband, involved with a baby-talking blonde. Hubert Druce shines in a bit, as does Danny Healey as a reporter. Another star in the blazing crown of Chatterton, the stage's supreme gift to the talkies. *All Talkie.*



★ ROADHOUSE NIGHTS—Paramount

CHICAGO gangland and its merry running of the rum form the basis of what turns out to be a perfect pippin of a melodrama, written by Ben Hecht and produced on the murky shores of Long Island Sound.

Two scorching hits are scored—by men. Charles Ruggles crashes through again as the pi-eyed reporter who runs down the rum-runners, and a New York night club pet, Jimmy Durante, is immense in the roadhouse sequence.

Helen Morgan sings, and Fred Kohler is a grand king of the liquor smugglers. We think you will like this punchful mélange of melodrama and button-busting comedy. Score another smash for Hobart Henley, director, whose last excellent job was "The Lady Lies." Paramount has a polished jewel in Henley. And—watch this Durante! *All Talkie.*



★ THE ROGUE'S SONG—M-G-M

HERE is a picture. Lusty as a north wind, wild as a virgin forest. Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, is a personality like none other that has flashed across the screen. His complete abandon, his lavish, mad acting and his glorious voice put him in a unique spot. He has no competition.

The operetta is an adaptation of Franz Lehar's "Gypsy Love" and much of the music is familiar, but it is more stupendous—all in Technicolor—than anything musical that has been filmed. A roistering, flashing drama of a group of singing bandits and a cold Russian princess. Catherine Dale Owen furnishes the beauty, Laurel and Hardy the comedy, but it's Tibbett's voice and smile that make this a picture you simply must not miss. *All Talkie.*

Sound or Silent, You Will Find the



**MEN
WITHOUT
WOMEN—
Fox**

All Talkie



A GROUP of men die horribly, trapped in a submarine on the ocean floor. It may or may not be entertainment, and certainly it is pretty gruesome in spots. But "Men Without Women" earns very high rating because of its excellent John Ford direction, its stunning realism and the very fine performances of actors Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. A finely done talkie.



**STREET OF
CHANCE—
Paramount**

All Talkie



THOUSANDS of movie gamblers have sacrificed their all for the unruly kid brother, but none of them has made the gesture with William Powell's finesse. His characterization and the story's dramatic climax make a racketeer picture which will probably give sleepless nights to other producers trying to copy. Kay Francis, sleek and seductive, chucks the vamp stuff and does some sincere emotional acting.

**BURNING
UP—
Paramount**

All Talkie



HERE'S as neat a little comedy as you'll find in many a movie moon. The hero, naturally and charmingly played by Dick Arlen, saves his own honor and the girl's father's money on a racetrack. The yarn makes no pretensions, but it's worth its weight in entertainment. Simply directed, nicely acted. You'll get a thrill out of the racing, and you'll be sure you've had your money's worth.

**SALLY—
First National**

All Talkie



THE amazing dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely veteran of Ziegfeld shows, is about all that saves "Sally" from dullness. The old musical comedy, closely followed, just hasn't the laughs, in spite of frenzied efforts by Joe E. Brown, Ford Sterling and Sam Hardy. Alexander Gray, the leading man, sings pretty well, and there's nice Technicolor. But oh, the glorious dancing of the beautiful Miller!

**CITY GIRL—
Fox**

Part Talkie



THIS is a true tragedy of the early talkie era. "City Girl" was begun long ago by the brilliant F. W. Murnau as a silent picture, and its first part is a beautiful, powerful story of the love of a city waitress and a son of the wheatlands. (It was called "Our Daily Bread.") Finished as a talkie, it lost all its steam. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan give fine performances.

**THEY
LEARNED
ABOUT
WOMEN—
M-G-M**

All Talkie



VAN and Schenck, big rhythm and harmony boys, make melodious whoopee in their first talkie. The story, which concerns the trials of baseball and vaudeville, is slight and the stars sing better than they act. "He's That Kind of a Pal" is the hit of the show. A dance number led by that yaller gal, Nina May, is dragged in, and Bessie Love gets self-sacrificing again.

First and Best Screen Reviews Here

HELL'S HEROES— Universal

All Talkie



PETER B. KYNE'S gritty tale, "Three Godfathers," offers Universal ample opportunity to use its lease on the Great American Desert, its Western props, and its bewhiskered character men. But Tom Reed's humorously sophisticated dialogue, and Charles Bickford's superb acting make it the studio's first successful attempt at modern sound-screen drama. A story very different, but very real, with gorgeous desert scenes.

TIGER ROSE— Warners

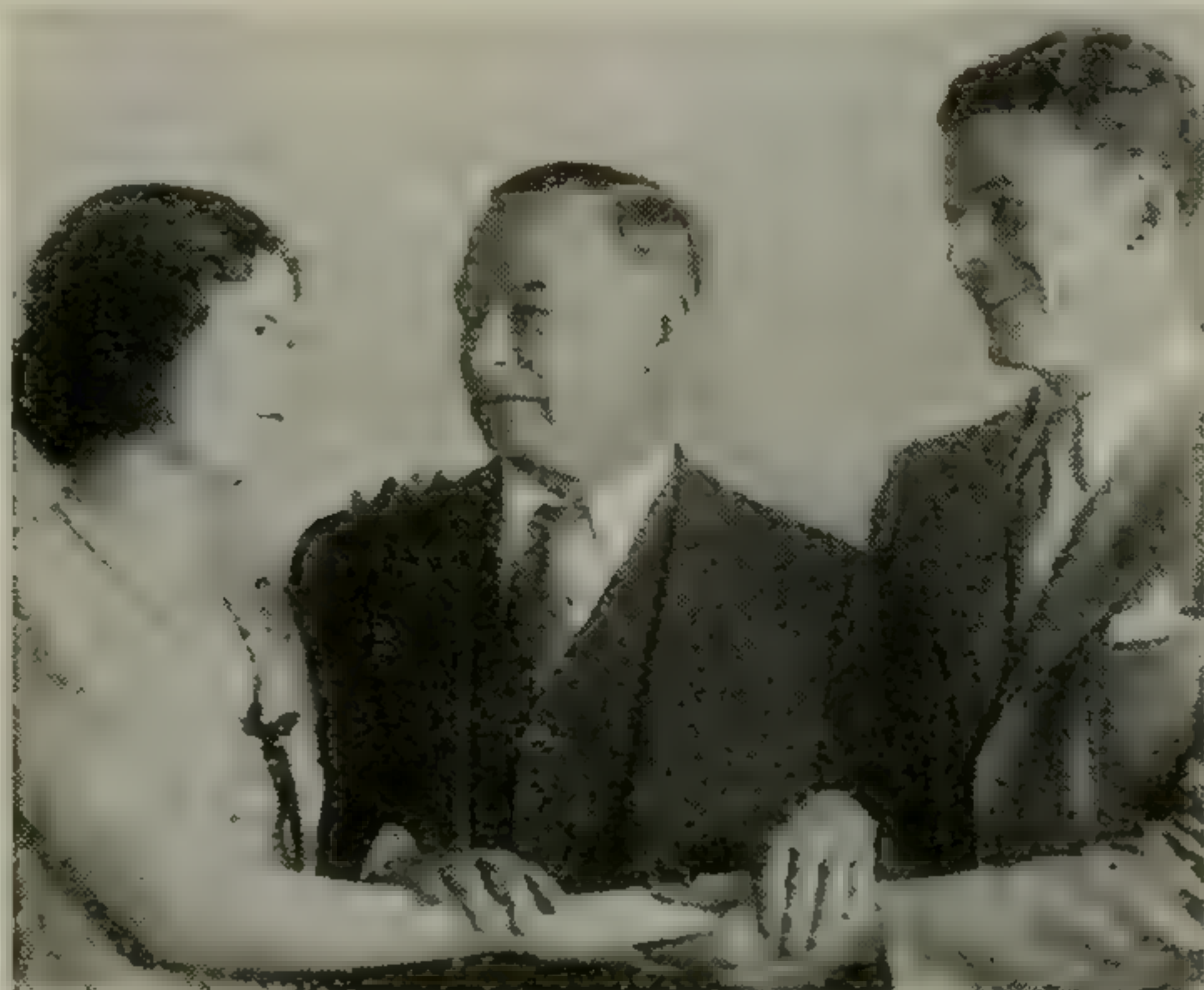
All Talkie



FROM the stage play of the same name, it creaks with the tricks of all the old melodramas in which the Northwest Mounted Police played a prominent and noble part. Madcap Lupe Velez, the *Rose* around whom the story revolves, contributes the best moments—and that's not saying so much. Monte Blue, Grant Withers and H. B. Warner give stagey performances, as artificial as the story.

HARMONY AT HOME— Fox

All Talkie



YOU'LL laugh out loud at this comedy of family life. Marguerite Churchill plays *Louise Haller*, the pretty daughter who, because she is beau-less at twenty-one, worries her mother. William Collier, Sr., as the understanding dad, makes a grand screen debut. Rex Bell will make girls' hearts miss a few beats. Elizabeth Patterson, Charles Eaton, Dixie Lee and Dot Farley do good work.

THE PAINTED ANGEL— First National

All Talkie



BILLIE DOVE sings and dances! Billie Dove puts on tights and performs as she did in the old Ziegfeld days, when Bill was second girl from the left. The lovely Dove plays a New Orleans entertainer who becomes Queen of the New York Night Clubs, and Edmund Lowe is her sweetheart. If you like them gay and giddy, then Bill's night club debut is going to please you.

THE WOMAN RACKET— M-G-M

All Talkie



IT would be grand if we could say that Blanche Sweet returns in a blaze of glory, but truth must out. "The Woman Racket" is poor, and there have been so many night clubs that they are about as unexciting as your ice cream parlor around the corner. Blanche is effective in a dramatic scene, and her singing voice is charming. Tom Moore is the "cop" husband of the club hostess.

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN— Paramount- Christie

All Talkie



THERE are now only thirty-five plots left. Any writer who dares do another serious Apache story, after this swell travesty, will be sent an autographed bottle of Paris green. Louise Fazenda is *Mimi*, hottest mama of the Paris sewers, tired of night life and wanting to get away from it all. Bert Roach and George Stone complete the triangle. Another short subject that's a scream. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]

Bill Tibbett's Boy— Larry



Lawrence Tibbett, opera star,
loathes Mister-ing, hates valets,
and warbles in the tub

By
Cal
York

*"I'll walk down the lane,
"With a happy refrain—
"And singin', just singin' in the rain!"*

BELIEVE it or not—as Mr. Ripley says—but that's exactly what Lawrence Tibbett, famous Metropolitan Opera baritone, was bellowing when I found him splashing under Lon Chaney's dressing room shower.

"Yeah," grinned the opera star, pouring his massive and dripping frame into a crash robe, "that's a great song. I think it's a knockout. And good vocal exercise, too!"

Tibbett, bringing grand opera into moving pictures for the first time, proved somewhat of an enigmatical figure when he showed up on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. He was a disappointment. There wasn't a thing operatic about him except his priceless voice.

Two days after he started "The Rogue's Song," business advisers took him to task.

"See here," they warned. "This business of being a good fellow is all very well. But you must remember you are a big opera star and you shouldn't get so familiar with every Tom, Dick and Harry on the set. You should carry yourself in keeping with your position and have dignity and poise that command the respect to which you are entitled."

THE towering Tibbett arose and made an unmusical sound sometimes designated as the razzberry.

"It's natural for me to want to be friendly and have people friendly with me," he said. "I can't play a part on and off the screen at the same time. I'll be myself, and that ends it."

A few days later he was interviewed by a feminine magazine writer who asked him about his father, Sheriff "Bill" Tibbett of Kern County, California, who fought a duel to the death with the notorious bandit, McKinney, when the singer was a boy of eight.

"Yes, and my Uncle Ed ran the best saloon in Bakersfield. The Buck Horn, they called it.

It was run like a bank and any tough guy who started something. . . ."

"But," interrupted the interviewer, "you wouldn't want me to print anything like that?"

Tibbett's eyes widened.

"Certainly, why not?" he demanded. "I'm not ashamed of it—in fact, I'm mighty proud of it. As I said, it was the best saloon in town!"

EVERYONE in the Tibbett company had been cautioned in advance against annoying or bothering the famous singer—the world's highest paid baritone. Automobiles were waiting for him whenever he left his dressing room or the set. He usually left them standing and walked. A valet was assigned to him. Tibbett sent him back and waited on himself. He had no temperament. His songs pleased him. He posed for publicity pictures. Ate in the commissary at any table where he could find a vacant chair. Worked long hours. Was drenched in rain and wind scenes.

Tibbett has no eccentricities or foibles about taking care of his voice. When he gets up in the morning he indulges in gymnastics to keep physically fit and—like all American men—opens up his vocal cords while taking his morning bath. Usually Me-me-me's or whatever tunes happen to spring to his lips.

HE breakfasts on a pint of grapefruit juice and never touches coffee or tea. During the day he consumes quantities of lemon juice to keep his vocal passages clear.

"Yes, I guess I rather surprised the folks out here by not tearing my hair out by the roots and acting temperamental," he laughed. "I'm not built that way. You see, I'm still dazed about my success on the opera stage. It wasn't so very long ago I was singing for Sid Grauman for ten dollars a show, or for five dollars, if I couldn't get any more.

"I had pretty tough sled-
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]



A break for Larry. Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen in a scene from "The Rogue's Song"

How *the* Movies Learned *to* Talk

By
Ruth

Waterbury

A Remarkably Interesting Story of the Wedding of Science and Romance

DO you know why Jack Gilbert's voice won't record satisfactorily and why you always hear thunder after lightning?

Do you know that the average girl's voice is just one octave higher than her boy friend's?

Do you know why it is easier for a male star to succeed in talkies than it is for a female star?

Well, listen, my children, and you shall hear the story of how Western Electric got into the movies. And if you don't think that's going to answer those questions, I assure you it is. And if you don't think it is going to be a romantic story—as romantic in its way as Garbo's smile or Rudy Vallée's whisper, I reassure you.

For it really is romantic. It's a yarn with all the elements—the conquest of space and of sound; of time and of place; of personalities and prestige. Or to bring it right down into ordinary terms, it's the tale of the force that sent the movies wire and haywire; of the force that turned Hollywood Boulevard into Broadway and made American the language heard round the world.

Now, most big business is not romantic in the Hollywood sense. Big business is like a machine, a perfectly oiled, exquisitely timed piece of mechanism. You may admire it but you don't want it around the place.

Romance, on the other hand, is as elusive as memory and as fragile as fragrance, but you live and cry and die for it. Getting the two together is like marrying a musical comedy cutie to a professor of Greek.

Still, the elements that made the talkies are something like that, anyhow.

Let me give you a little bit of background on it all.

Back in 1926—and what years ago in the movies that seems—the silent picture was at its height. There were three major companies in the industry—Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and First National.

Also, in 1926, there was a great public utility combine known as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which had two subsidiary companies—the Western Electric Company, a manufacturing concern, and the Bell Telephone Laboratories, dedicated to scientific research.

The movies paid very little attention to the A. T. & T. except to send long distance telephone calls. The A. T. & T. paid little attention to the movies. But like two hearts that beat as one, those two were destined for each other.

IN fact, it was like the chicken and the egg affair. Without the chicken there couldn't have been an egg. But without the egg there couldn't have been a chicken. Which came first, nobody has ever been able to decide.

Without the movies there couldn't have been the talkies, but the chances are fairly even that if sound recording hadn't been discovered, movies might never have been discovered either.

Sound recording has a slight edge on the discovery fame, a bright boy named Leon Scott discovering back in 1857 how to reproduce sound from a cylinder. The first important movie discovery was made in 1883 by that other bright boy, Thomas Alva Edison.

Picture projection was a fact by 1896. Phonographs were going concerns by 1900. They even knew how to get pictures and sound together a long time ago.

The one thing that held talkies away from movies was the problem of finding out how to amplify sound. It was the trick of recording and reproducing sound with such volume and such clarity as to make it appear that you were listening to sound at its original source that stumped the scientists.

Picture that strange, impersonal little group of men working away in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Theirs not fame or fortune, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]



Helene Costello in a scene from "Lights of New York," the first all-talking screen drama. Bryan Foy rushed it through production for Warners, and it was a box office sensation

Who Is The Most Beautiful Star *in* Hollywood?

PHOTOPLAY'S editorial staff conducts a secret ballot—and here is Hollywood's answer *

NOT long ago a daring reporter hurled himself bodily at Gloria Swanson, just as the Marquise was boarding a train for the West, and threw her for a loss of ten yards.

"Who," asked the brazen newsman, "is the most beautiful star in Hollywood?"

Gloria was not taken aback for a minute.

"There is only one beautiful star in Hollywood," she answered, "and that is Corinne Griffith. The rest of us are only types."

Those words clanged around the world like a Chinese gong.

At first pop it seems startling that one of filmland's acknowledged stunners should hang the crown of beauty on the placid brow of a sister and relegate all others, herself included, to the type class.

And yet it isn't so startling after all. Hollywood's girls all have a measure of loveliness, usually large. The real beauties in the great Southern California hothouse can afford to be generous, frank and truthful about their sisters under the pan-chromatic make-up. So when Gloria singled Corinne out of the throng of sun-kissed queens, she was merely paying the tribute of one royal personage to another—a generous and truly regal gesture.

And Gloria started something!

No flat statement like that is ever going to pass unchallenged in a little world whose chief stock-in-trade is a stupendous and eye-smashing collection of professional lovely ones, and Hollywood has been about eighty-seven per cent agog since Gloria issued her now-famous proclamation.

Favorite daughters have been pushed into the arena—boy friends have nominated their sweeties and sent threatening letters—brunettes have turned blondes over night, and blondes a sort of dappled gray.

Our Hollywood editorial staff has devoted a solid month to polling the citizens of Beautyville-on-the-Pacific. Some hundreds of persons have been questioned, discreetly but thoroughly. The ticket nominated on this page today is Hollywood's choice of four exquisite girls who stand for something extra-special and superfine in the way of good looks.

In the midst of all the shooting, Corinne still stands as the outstanding beauty of beauty's modern home, where loveliness is hired for a sizable fee, with six-month options as long as crows' feet stay away.

Not for nothing did some inspired press agent—a poet working in a boiler factory—call her the Orchid of the Screen. The beauty of Corinne is neither exotic nor flashily youthful—it has a steady, luminous glow. As good an adjective as any is "patrician."

Yet so variegated are the blooms in the Hollywood garden that it would not be sensible, square or sporting to limit discussion of filmland's beauty to one outstanding beauty.

If the rest are types, as Gloria says, the leading member of each of several classes is possessed of such smiting loveliness as to merit plenty of discussion, admiration and regard—not to mention a picture in the magazine.

AT least three others, with all due respect to La Belle Marquise, can be segregated and festooned with medals and ribbons as the possessors of exceptional good looks in a large field of knockouts, according to Hollywood experts. For sheer youthful beauty, Hollywood nominates Loretta Young.

For classic beauty of face and outline, certainly Billie Dove.

And the mysterious beauty of spirit and body that combine to make up the strange loveliness we pigeon-hole as "exotic," the Swedish Siren, Greta Garbo.

Each, in her own way, is superb.

The little Loretta, a comparative newcomer, is so youthfully beautiful that her good looks are pretty much taken for granted, even in the home hothouse.

Old Dame Rumor hath it that some other members of the younger set are more than a bit jealous of little Loretta, and are inclined to laugh her off with "Oh, yes, Loretta's awfully sweet"—that deadliest of feminine digs, sweetness in that sense

being not at all synonymous with extreme beauty. Moreover, she's a Hollywood product, grown on the home ranch, and is more or less one of those prophets without too much honor in their own lands.

None the less, those with perspective and excellent eyesight recognized the exceptional beauty of Loretta the minute she flashed on a screen—the arch-type and pattern of all youthful beauty, with the bloom still on the

[PLEASE TURN TO
PAGE 136]

Hollywood's Beauty Ticket For 1930

Corinne Griffith... *Hollywood's Prize Beauty*
Loretta Young..... *For Youthful Beauty*
Billie Dove..... *For Classic Beauty*
Greta Garbo..... *For Exotic Beauty*

* When this report was turned in, the Hollywood staff left for the desert, leaving no address



GLORIA SWANSON said Corinne was the only real beauty in Hollywood. An inspired press agent once called her The Orchid of the Screen. Corinne Griffith!—a Texarkana, Texas, girl who went from a quiet convent in New Orleans to a long, successful and brilliant career in motion pictures

Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1896. She is five feet, three inches tall; weighs 120 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. She is married to Walter Morosco, her manager



Billie Dove was born in New York City in 1903. She is five feet, five inches tall; weighs 114 pounds, and has dark brown hair and brown eyes.
Husband—Irvin Willat

BILLIE DOVE'S radiant and classic beauty is axiomatic wherever a picture fan has fallen under its smiting spell. Once one of the most glorious of Florenz Ziegfeld's glorified girls, she entered pictures in 1921, and since that time has been one of Hollywood's prides and joys



ONE of the most radiant of the younger set, Loretta Young is named as the sub-deb's representative in Hollywood's choice of four outstanding beauties of the films. Although but nineteen, she has been in pictures a little over two years. She recently announced her engagement to Grant Withers

Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City 19 years ago. She is five feet, three inches tall; weighs 100 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Gretchen

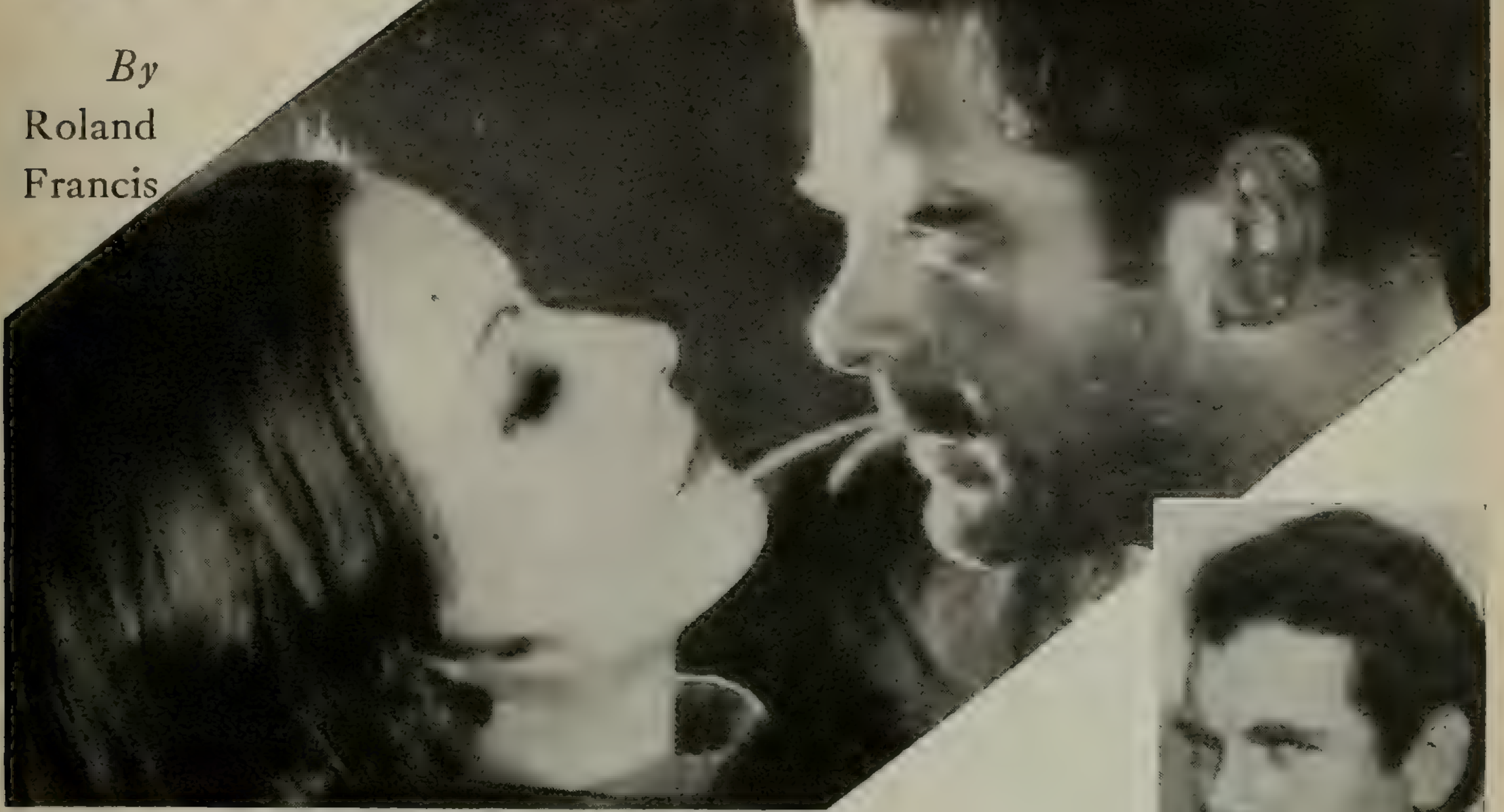


Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, about 25 years ago. She is five feet, six inches tall; weighs 125, and has golden brown hair and blue eyes. Her real name is Gustafsson

THE mysterious, fascinating loveliness of Greta Garbo finds a place on Hollywood's All-American Team of photoplay beauties. Since her first appearance in American pictures nearly four years ago, the compelling power of this Swedish girl's strange spiritual charm has won thousands of fans

Big Boy Bickford

By
Roland
Francis



Charles Bickford, above, as the Irish lad in "Anna Christie," is telling Greta Garbo all about his white-hot feelings. "I bane lovin' you!" he mutters, while Swedish Anna Garbo replies, in pure Scandinavian, "Go on wid ye, ye spalpeen!" Right, the washed Mr. Bickford, as he came clean from Broadway

"NO, I won't keep the car . . . you guaranteed it to go one hundred miles an hour and it can't get better than sixty-eight . . . you'll overhaul it?—say, I've been all through the thing and it couldn't make one hundred miles per on cocaine . . . come and get it!"

This was what I heard when the maid took my hat and ushered me into the living room of Charles Bickford's home at Santa Monica.

I had come to interview the stage actor who has so quickly launched into movie prominence in his first talking picture, "Dynamite."

A big red head turned on a burly body, and a strongly built face broke into an Irish grin.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting," Bickford said, "but those garage men," etc., until I had the whole story.

I considered myself very fortunate arriving at just this time, because Bickford's phone conversation sets the character of this man very patly.

A fine actor, somewhat didactic and ultra-scholarly when he talks about plays and their construction, Bickford at the same time is a very human individual. He has always played outdoor men, because he really is one. Automobiles are a passion with him. He never grins more effectively than when behind the wheel of a car with the throttle pedal pressed down to the floor. I know, because when he took me back to town—

"I SUPPOSE you want to know all about my past life," said the big red-head. "Well, I was born in . . ."

"Whoa!" I countered, "Don't tell me you were born in Timbuctoo. I heard you liked to cross up us interviewers with impossible biographical details, so I just fortified myself. You were born in Boston, you attended Massachusetts 'Tech,' you have taken many of your vacations from the stage actually working as an engineer on some construction job—I know all this—so start from there!"

Bickford looked at me for a minute, then broke into a big laugh.

"You're the first writer to catch me up," he said. "You know when I arrived in Hollywood I found that the films were quite a different land, and that film news writers knew very little about the folks of Broadway. So I began to have a little fun by telling the various interviewers that I was from Copenhagen, Paris, or any place else I happened to think of. But now you've caught me, so I guess I'll have to tell the sordid truth.

"I'M sorry I can't tell you that I always yearned for the stage; I practiced lines in private in my room, etc., because I didn't. It was entirely an accident that I am an actor today. I had just returned from a trip around the world as a very young fireman in Roosevelt's fleet. Sitting in a Boston cafe one night another sailor friend dared me to carry a spear in a burlesque show. I did, and here I am today!"

"Why is it that a man who attained such a notable success on the stage as yourself should have kept so severely away from the screen?" I asked him.

"Frankly, I didn't like the silent movie," he replied. "For the last four or five years I have had movie contracts offered to me with flattering regularity, but I refused them all until this talkie part came along from Cecil B. De Mille."

"And how do you like them now?"

He grinned at me.

"Go on with you, you and your leading questions. You must have heard that is a sure way to get me into an argument. Of course I know this talkie thing is new, and so far I really like the stage best. I know vocal pictures have just started and I am more or less reserving my judgment. But don't let that bother you! I am probably one of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

How They Manage

El Sueno, "The Dream" home of the Sills, is a transplanted bit of old Spain



Milton Sills' bedroom has a distinctly masculine air, in spite of the elegance of its furnishings and appointments. The dominant color is a rich, deep red, carried out in the bed spread of old Spanish brocade and Genoese velvet hangings. The arm chair is upholstered in gold satin

EL SUENO, which is what Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills call their home, is the Spanish for "The Dream."

While they were working together on a picture, they spent all the hours waiting between scenes planning their house. George Fitzmaurice sent his assistant for them one day. "Go and find Doris and Milton," he ordered. "They are probably building a house somewhere around the lot. Tell them to come back to earth and get to work." The assistant found them deep in an argument, sitting on the studio steps.

"Well, Milton, we have agreed on one thing," Doris was saying. "We will have to find a spot where you can have all the trees and flowers you want. We must find a place where everything will grow that can be grown in California."

"And," said Milton, "if we do not find a spot beautiful enough to serve as a setting for you, we are not going to build any house."

It went on for months and months. In California they spent days looking for their architect. In New York they spent weeks haunting antique shops and galleries.

The result is that they got what they wanted for each other. *El Sueno* was rightly named. It is a dream come true.

But with all its beauty and charm, the thing that amazes me about that home is how Doris manages it. She does it so perfectly and things run so smoothly that it doesn't seem like management at all. That's the great secret.

The house revolves about Addie and Edgar, a colored couple who have been with Milton for ten years. Addie is general housekeeper. Edgar is not only the chauffeur but is general overseer of the six-acre estate. It falls to Edgar's lot to brighten and shine the two Rolls Royces, and to have the satisfaction of knowing that there is nothing quite like them when he gets through.

Alec is the butler. There are eight servants in all. Because all of them do their work efficiently, Doris' and Milton's home runs like a charm.

Doris has a personal maid. Her name is Irabella. A pretty heavy load for a colored lass of twenty, and with almost as few pounds to carry!

Her one joy in life is to make Miss Doris happy. Her affection is almost slavery.

MILTON'S garden is one of the most interesting and unusual in the whole country.

He has every form of cacti; a

Typical Family Dinner at *El Sueno*

Avocado Cocktail
Cream of Mushroom Soup
Saddle of Lamb
Carrot Surprise
New Peas, French Style
Grapefruit Salad
Vanilla Ice Cream with
Hot Chocolate Sauce
Coffee

Formal Dinner

Olives	Caviar et <u>Tomate</u> Hawaii	Nuts
	Consomme Dame <u>Blanché</u>	
	River Trout, California	
	Squab with White Wine Sauce	
	Broiled Sliced Oranges	
	New Peas	
	Onion <u>Soufflé</u>	
	Endive and Grape Salad	
	Coeur <u>Flottant</u> aux Fruits	
	Crackers and Cheese	
	Coffee	

their Homes

By
Grace Tibbett

betel nut palm from the Tropics—the only one in America; an Australian flame tree, and every species of palm tree.

His pride is a border three hundred feet long and twenty feet wide, which is planted after the colors of the spectrum.

Every variety of citrus fruit has been planted. Every variety of flower in the sub-tropics, suitable to the climate of California, is found in this garden.

There is a mango tree which bears fruit. For special occasions, Doris serves a salad consisting of this rare mango, endive and watercress, sprinkled with currants, using a special salad dressing which is Addie's secret.

Completely surrounded by hedges are wayward walks bordered with flowers of every color. And there are many strange and new plants, for botany is Milton's hobby. Everywhere is the fragrance of pine, sage, eucalyptus and orange trees, pouring their abundant odors into the salty air of the Pacific.

A LONG veranda beckons one to the hospitable door. The intense sunlight is in vivid contrast to the coolness and restfulness within.

Across the hall, and up two steps, is Milton's study, his library. There, simplicity is the keynote. Shelves upon shelves of well ordered books, the background.



Doris Kenyon greets the morning and says good-night to the stars from this quaint balcony, upon which her bedroom opens. The ornamental staircase is made gay by a row of potted plants in brilliant colors



The main entrance hall, gorgeous in its richness of color and detail. The black rug is ornamented with a coat-of-arms and border design in red and yellow, and the stairway tiles are blue and yellow

Every touch for the comfort and the rest of the reader.

Down two steps is the drawing room, in Spanish spirit.

The lining of the living room walls is Sixteenth Century Genoese velvet. There are a hundred and ninety yards altogether, and they are worth a king's ransom.

A priest's cope of the Fourteenth Century, with needlepoint panel, embroidered in gold thread, hangs on the wall.

The arched windows in the living room frame a lovely picture of the valley below, tinged with the blue haze of the distant mountains.

Passing through a gaily tiled patio, cool with ferns and a plashing fountain, one sees the long, smooth, unpolished table; the benches; the candelabra with wax and drippings—a real Spanish dining room.

Typical of the Sills' hospitality, this room has the atmosphere and charm of the Old World. One could not find a lovelier setting for the graciousness and friendliness of the host and hostess.

When alone, they never eat in their little formal dining room or breakfast nook, but they sit near the fireplace in the library. This is a rather extreme contrast to the starched dignity of the Hungarian butler, who always bows a dozen times over each meal.

Picture their dining room on a very special occasion. They are entertaining formally—artists, scientists, authors, playwrights. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

This romantic short story of youth in Hollywood is based on a true incident of the studios

GIRL

DEW was trickling down Dick Doran's face as he came out of the telephone booth. He was hot and he was mad.

After spending nearly an hour, calling up first Miss Latori's secretary, then the studio, then the secretary again, he had finally been informed that Supreme's new burn-'em-up star would be unable to keep the appointment for the interview.

Young Mr. Doran's racket was writing a lot of palooka for a syndicate of newspapers about the happy home-lives of the moving picture stars, and who was running around with whom, and assuring their devoted public that the lovely ladies who made so much whoopee on the screen were really just nice home bodies. People read it and liked it and he earned a very decent living out of it.

In a way, it was soft. He was invited to a lot of parties and all the lovely ladies called him "Dickie." He had learned more about caviar than he had ever known. He had sipped vintage champagne out of real jade glasses. But there were times, like this morning, when he wished that he had taken up plumbing.

He had counted a lot on that interview with Latori. She was the latest Hollywood rave. But she had been cagey about talking for publication. Dick had worked on her secretary for two weeks before she finally promised to get him the interview.

Still hot under the collar, he turned in at the Boulevard Tonsorial Parlor for a shave. Maybe he would get an idea for another story.

THERE were two customers ahead of him. He picked up a crumpled paper, hoping it was the Sport Section. It was only the Want Ads. He was about to put it down when his eye fell on a little five-line insertion at the head of the *Lost and Found* column. It read:

LOST on Hollywood bus. Red pocketbook containing fifty dollars. Will finder please return to "Chickie," 1514 Cherokee. It was money to pay my fare back home.

It was no strain on the imagination to construct "Chickie's" scenario. He could see her as plainly as though her picture were alongside the ad.

"I'll bet I could write a description of that little doll that would convince her own mother that I know her personally," was his thought. "She's a cute little blonde, with curves and curls and forget-me-not eyes. Somebody told her that if she'd come to Hollywood she'd soon have Mary Pickford looking for work."

He read the ad

again. That last line, "*money to pay my fare back home*," intrigued him. He knew plenty of "Chickies." But they never went back home. They lingered on, hugging their pathetic little dreams, kidding themselves that someday they would get a break. Most of them would never be anything but just girl fodder for the Hollywood mill.

It was not until he was tilted back in the barber chair that it suddenly struck him that there might be a story in this little doll and her lost pocketbook. When the barber had finished, he tore the ad out. An hour later he was ringing the bell at 1514 Cherokee. A woman answered his ring.

"I'D like to speak to Chickie," said Dick. "It's about the pocketbook she lost."

"Second door to your left." She pointed a scrawny finger toward the end of the hall.

It was just as he had expected. Chickie was the answer to what happens to beauty contest winners. There, on the dresser, was a large silver cup which said in Old English engraving, that the Loyal Order of Moose of Talapoosa, Oklahoma, had voted Chickie O'Day winner of their beauty contest and had christened her "Miss Talapoosa." As his eye wandered from the cup to the girl, the thought went through his mind that there must have been a Ziegfeld in that herd of Moose.

But Chickie herself did not dovetail with his mental picture. She did not have that dumpling roundness which her name suggested. Nor was she a blonde. Her hair, which she wore shoulder length, seemed to him to be the bright copper shade of a new penny, and as she looked up at him questioningly from under plaintive lashes, he decided that she had the most wistfully appealing pair of eyes he had ever seen.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked shyly.

He hesitated to take the only chair in the room, a tiny bedroom rocker, much too short for his long legs.



FODDER

By
Grace Mack

"That's all right," she insisted. "You take the chair. I'll sit here." She sat on the edge of the bed and waited.

The sun, filtering through the window, touched her hair with gold. For a second he almost forgot that this was a professional visit.

"My name's Dick Doran. I saw your ad in the paper—"

"Did you find my pocketbook?" she asked breathlessly.

"NO—that is, not yet," he said self-consciously. It was a little difficult to think straight with Chickie looking up at him like that. "But I thought I might be able to help you find it." This was, of course, impromptu. He had had no such idea when he knocked on Chickie's door.

"Oh, please tell me how!" The wistful eyes pleaded.

"Think fast, Captain Flagg, think fast," Dick was saying to himself. He could not tell her



As Dick chatted with Monica, stretched on a chaise longue, he noticed that she didn't seem to be listening to his small talk. The eyes and attention of the star were on young Chickie on the set rehearsing a scene with the director

Poor Chickie! Just "Girl Fodder!"

that he wanted to use her as Exhibit A in a story about what becomes of extra girls.

"I'm on a paper," he said finally. "I write stories about people—picture people mostly. Your ad interested me. I'd like to help you find your pocketbook. If you'll tell me about yourself and why you wanted to go back home, I'll write a story about you. Maybe the person who found your pocketbook will read it and——" He waited for her to speak. He had expected her to jump at the chance of getting a little free publicity. But the idea seemed to startle her.

"WOULD very many people read it—I mean people in other towns?" A flush was mounting her cheeks.

What a dumb question to ask! Didn't she realize that he was doing her a favor even to offer to write a story about her? For a moment he didn't get her at all. Then, suddenly, he thought he understood her hesitation. She did not want the home-townners to know that *Miss Talapoosa* had not made the grade.

"Just locally," he reassured her.

"And would I have to tell about—the fifty dollars?" The slow suffusion had spread painfully until it covered her entire face.

"If you will." He smiled encouragingly.

But still she hesitated, her slender fingers twisting and untwisting the fringe on the cheap bedspread. Dick was more puzzled than ever.

"Well—there isn't very much to the story," she began. "Back home they thought I was pretty. They entered me in a contest. And when it got down to the finals—I led all the rest," she said a little proudly. "Would you like to see my scrap book?"

She took a small, loose-leafed book from a drawer. In it were a few clippings and pictures which told of *Miss Talapoosa's* brief hour of glory.

"So after I won the contest I came out here to go in pictures. Everybody said it would be easy but——"

It was, as Dick had anticipated, the old tale of Hollywood heartbreak, after weeks of discouragement.

"I don't mind so much for myself," she concluded, "but you see they believed in me back home. They made up a purse to send me out here so I could have my chance. I hate to have failed."

"And the fifty dollars—was that money you had saved for an emergency?"

She shook her head.

"It was money—I earned," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, you worked in a picture then?"

"Just one day," she replied without meeting his eyes.

"But fifty dollars for one day's work is unusual pay for an extra girl."

"I guess it was an unusual part," she said falteringly. "I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't had to have the money. I guess you'll do almost anything—when you're hungry."

"What sort of a part was it?" queried Dick.

"I was a—*nude statue*." Her face flamed as she made this admission. "I wasn't supposed to be real and maybe no one would recognize me—but you won't put that in the story, will you?" she pleaded. "I wouldn't want the folks in Talapoosa to know."

HER genuine embarrassment seemed to have communicated itself to Dick. He had almost forgotten that there was any modesty left in the world. For a moment he could think of nothing to say.

When Dick finally said goodbye he had made up his mind that the lost fifty dollars had to be returned to her, even though he had to draw the amount out of his savings account. That, as it turned out, was not necessary.

As a result of Dick's story, three [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 141]



First picture of a great sentimental reunion recently held in Hollywood. Distinguished graduates of the famous Keystone Cops, of pie-ous memory, got together. Here are four. Left to right—John Francis Dillon, director; Louise Fazenda, honorary coppers; Ford Sterling, featured comic, and Eddie Cline, noted comedy director. Look out for that pie!

WINNIE

Wows 'Em!

That Lightner girl
lights in Hollywood,
and she's there to stay

By Eugene Earle

WINNIE LIGHTNER was on the terrace of her Beverly Hills *maison de luxe* as soon as I had parked my car at the curb—a very dashing Winnie in brown *lounjamas*, topped with a brilliant mop of red hair.

"Mr. Earle?" she carolled. "Harya? Welcome to the old manor." From that moment on I was ready to make over my life insurance policy to Winnie.

Winnie is Irish and friendly and as natural as the air she breathes. Perhaps not quite as rough and rowdy as her characterization of *Mabel* in "Gold-Diggers of Broadway," but certainly just as lively and witty.

I'd like to see Bill Haines and Winnie sit down to a little wisecracking fest. I have a healthy respect for Bill's talents, but Winnie would give him a run for the money.

After Warners had seen the rushes of "Gold-Diggers" they realized that in Winnie Lightner they had a personality that would sweep across the screen, as it had conquered in vaudeville and in the Broadway revues.

They lost no time in casting her for "She Couldn't Say No," and then right into "Hold Everything."

In fact, Winnie had been so busy that we had to break interview dates one right after the other.

When Winnie whispers she blows out the tubes. Here she is putting a song over in the old Lightner zip-zowie-up-and-at-'em style. Put 'em over Winnie—we like 'em



Here's one newcomer to the phonoplay who won't broad A 'em to death. You won't confuse her with Ruth Chatterton. It's Winnie Lightner, the girl with the asbestos vocal cords and the million-watt grin

"I've looked the house over for cigarettes," she wailed, "and I can't find anything but Chinese punk. How's to borrow some?"

From that time on we smoked ourselves black in the face.

"I may not be at my best," she said, "I was up at four this morning looking for the pooch. I trailed all over Beverly Hills in a bathrobe. I didn't find the dog but a stray kitten attached itself to me and now I can't get rid of it. The dog came home at eight o'clock, and brought his girl friend with him. He looked like he had been in every mud puddle in the State of California.

"I'VE got a police dog and a bull terrier, but I thought I wanted a big dog. So I bought one of Harold Lloyd's St. Bernards. They're the breed that trot around the Alps with a flask of gin tied onto them. He's only nine months old now, but he eats six pounds of meat at a sitting and drinks a gallon of water.

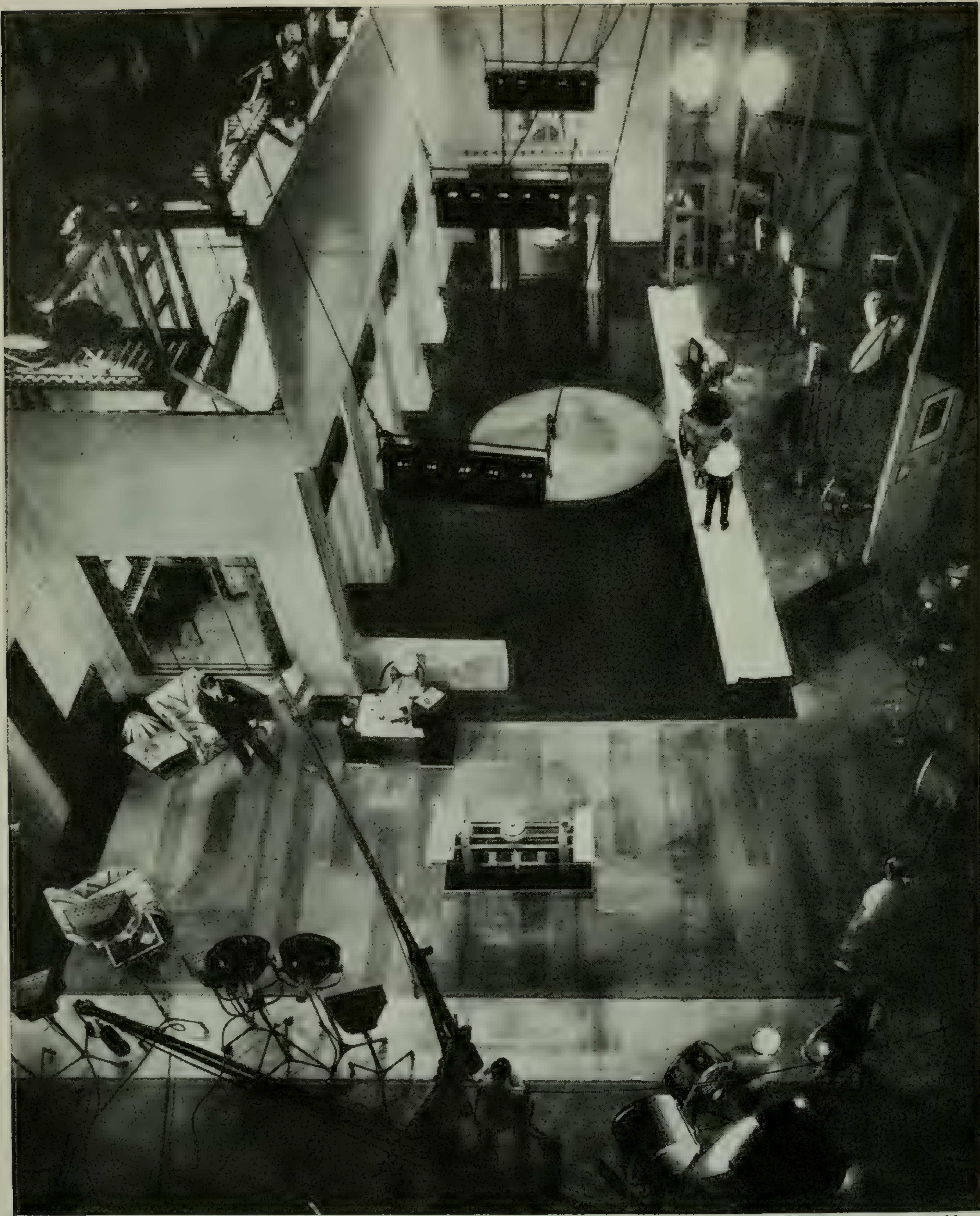
"I brought him home in a taxi, and he sat on me. The driver couldn't find me when we got back. All he could see was dog. He had to excavate for Winnie.

"Didn't I have a swell break in 'Gold-Diggers'? I hope the others will be as good. You know that line I have about 'the spirit of the ages.' I was supposed to keep saying it wrong. And I got it right every time. I used to get up in the middle of the night to rehearse it. And me in those red tights! Just wait till the gang in New York sees me in those. They look like firemen's underwear.

"I didn't have the heart to go to the première of the picture. I'd probably have burst into tears when they introduced me I would have been so nervous. I'm funny that way. Everybody would say 'huh, just another actress taking it big.' I went the second day and sat in the back row of the theater. The man next to me roared at the picture and kept poking me in the ribs with his elbow. I roared, too, and poked right back. We had a swell time, and he didn't know who I was.

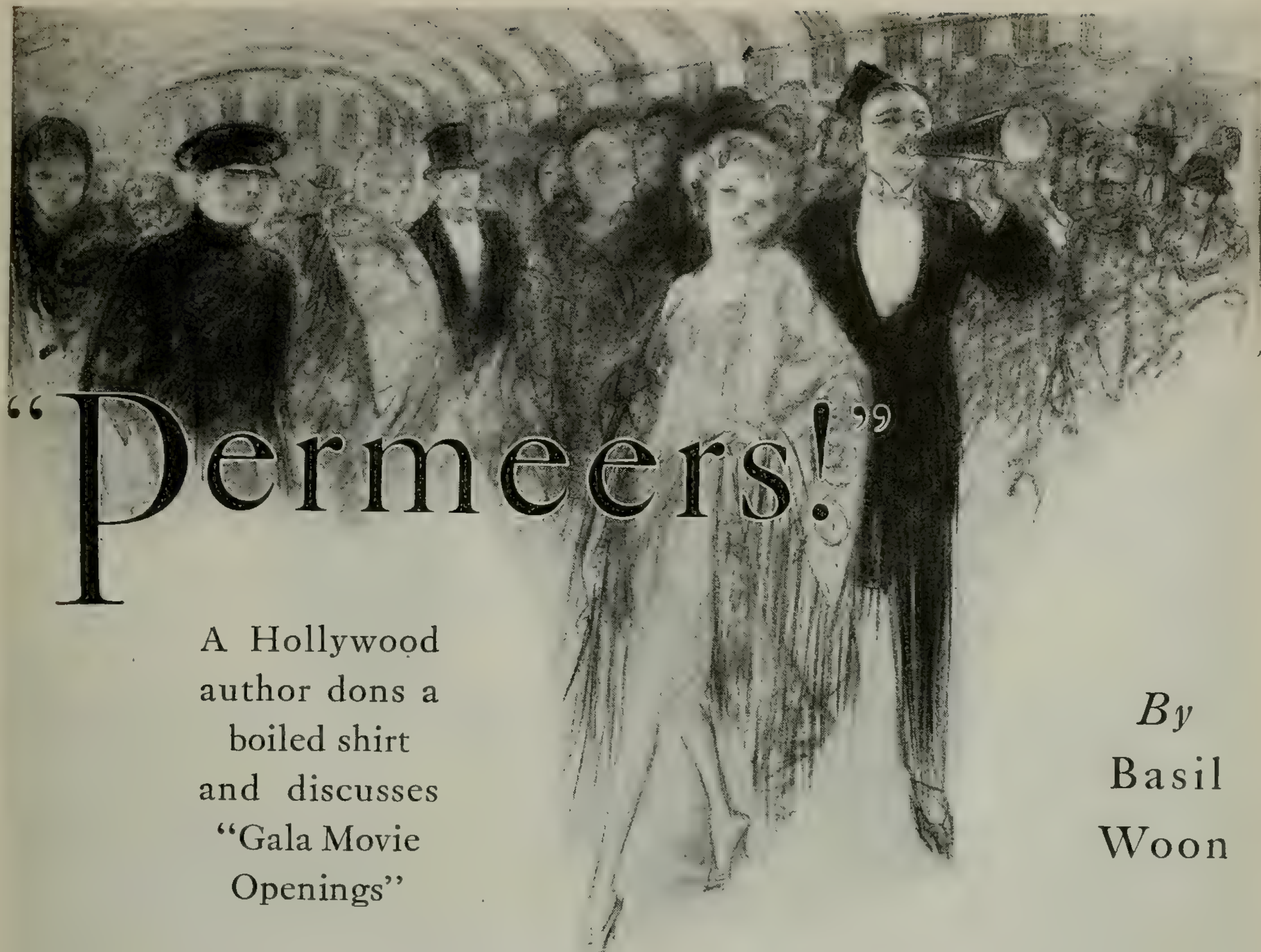
"I always laugh at myself. I can't help it, but I'm not conceited. I think I have the funniest voice. It's so loud. When I whisper they hear me four blocks away. One day during the picture Roy Del Ruth, the director, said 'not so loud, Winnie.' I said 'Roy, I'm whispering.' And he told me not to talk at all and it would probably be all right. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]





Manatt

THIS is what the Man in the Monitor Room sees as he sits perched high in his coop and fiddles with the fateful doo-dads that make voices come out sweet or sour. A great talkie set at the Metro studios, being a scene for "The Song Writer." At the left you can see Lawrence Gray, leading man, standing under the long boom which holds the microphone



"Permeers!"

A Hollywood author dons a boiled shirt and discusses "Gala Movie Openings"

By
Basil
Woon

SO the young lady said, "You will have to put on evening clothes because we always dress for permeers here."

It was not the first time I had heard the word. I had been frequently curious about it.

"Who is this particular gent Mr. Permeers?" I asked. I have been in Hollywood only a short time and there are several persons here who have not met me.

She set me right rather scornfully. "Permeers," she said, "is not the name of a man, it is French for 'opening night.' The permeer we are going to is the permeer of Al Jolson."

. . . You may learn a lot about Hollywood from its permeers. The Squeakeasy Capital is very particular about its permeers. Movieland turns out en masse to every permeer.

Permeering, however, is somewhat of an art. It is not sufficient to look in the paper and see an advertisement which says there is going to be a permeer. There are permeers and permeers. There are permeers at which one should be seen and other permeers when one should be in Paris or Honolulu.

So there is a system which has been worked out, it seems, which will tell you if this is one of the former kind of permeers or the latter kind of permeers, and as you may come to Hollywood and have to go to permeers I am going to tell it to you.

It is necessary first to go to (a) a barbershop where there is the kind of manicure girl who knows immediately whether your wife is in town with you or not, (b) to the florist's, and (c) to the Brown Derby for lunch.

If the manicurist greets you with, "Hullo, good-looking, are you going to the permeer tonight—but of course!" you can be pretty sure that this is a permeer you should be seen at.

If when you buy the orchids to square you for last night and find they are four times what they were the last time you made a quadruped's symposium of yourself, and the girl says, "Well it looks like a big night tonight. Mr. Thalberg was just in and ordered Norma's usual bokay," it is added evidence that it is likely to be one of those rare, gorgeous permeers which cause

so many deaths in Hollywood from people having pneumonia insisting on getting out of bed and going to it.

But the Brown Derby test, of course, is the real one and can be absolutely relied upon. What you do is to make a tour of the tables about 1 P.M., and you look at the heads of the ladies and the hands of the gentlemen.

If a gentleman is wearing his gloves to eat with or has his hands otherwise engaged underneath the table it is correct to stop and say chattily (but with a smile): "Oh, pardon me, but could I see your hands?"

AND if all the gentlemen have just had their nails manicured it is almost a sure sign, because there are not so many weddings as all that in Hollywood; but if the ladies have just been to the coffer and have been marcelled or shingled or waved and have had their hair washed, and have freshly-plucked eyebrows and so forth, you can be perfectly sure that this is going to be a permeer of permeers and that (a) the picture will be very good, or, (b) the picture will be very bad, and, (c) the star of the picture is very popular, or (d) the star of the picture is unanimously conceded to be a pain in the neck.

Pain in the necks who have very bad pictures but very big producers usually have the best permeers because it is so restful in Hollywood to be able to sit still and scoff.

Sitting and scoffing is one of the very best things that is done in Hollywood and sometimes you can hardly hear the picture for all the sitting and scoffing that is going on around you.

. . . So when you are quite sure that this is going to be a really great permeer you hunt up the manager of the theater and if he has a look on his face that seems to mean he would be willing to bite a dog, why the matter is finally settled, because you know the theater will be practically full of annie oakleys which would better here be called ham bealls and that the Elite of Squawkdom will be there with a pass and a dress suit. And the next thing, of course, is to [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

Reeling Around

with
Leonard
Hall



"Now, Miss Vere de Vere—just a little more virginal, if you please!"

Prayer of an Ex-Press Agent

*When I die—if I've been good—
No doubt I'll go to Hollywood,*

*And there, beside the jasper sea,
Do Heavenly Publicity*

*For Heavenly Blondes with purple eyes
Who think me very nice and wise—*

*Who ask me out for macaroons
And gin on Sunday afternoons—*

*And tell me all about their mothers,
And get me pawed by little brothers—*

*And burn me up with bitter laughs
When they don't see their photographs.*

*And if my option lapses—well,
I certainly will welcome Albuquerque, Kansas City,
Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and points east!*

Hoarse Laughs

Lotti Lodi, picked up in Europe by Zanuck of Warners as a screen find, made her first Hollywood party appearance wearing a blue gown, with her fingernails tinted blue to match. If she goes pop like ninety-nine per cent of these pretty foreign phenoms, her last Hollywood party appearance will be made wearing a tasteful blue funk. . . . A French senator recently got very La Patrie! and howled, "If Americans refuse our wines, let's refuse to buy their talking pictures!" and as a representative Yank I'm still looking for the guy that refused them. . . . In Kansas City they bill Buddy Rogers as "The Love Arouser," but I know at least three girls to whom he's only forty winks. . . . The best sign of the month—a New York theater had this in lights: "Half-Marriage—All Talk." . . . George Jessel, who is trying to forget he has made a talkie or two, said, "Twenty years ago I started in show business with \$125 in my pocket. I am proud to say that today I owe Eddie Cantor \$83,000." . . . Bebe Daniels recently sent James Hall a pig for his birthday, but we have yet to hear that he sent back for the flock of hens. . . . Conrad Nagel claims to have made

twenty-seven talkers in twenty-one months—not counting his Equity speeches and denunciations of fan magazines.

Hollywood's Playgirl

Variety is authority for the statement that Greta Garbo, "The Scandinavian Scot," earns \$3,500 a week and lives on \$1,000 a month.

Greta either has 7,000 little crippled brothers who want to learn to play the fiddle, or wants to buy New York City and give it to the United States for Christmas.

Getting Personal

Fox plans to release John McCormack's first picture on St. Patrick's Day, Mr. McCormack being a Swiss. . . . Studios are now using aluminum furniture on the sets. Lighter to move, and no creaks for the mike. . . . Corinne Griffith's contract stipulates no work before ten A.M., but it's the first I've heard that there is any "before ten A.M." . . . Paramount has found that George Bancroft sings. He was once half of the vaudeville team of Bancroft and Brosky. If he turns out to be another of these barrel-chested canaries I'll double for a Chicago cop. . . . Lily Damita, in New York in a musical comedy, refuses dates to men unless there are others in the party. . . . While Arthur Lake was in New York vacationing, his beloved dog, Brummer, died, and Arthur couldn't attend the last rites. . . . There is still a market for ten-year-old Chaplin comedies. A wise trader smuggles prints into Soviet Russia and bootlegs them in the smaller towns. As you may know, free and enlightened Russia bars foreign movies. . . . Spain is crazy for Greta Garbo, and "Wild Orchids" was a panic in Madrid, but why specify Spain? . . . Garbo, by the way, vacationed at Lake Tahoe after "Anna Christie," while Renee Adoree has been in Mexico City. . . . A historic institution passes into a new medium. Pathe News suspended its silent newsreel, the pappy of 'em all, to devote itself exclusively to sound news. . . . In the fourteen years Harold Lloyd has been making comedies, he has had only five leading women—Bebe Daniels, Mildred Davis, Jobyna Ralston, Ann Christy and now Barbara Kent. And he married one of 'em!

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1 Follow the famous Method preferred by social leaders for the exquisite care of the skin. First, for immaculate cleansing apply Pond's Cold Cream lavishly over face and neck. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores.

2 Wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, safe, ample, absorbent, and so economical. Note the charming new box that brings

them ready folded for your use. Just insert your fingers in the slit and draw them out, two at a time.

3 Now soak a sizable pad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener. Briskly dab your face and neck all over till the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent banishes lingering oiliness, tones and firms your skin, closes and refines the pores. Faithful use is magic to brighten faded or sallow skin.

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Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. says: "with just these marvelous

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What makes a Girl

As told to Katherine Albert
by CLARA BOW



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA Bow, in the luxurious bathroom created especially for her in Hollywood. Here, as in her studio dressing room, she uses Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "Just notice the way people cluster around a girl who has lovely skin! . . . And beautifully smooth skin means even more to a screen star than to other women. Lux Toilet Soap is such a help in keeping the skin in perfect condition!"

"THERE'S one thing that stands out above all others in making a girl really alluring," says Clara Bow, the Paramount star whose vivid beauty and personality have won her world-fame in motion pictures. "It's *lovely skin*."

"And any girl can *have* lovely skin if she takes good care of it!"

"Motion picture directors found out long ago that unless a girl has marvelous skin she can never make millions of hearts beat faster when she appears in a close-up. The incandescent lights reveal the tiniest flaw in the skin!"

"That's why we motion picture actresses have to keep our skin at its very best every minute."

"Several years ago some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap, and were enthusiastic about it. And now nearly every girl I know in Hollywood uses this soap. And aren't we glad that we have kept our skin in good condition—the talkies have even *more* close-ups than silent pictures have!"

"When I get letters from girls all over



“ALLURING”?

the country, I long to tell these girls that they can keep *their* skin just as beautifully smooth as we screen stars do — by using Lux Toilet Soap.”

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

There are now 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars. Of these, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap—both at home and in their dressing rooms—and have enthusiastic things to say about it. All the great film studios, for their convenience, have made it their *official* soap.

If you aren't one of the millions of girls and women who are using this fragrant white soap—made by the same method as are the finest toilet soaps of France—do try it. It lathers generously, even in the very hardest water! And keeps your skin charmingly fresh and smooth.



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

EVELYN BRENT, lovely Paramount star, in the beautifully appointed bathroom designed and built for her in Hollywood. She says: “A star just *must* have a smooth skin. I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It is so pleasing and so soothing to the skin.”



Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, beautiful star, is devoted to this fragrant soap. She says: “Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping the skin delightfully smooth.”



NANCY CARROLL, charming red-haired Paramount star, says: “Keeping one's skin flawless for the all-seeing eye of the camera means constant care. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin always in perfect condition.”

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake... now

10¢

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Do You Believe This?

First the stars, then all the rest of us, answer "I DO" to these things, founded on fact or fancy

By
JANET FRENCH

EACH morning all the little movie stars tumble out of their trundle beds and chant the articles of their faith. Hollywood is built upon tradition. Even the smallest, most unpretentious little belief assumes mammoth proportions. These traditions mate and flourish until they almost become a creed.

Pretty soon they break out of Hollywood and become the common property of us all. What the film folks say this afternoon we'll say tomorrow morning. The Hollywood credo, born in the Hollywood mind, has gradually swept the country. And it must be right—just because it has been repeated so often!

For instance. Once a Russian Grand Duke was invited to Pickfair for ham and eggs. The Pickford-Fairbanks press agent wrote a story about it. Other guests told their pals. Pretty soon the tradition grew and spread that you couldn't get a Pickfair invitation unless you had a noble coat of arms on your cigarette case.

Lillian Gish turned down a cocktail at a Hollywood party. Once she stayed home and read a book instead of going to a big reception. Another article of faith was born—that Lillian was a disembodied spirit, untouched by the foibles of the social world.

There are hundreds of these articles of half-faith—believed by millions of us because we hear them so often. Here are some of the most famous. Do you really believe—

THAT Lilyan Tashman is the best-dressed woman on the screen

That Billie Dove is the most beautiful

That nobody ever says, "No," to Cecil B. De Mille

That assistant directors date up all the extra girls and that they get a job the next day

That anyone who can sing even slightly better than the choir soprano at home will be an overnight sensation in talkies

That five uninvited guests arrive for every invited one at all Hollywood parties

That the eighteen-day diet will take off eighteen pounds in eighteen days

That Jack Barrymore enjoys shocking young lady interviewers

That Ronald Colman is silent and apart

That Lon Chaney really does not like publicity

THAT any extra can become a star if he just gets the breaks

That it takes pull to become a good scenario writer

That every foreign star will fail before the microphone

That Florence Vidor is always a lady

That Greta Garbo always wears sloppy tweed coats

That every picture with an unhappy ending will be praised by the critics and that every picture with a happy ending will be a box office success

That every printed knock against a star is bad publicity

That publicity men can keep any scandal out of any paper if they only would

That Ramon Novarro goes to church every Sunday

That Clara Bow always wears red satin slippers to football games

That the best talkie performances so far have been given by film stars

That Emil Jannings was the greatest actor that ever appeared in films

That any woman past thirty is an "old timer"

That a home without a swimming pool is a hovel

That Aileen Pringle is intellectual

That any five hundred people in one room with enough liquor will have a good time

THAT every divorced couple is still "awfully good friends"

That Alice White takes other girls' young men away from them

That Jetta Goudal is temperamental

That if you call electricians by their first names you're "a good scout"

That every extra elevated to stardom forgets his old friends

That Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will separate

That Tay Garnett and Patsy Ruth Miller will separate

That Marian Nixon and Edward Hillman will separate

That Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck will separate

That all actors are crazy

That everything Billy Haines says is funny

That the only thing worth saying over a radio is, "Hello, everybody"

THAT the only conversation worth while is picture talk

That opening nights are dull but you must be seen at them

That Irving Thalberg is a genius

That the only really worthwhile thing in a star's life is a flock of babies

That Hollywood is the most important city in the world

That everybody in the outside world is thrilled at knowing a picture star

That any girl in the world would fall for Richard Dix

That all producers were once buttonhole makers

That every producer speaks with a Jewish accent

That every pretty girl wants to get in pictures

That you can't tell what the public wants

That Charlie Chaplin will have to make a talkie

That Eric von Stroheim can't make a picture for less than a million dollars

That the imported stage stars think they're better than anyone else

That Greta Garbo was never in love with Jack Gilbert

That Clara Bow will never marry Harry Richman

That Grant Withers is the best of Hollywood heart breakers

That all gag men steal their stuff from a joke book

That supervisors are always wrong

That the public forgets

That everybody has a best facial angle

That all you need to succeed is "the breaks"

That a Beverly Hills address gives prestige

That Corinne Griffith is the patrician of the screen

That having a famous father, mother, sister or brother is a handicap to success

That your best scenes are always cut out

That every woman star is jealous of every other woman in the picture



TO EVERY BUSY WOMAN WHO WANTS A MORE BEAUTIFUL SKIN

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THIS ORIGINAL 75¢ BOTTLE OF AMBROSIA



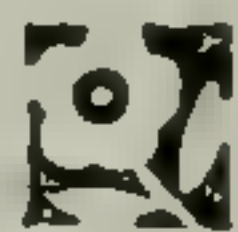
YOU wouldn't believe it: you wouldn't believe that simply cleansing with a liquid—even a liquid that is sunlit, refreshing, zestfully clean as the Springtime—could so quickly refine skin-texture, could keep it firm, radiant, young!

You wouldn't believe it, so we want to send you Ambrosia. This is an unusual offer—a daring test of a wholly new method of cleansing. We make it because we have faith in our product—because we have seen the enthusiasm of fastidious women, customers of Saks-Fifth Avenue and other smart stores, when the same offer was made to them.

This is the way to use Ambrosia: Wipe thoroughly over the face with cotton, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Now you know the face is perfectly clean. You see the dirt right on the cotton—black dirt from the pores and crevices of the skin. Then stroke the face up with the fingertips until dry. Cleansed, toned, ready for powder . . . your face hasn't felt so glowingly young and alive since you were sixteen.

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Liquid Ambrosia normalizes and refines skin-texture. It prepares a dry skin to absorb a softening tissue cream; thus it combats any tendency toward wrinkles.

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Medical authorities agree: Doctors always use liquid solvents to cleanse the skin thoroughly. Only a liquid penetrates instantly into the pores, dissolves out the deepest dirt, leaves no clogging particles of sediment to collect dust and germs. Ambrosia is safe—no caustic alkali, no wax. Swift—a one minute facial. Convenient—nothing to wipe away.

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The Best Music of the New Pictures



THE NEW HITS Right Off the Records

Some of the tunes that will haunt your
dreams and set your feet to dancing

By
Maurice Fenton

A LETTER recently addressed to this column asks: "Can you tell me what songs from 'The Love Parade' are on records? Are any of them by Maurice Chevalier?"

Before we had sat through half of the picture mentioned we had reached the conclusion that it was made of the very stuff which is our particular meat. To our best recollection it contained the following numbers, upon which the very light threads of a typical pre-war musical comedy were hung:

"My Love Parade." Presumably the Theme Song. A light and airy bit of sophistication, with words and music well balanced.

"Dream Lover." A trapeze for the soprano to exercise her vocal cords to the sentimental satisfaction of all concerned.

"Paris" and "Nobody's Using It Now." A couple of character bits for the leading man—more about them later.

"Let's Be Common." For the comedians (male and female). Enough in the words for a run of laughs, and enough in the music for some eccentric dancing.

Something that evidently was supposed to be the National Anthem of Sylvania, in which the soprano tried to sing against the male chorus, with disastrous results to all concerned. A number quite unworthy of the rest of the show.

With the exception of the National Anthem thing, all of it was well above the present average. Which is why we are making all this fuss about it.

As far as we can discover, only two of these numbers have been recorded. After "The Innocents of Paris," Victor turned out a Chevalier record, so there is hope that "Nobody's Using It Now" will yet see the light of our living room. When it does we will celebrate in a worthy manner.

TWO new versions of numbers which have been previously mentioned have turned up in the interval. One carries a couple of Rudy Vallée performances and makes us feel glad that we said something about him once before. If there must be vocal accompaniments, this is the boy to do them without annoying. But you know all about the way in which he exploits a voice which practically amounts to nothing at all, and at the same time runs a pretty snappy band.

These two are other bits from his own "Vagabond Lover," not out in time to catch

last month's issue. "I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You" is infinitely better than its title would make one think. And the other side, "If You Were the Only Girl," should be popular if only for the fact that it has been going strong for nearly fifteen years. We first heard it, with the same words, about 1915.

"The Show of Shows" repertoire also receives additions. "Singin' in the Bath Tub" is about as good as this month can do anywhere. Except for the first few yodels, which do not fit the music box, Frank Luther's vocal accompaniment comes across in great style. It has lots of life to it. On the back is another "Lady Luck," but long since we thumbs-downed anything in this class of waltz.

THIS is the welcome of the column to Welcome Lewis, who should have been heard from before. "Look What You've Done to Me" from "Why Leave Home?" is more or less what the name suggests, but Miss Lewis has what is getting to be known as a Radio technique, putting all the required meaning and significance into a voice which is hardly raised above her upper lip so that it does not strain the old sound box.

"Chasing Rainbows" contained more musical sob stuff than any other picture we have seen in months. Two of the worst have been done and we have duly washed the veneer off the machine giving them a chance. "Lucky Me—Lovable You" sounded promising until we found that the singer did not seem to really appreciate his luck but went steadily on whining to the end. "Love Ain't Nothin' but the Blues" advertises itself. As "Blues"—which it claims to be, after all—it is all there, but we long to be cheered up a bit these days. But not in the way "Happy Days Are Here Again" tries to do it. Evidently the composers thought the other two numbers were rather tragic, so they cleared the atmosphere with a sure-fire hit based on "School Days." But that is a matter for the individual to decide.

Out of the remaining pile we have selected three other double sides as being at least average, and beg to report that in our opinion the average is slightly higher than it was two months ago. On this score we were duly tickled when Serge Rachmaninoff, returning for a concert tour, supported our ideas as expressed lately. The present state of supply is due to growing pains. Give them a little time and the tin-panners will surprise us with what they turn out.

LOVE PARADE		
Dream Lover	Tom Gerun Nat Shilkret	Brunswick Victor
My Love Parade	Tom Gerun	Brunswick

SNAP INTO IT		
Lonesome Little Doll	Al Goodman Nat Shilkret	Brunswick Victor

VAGABOND LOVER		
I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You	Rudy Vallée	Victor
If You Were the Only Girl	Rudy Vallée	Victor

SHOW OF SHOWS		
Singin' in the Bath Tub	High Hatters	Victor
Lady Luck	High Hatters	Victor

DEVIL MAY CARE		
Shepherd's Serenade	Abe Lyman	Brunswick
If He Cared	Abe Lyman	Brunswick

CHASING RAINBOWS		
Lucky Me—Lovable You	Leo Reisman Abe Lyman	Victor Brunswick
Happy Days Are Here Again	Leo Reisman	Victor
Love Ain't Nothin' but the Blues	Abe Lyman	Brunswick

WHY LEAVE HOME?		
Look What You've Done to Me	Welcome Lewis	Victor

SONG OF THE WEST		
West Wind	Ben Bernie	Brunswick
The One Girl	Ben Bernie	Brunswick

SALLY		
Sally	Wayne King	Victor
If I'm Dreaming	Wayne King	Victor

As far as Rudy Vallée's new music in "The Vagabond Lover" is concerned, latest reports prove that it has furnished the blond crooner one enormous hit—"A Little Kiss Each Morning, A Little Kiss Each Night."

All the dance bands are playing it, the air is full of it, it wails from every stage. Three tunes have made and kept the boy noted. "Deep Night" brought him to fortune, "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover" held him there, and now "A Little Kiss" will increase his pull with the sentimental.



The smartest compact imaginableyet only 50¢ and \$1

YOU CAN scarcely believe it at first. Such delightful compacts—so gaily colorful, so intriguingly *chic*—for such astoundingly low prices. You'll want one to match each costume—a mode adopted by the very smartest women.

Then, after you have admired the outside of the case—*open!* Inside a generous supply of exquisite powder—soft, clinging, delicately fragrant. And (if you choose the double compact) rouge as well—unbreakable mirror, two puffs. Refills always obtainable. Look for these Tre-Jur compacts in your favorite shop today. Single, 50c; double, \$1—in red, blue, green or black.



TRE JUR

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price and stating color of case and shade of powder (flesh or rachel) desired. Address House of Tre-Jur, Inc., Dept. F, 19 West 18th Street, New York City.

THEY CAME TO CAVIAR

♦♦♦AND COOLER SMOKE

Wary sponsors, these people of sophisticated senses . . . trained in the acquiring of their enjoyments. Thus, they have acquired Spud and Spud's cooler smoke . . . realizing the enjoyment of cooler smoke comes not with the surprise of the first sensation . . . but through the continual happy-mouth comfort it affords in repetition. And so the mouths of these people are as groomed and poised as they themselves . . . keeping their discerning tobacco senses ever responsive to Spud's selected leaf and blend . . . a full tobacco flavor heightened by Spud's 16% cooler smoke. Thus, these pioneers in pleasure find their 1930 freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

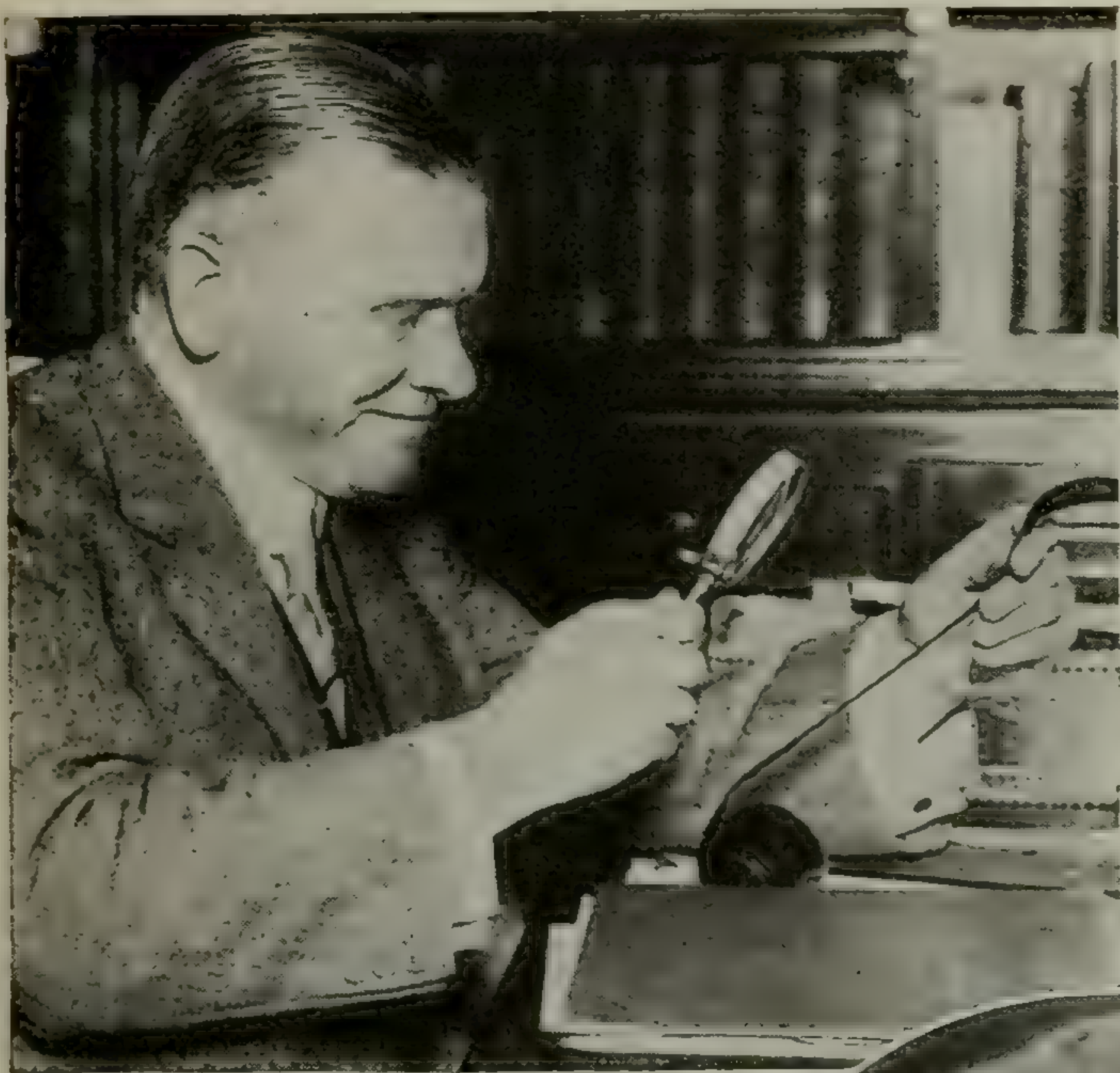


MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES



Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



First photograph of an untamed censor in his snipping room, busy cutting 200 foot kisses to a mere nod. This is Mr. Edward Short, K.C., new film censor of Great Britain. It is our impression that "K.C." stands for "Keen Cutter," but we just can't be sure of it

P. and A.

world, white or tinted, his sudden rise went to his head, and he gave in to high-priced motors, breach of promise suits, speeding charges and matrimony.

And practically nothing has he done in pictures, responsible for his pocket money and his stares.

The climax was reached, not long ago, when Officers Wooby and Fite, of the city of Los Angeles, charged the boy with being drunk in an automobile and trying to put on one of his acts before a large early-morning throng of admirers. His name, on the blotter, was Lincoln T. Perry. Municipal Judge Mae D. Lahey held him in bail of \$100 for trial.

And Stepin put on one of his acts in a motor car instead of before the camera. And nobody ever got a raise for that!

YOU probably know by this time that The Great Little Guy is in pictures, but PHOTOPLAY would be less than on the dot if it did not record the coming of George M. Cohan to the screen. For George occupies a peculiar and wonderful place in the affections of American theater-goers. For many years his plays, and his acting, and his singing, and his dancing, have been our possession. "The Yankee Doodle Boy" holds precious memories for all with sentiments of which they are not ashamed.

And George M. is in pictures, signed to write Jolson's first picture for United Artists.

"I haven't left the theater," Cohan says, "but its golden days are over."

And it was those days of which George M. Cohan—historic figure of the stage—was a part. We remember The Little Gray Fox with joy and gladness, and we welcome him to the talking picture screen, which entertains more millions than he ever dreamed of reaching by way of his beloved theater.

THEY were using a little fawn in a scene out at the M-G-M studios. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., saw it and wanted to buy it for Joan. He interviewed the owner.



One of the year's most striking ensembles. Anita Page with tweed turban, scarf, purse and sports coat. In fact, everything in this picture is tweedish but Anita herself



GAYLORD RAVENAL, the elegant gambler of "Show Boat," was pinched, not long ago—summoned to the calaboose like any ordinary malefactor.

But it wasn't for dealing off the bottom, or any such refined and genteel crime.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Dorothy Jordan, the sweet Southern miss who came to fame in "Devil May Care," wearing a novel, close-fitting hat made of petals of ashes of roses. Note the softly looped bow on the side

"He is gentle?" he asked.
"Oh yes, the only thing is he'll bite if he gets mad."

"And how can you tell when he's mad?" asked Doug.

The owner scratched his head. "Darned if I know."

ONE of the most amusing sights on the First National lot is the dignified and patrician Corinne Griffith riding from her dressing room to her set on a bicycle.

THERE'S a story that the sob sisters could get their teeth into in the death of "Shorty," a prop boy at Paramount.

"Shorty" died without friends and without funds.

Some of the "juicers"—studio jargon for electricians—got together and gave him a funeral.

Because "Shorty" wanted to be buried as near the studio as possible a lot was purchased in the cemetery adjoining Paramount. His pals dug the grave.

At his funeral they filled a car with flowers, and because the mourners were so few they hired three out-of-work Italians to attend. It was Hollywood's strangest funeral and, in some ways, the saddest.

Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83]

In short, they had Joe Schildkraut up for common, vulgar speeding—forty-two miles an hour—and for passing a silly, beastly traffic light!

Speeding! Pah! Particularly a Schildkraut—even a Joe Schildkraut! Name of a sacred name! I'll bet that took the crease out of Joe's pants!

JUNE Collyer, one of the finest and loveliest, has been in New York making a talking picture for a small independent company.

June, being a recognized featured player—and liking her rest—thought to temper the studio labors by specifying in her contract that she was not to toil after six in the evening.

But little did she know how smart some of the movie boys are! The company countered, in its quiet way, by requiring June to be on the set at eight in the morning—an hour of which June had not even heard a rumor!

Which shows that, even if you get up very early in the morning, you can't lick some people!

WHEN it comes to weird shades of hair Clara Bow has a new and dangerous rival. Children run screaming to their mothers whenever Grant Withers heaves in sight.



Grant has the loveliest pale pink hair ever seen on the Boulevard, if it has ever seen pale pink hair. In the Corinne Griffith feature, "Back Pay," Grant plays a blond boy. The peroxide didn't work correctly, and Grant came out pink instead of golden. However, it photographs satisfactorily, and nobody worries much.

THAT much engaged young woman, Ethlyn Claire, will be married Valentine's Day to Ernest Westmore, a big grease paint and make-up man. On that day Ethlyn's divorce is final. You can't beat these girls for speed.



The Village Smith as Hollywood sees him. A property boy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer treating Raquel Torres' slippers with soundless felt for the sake of silence on the talkie stages. And so pussy-footing has come to the phonoplay

The last faint, stuttering word in tricky sports ensembles. Here is Marion Shilling wearing suspenders, arm-bands, hat-band and belt—and they all match. If Marion's skirt does not stay well up, we surely can't blame her

Thank Heaven for that!

The last big producer to go from that neighborhood on Sunset Boulevard was James Cruze, and now it is practically deserted.

Once upon a time—and a short time ago—dozens of small independents clustered there, turning out silent pictures with a camera and a prayer. But the coming of the talking picture changed all that, and drove them from the scene with advancing costs. And now there is no Poverty Row—at least by that name. So all you young fiction writers can save type-writer ribbon by not telling those sad stories of the poor little girl who got her canapes of caviar in the quickies. We know different.

IF you can stand another mention of this we'll do our best to suffer nobly, too! The picture that ran on forever, just like Tennyson's w.k. brook, is completed. At least Howard Hughes says he has completed "Hell's Angels." That is, it is completed with the exception of adding the aeroplane sound effects, and that shouldn't take more than a couple of years.

If you like statistics the picture was twenty-five months in the making, and cost up in the neighborhood of four million smackers. That makes the cost-sheet of "Ben-Hur" look like a Western quickie. Now all that Howard Hughes has to do is to get his money out of it.

FIRST NATIONAL was trying to get in touch with Gary Cooper on the telephone. They called what they believed was his number.

"Hello," they began, "does Gary Cooper live there?"

"Cooper? Cooper?" answered a puzzled feminine voice. "Is that the plumber?"

IF you want to get Alice White all hot and bothered (I'm telling you it's a great sight) just intimate that Sid Bartlett is just another boy friend. No ma'am, this is the real thing, the great romance, the grand pash. Alice, so she'll tell you, has never loved before. Now—it's different and, what's more, she's going to marry the boy. There are those in Hollywood who say that they're already married and are just pulling a Sue Carol-Nick Stuart.

POVERTY ROW is no more—which means that all the sob stories of poor little girls eking out dry crusts in the "quickies" are out.

THOSE who know D. W. Griffith say that the one-time master of all directors is planning to remake "Intolerance" as a talking pic-
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86]

Your Teeth aren't Really Clean if You Only Polish the Surfaces

*How Colgate's Cleans Crevices
Where Tooth Decay May Start*

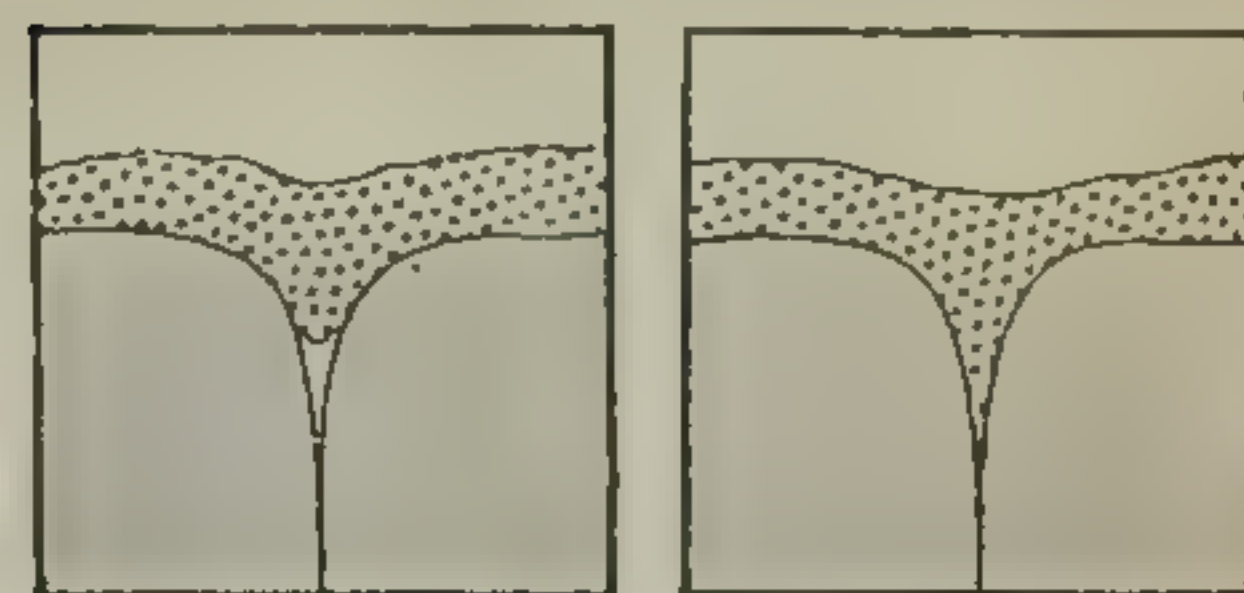
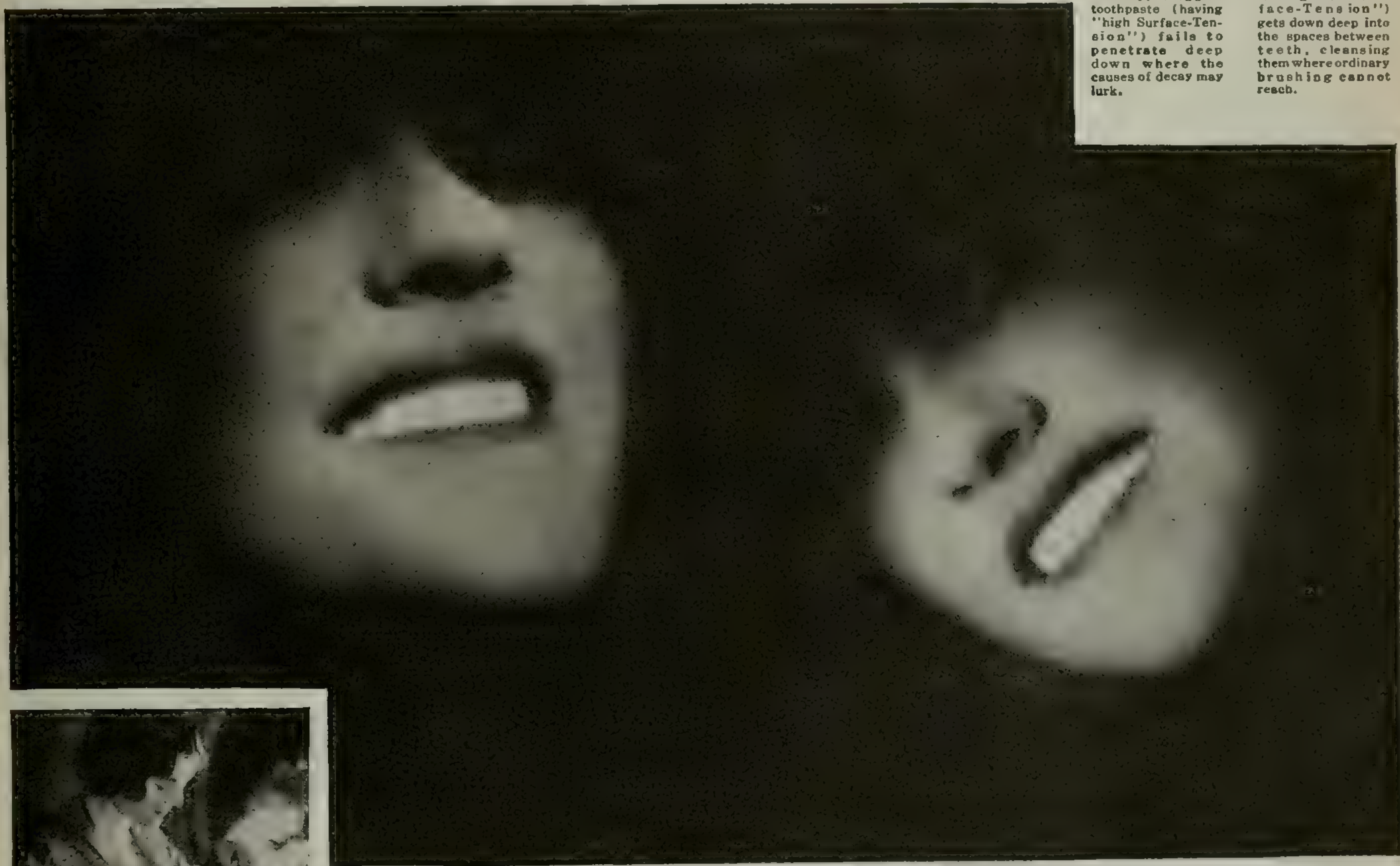


Diagram showing tiny space between two teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's penetrating foam (having "low Surface-Tension") gets down deep into the spaces between teeth, cleansing them where ordinary brushing cannot reach.



ECONOMICAL—The 25c tube of Colgate's contains *more* toothpaste than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



Half-clean teeth invite decay. Why not have the extra protection of Colgate's, whose penetrating foam enters and cleanses the tiny pits and fissures where decay may start?

Some toothpastes merely perform the single duty of polishing the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Colgate's does that, of course . . . *and something else besides!* When brushed, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam which has a truly remarkable property. This active foam *penetrates* into the tiny pits and fissures of the teeth and gums, softening the impurities which become lodged in these hard-to-reach places and *washing* them away in a surging, antiseptic bath.

Thus Colgate's cleans . . . giving your teeth double protection against the impurities which cause decay. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading dentifrices . . . hence, Colgate's ability to clean teeth best.

Superiority and economy have made

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot possibly cure pyorrhea, correct acid mouth, firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean*. Self-medication is always dangerous . . . if you have any fears for the health of your teeth or gums, see your dentist at once!

For those who prefer a powder, Colgate's comes in this form. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-599, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name

Address

Through *the* Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

ture, and with a completely new, modern sequence.

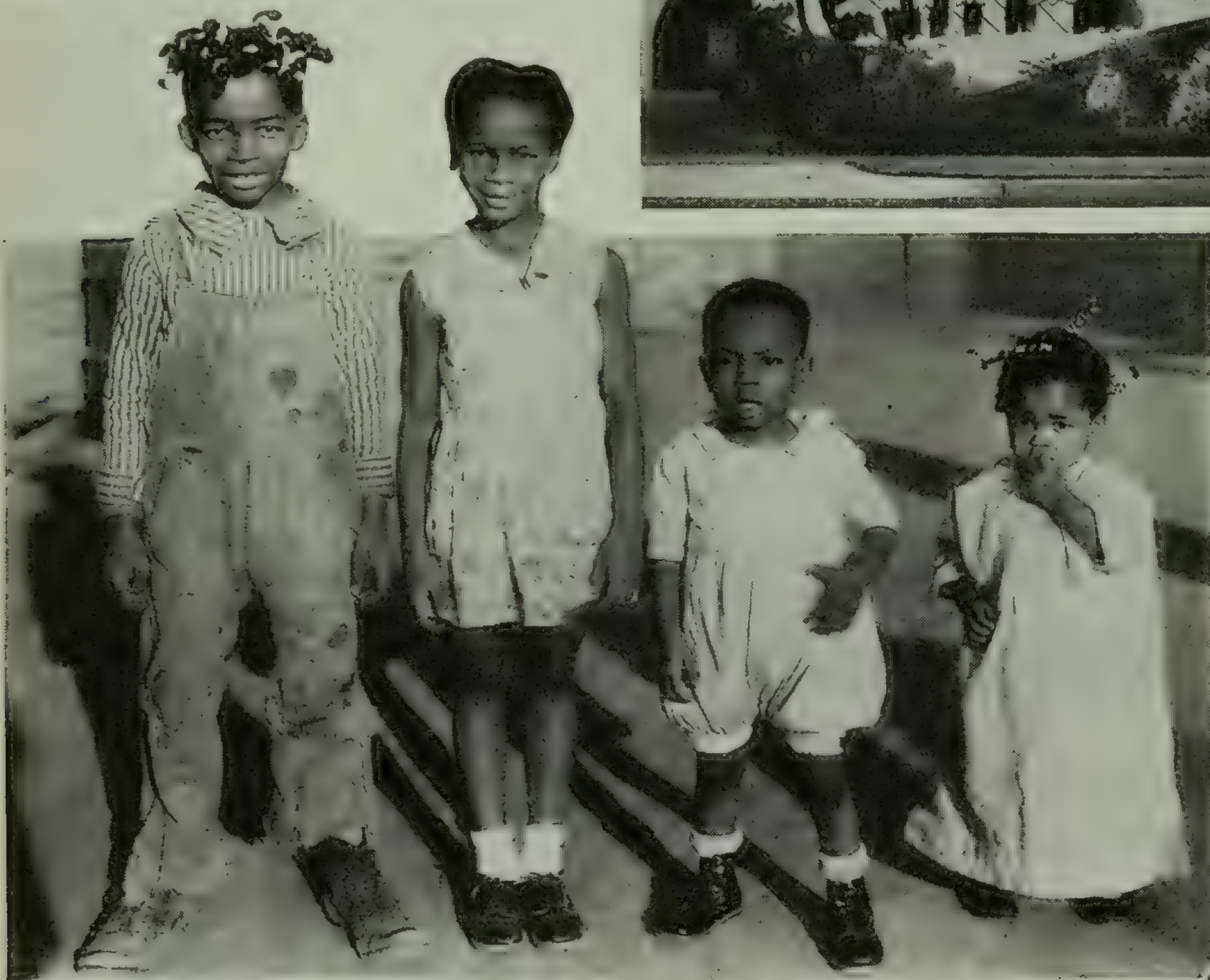
It will not be remade, of course, until he has completed "Abraham Lincoln." Stephen Benet, the author of the brilliant "John Brown's Body," is now working on the dialogue and story of the Emancipator. "Intolerance" was not regarded as Griffith's masterpiece, but it was a film that meant much to him. He made it as a whole-hearted answer to the waves of sectional feeling that engulfed "The Birth of a Nation." At least, Griffith has returned to the sphere in which he is greatest.

DO you remember Belle Bennett in the incomparable "Stella Dallas"? It was the rôle that made her famous, and perhaps the greatest tear-



Underwood and Underwood

Even the buildings go Hollywood under the sun of Southern California! This is one of the film colony's trick eating houses, where the tourists come to munch, and to stare at the movie lions



Our Gang's present quartet of little blackberries. At the left is the famous Farina, who began when he was knee-high to a small duck. The others are newcomers to The Gang, and are being trained in talkie ways by veteran Farina. At the right is a tiny period not yet two

teasing film of the year. It brought Lois Moran to the top, and added fresh laurels to the crown of Ronald Colman.

Belle Bennett is returning to the stage, and her first play under her contract with Henry Duffy, the Coast producer, is to be "Stella Dallas." It is a lucky choice, for it may bring Belle again to the attention of the producers. After her first auspicious beginning she was ruined by inferior, shoddy pictures, and, they say, just a tiny bit of temperament.

THE mysterious "Sisters G" are knocking Hollywood for a row of E flats. They were brought over here from Germany by Universal to appear in "The King of Jazz." They have sleek, black hair, look exactly alike and dance like fiends. They call themselves simply the Sisters G.

Two of their ardent admirers are Charlie Chaplin and another star who speaks German

fluently. But imagine the boys' embarrassment if they forget which twin is which.

JUST about the whole Bohny family works in pictures. Of course, Billie Dove is the stellar light, but "Pop" Bohny works extra, and played a bit in Billie's picture, "The Other Tomorrow."

"Pop" is pretty proud of Billie, and brought all of his friends among the extras up on the set to meet a real star. Billie's younger brother, Charles, after working extra during the Summer, is now an assistant cameraman at Fox.

ANOTHER famous silent film is going talkie.

Years ago Tommy Meighan, then a glittering and beloved star, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

You must be slender to wear this frock. That band of red and beige jersey around the middle is dangerous for those inclined to hippiness. The dress itself is navy blue



"Ordinary soaps can do great harm"

says the famous beauty expert

CARSTEN of Berlin

"Daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."



"Ordinary soaps can do great harm. Modern beauty specialists advise a soap made of vegetable oils...the pure oils of palm and olives. Palmolive Soap is fresh and bland, safe for the most sensitive complexion. It leaves the skin in the best possible condition for a beauty expert's treatment."

Leo Carsten
BERLIN



Today, more than ever before, it is important to wash the face with this olive oil soap which is safe, bland, non-irritating.

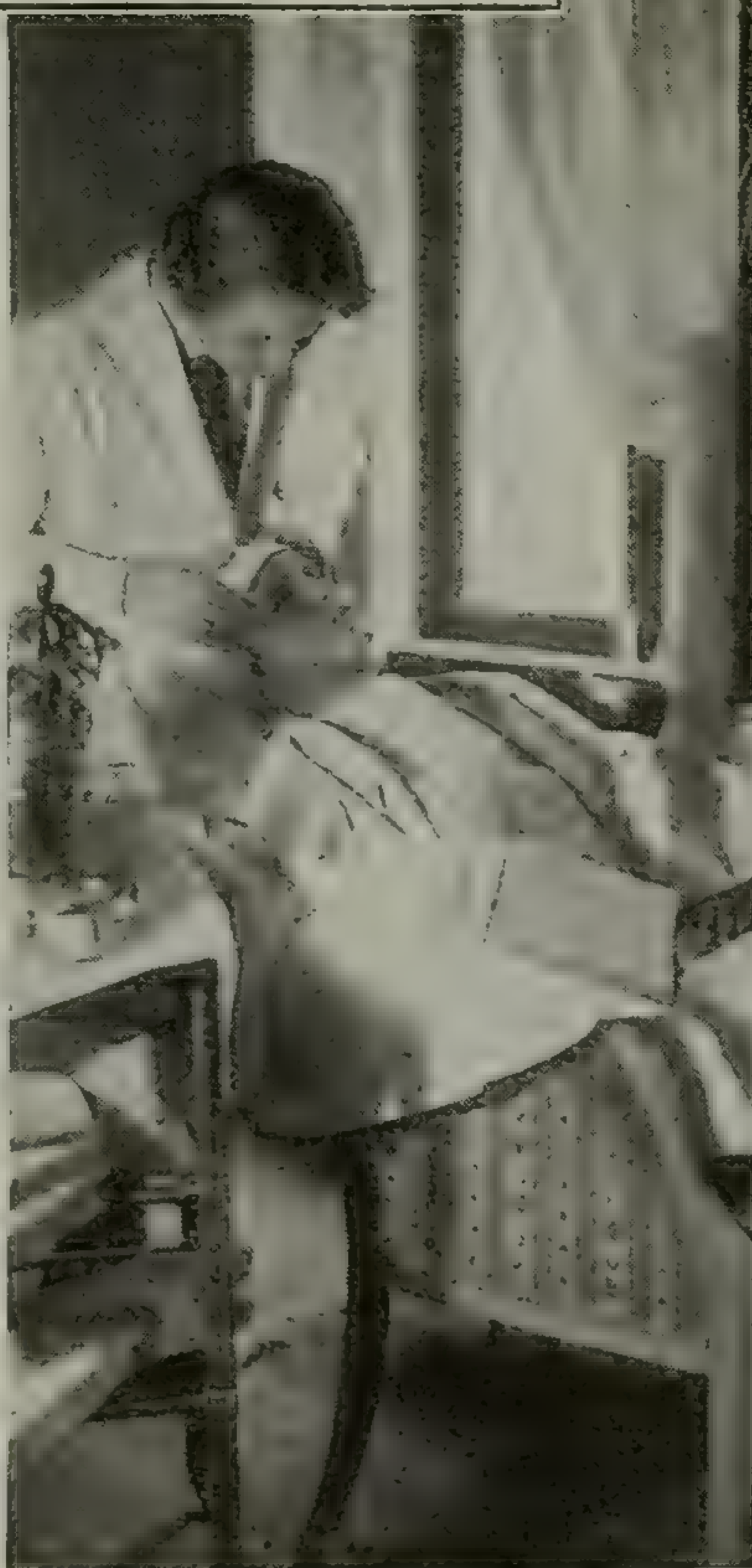
"NEW beauty treatments, such as ultra-violet rays and radio-active preparations, undoubtedly have their value in certain conditions of the skin, but it must not be imagined that older and simpler methods are superseded," says Leo Carsten, proprietor of the famous "Figaro" beauty shop on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin.

"Soap and water, for example, are still the finest possible cleansers for the skin," he adds. "You will realize the importance of this when I say that daily cleansing with Palmolive Soap is the basis of all my treatments, even the most elaborate."

Herr Carsten, better known as "Figaro," is head of the leading beauty salon in middle Europe... located on one of the most fashionable streets in the world. He, himself, is well known in Berlin social circles as well as in the world of beauty science.

18,000 famous experts agree

In this shop...in other beauty shops patronized by the smart women of the world's leading



Facade of Carsten's famous beauty salon on the Kurfürstendam in Berlin...one of the most elegant shops on an avenue famous for its smartness.

capitals...the advice to use Palmolive is part of every recommended home facial treatment.

Palmolive is made of the oils of palm and olives...no other fats whatever. Its color is the natural color of these oils. Its natural odor makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

This is the Palmolive treatment

This is the way to get the best results: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage it into the face and throat. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. That's all. Yet thousands of great beauty experts, millions of their clients, find it the most effective safeguard for beauty. And Palmolive costs so little that one uses it for the bath, of course, as well. Begin these twice-a-day treatments tomorrow. They will protect your skin from irritation...keep it fresh, glowing, lovely.

Retail Price 10c



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR — Broadcast every Wednesday night — from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time — over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co.

5147

Isn't it less embarrassing for young married women



to find out for themselves about Feminine Hygiene?

IT must seem almost like prying into the experiences of others, when the young married woman seeks the advice of friends upon this intimate personal matter. The question is so vital, so important, that it cannot be ignored. Yet it must be embarrassing to discuss.

Furthermore, nine times out of ten she is met either with evasion or with information that is out-of-date if not actually wrong and dangerous. Isn't it better to send for this free book and read the facts?

Avoid poisonous antiseptics

Until recently the only powerful antiseptics available for feminine hygiene were poisonous and caustic—bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolic acid sold under various trade names. Naturally doctors and trained nurses approved of hygienic cleanliness. But they did not approve of these poisonous germicides. Fortunately women now have Zonite, the safe antiseptic. Zonite never causes scar-tissue nor interferes with normal secretions. And Zonite is powerful—far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.

Send for free Zonite book

Mail coupon today and get the Zonite book. Filled with authentic information about feminine hygiene, freely and frankly written. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, chapped hands or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles:
30c, 60c, \$1

Both in U. S. A.
and Canada



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION PH-03
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....

City.....State.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

LEW AYRES



("The Kiss," M-G-M) came to the notice of film fans in this picture as the school-boy infatuated with Garbo. He came to Hollywood as a banjo player in jazz bands. So well liked was he in "The Kiss" that he has been given the lead in Universal's "All Quiet on the Western Front," one of the prime picture plums of this or any year.

DOROTHY JORDAN



("Devil May Care," M-G-M) will stir up a lot of dust after you all see her as Novarro's lead in this. She is a Clarksville, Tenn., girl who came to Hollywood via Broadway musical shows. Her first part was Bianca in "The Taming of the Shrew," and Metro snapped her up. She will be seen in more films from the big Roaring Lion lot.

WILLIAM BOYD



("The Locked Door," United Artists) is a leading man of the stage with a long and distinguished record behind his picture work. His greatest fame was won as the original *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory" in the stage production, opposite the *Captain Flagg* of Louis Wolheim. He played this great part for two whole seasons.

BERNICE CLAIRE



("No, No, Nanette," First National) is called, in Hollywood, "the youngest prima donna on the American stage." For one of her years, she has a considerable stage background. First National is highly delighted with the youngster's work in "Nanette," and they are going to have her make several more singies at Burbank.

TOM PATRICOLA



("Frozen Justice," Fox) is working in about as many pictures at Fox as El Brendel, and that's plenty. A young veteran of vaudeville and revue, Tom, for five years, was a featured comic in George White's "Scandals," where he won great fame. He is a brother of Miss Patricola, famous vaudeville singer and violinist.

VIRGINIA BRUCE



("The Love Parade," Paramount) is a new Paramount find who bowed in in this Chevalier gem. She came from Fargo, N. D., to enroll in the University of California, but her blonde beauty was sighted, and she enrolled at Paramount instead. She has played several bits, is under a long term contract, and will get bigger jobs soon.

JACK BENNY



("Road Show," M-G-M) came from vaudeville to Metro to act as master of ceremonies in "The Hollywood Revue," where his drolleries won public acclaim everywhere. Jack is a veteran comic and M-C of the two-a-day, his rambling monologue, with the aid of a property fiddle, having been known and liked for years. Jack's always good.

EDWINA BOOTH



("Trader Horn," M-G-M) has been a meteor in Hollywood skies. Three years ago she was a pretty blonde stenographer. For two years she was an extra. Then Metro picked her to go to Africa with the company filming "Trader Horn," and for eight months this Hollywood tow-head battled danger and disease during the long, trying location trip.

DATED Coffee

full strength... at the peak of its flavor...

You get it **THE WEEK IT IS ROASTED**

This revolutionary new way of handling freshly roasted coffee like a perishable fresh food gives you a treat in flavor you have never had before



"Dated Coffee" means the same thing as "this morning's milk," "fresh bread." In adding this quality of *dependable freshness* to the rich depth of flavor of Chase & Sanborn's blend of superbly aromatic coffees, Chase & Sanborn have taken the last step to make your coffee perfect.

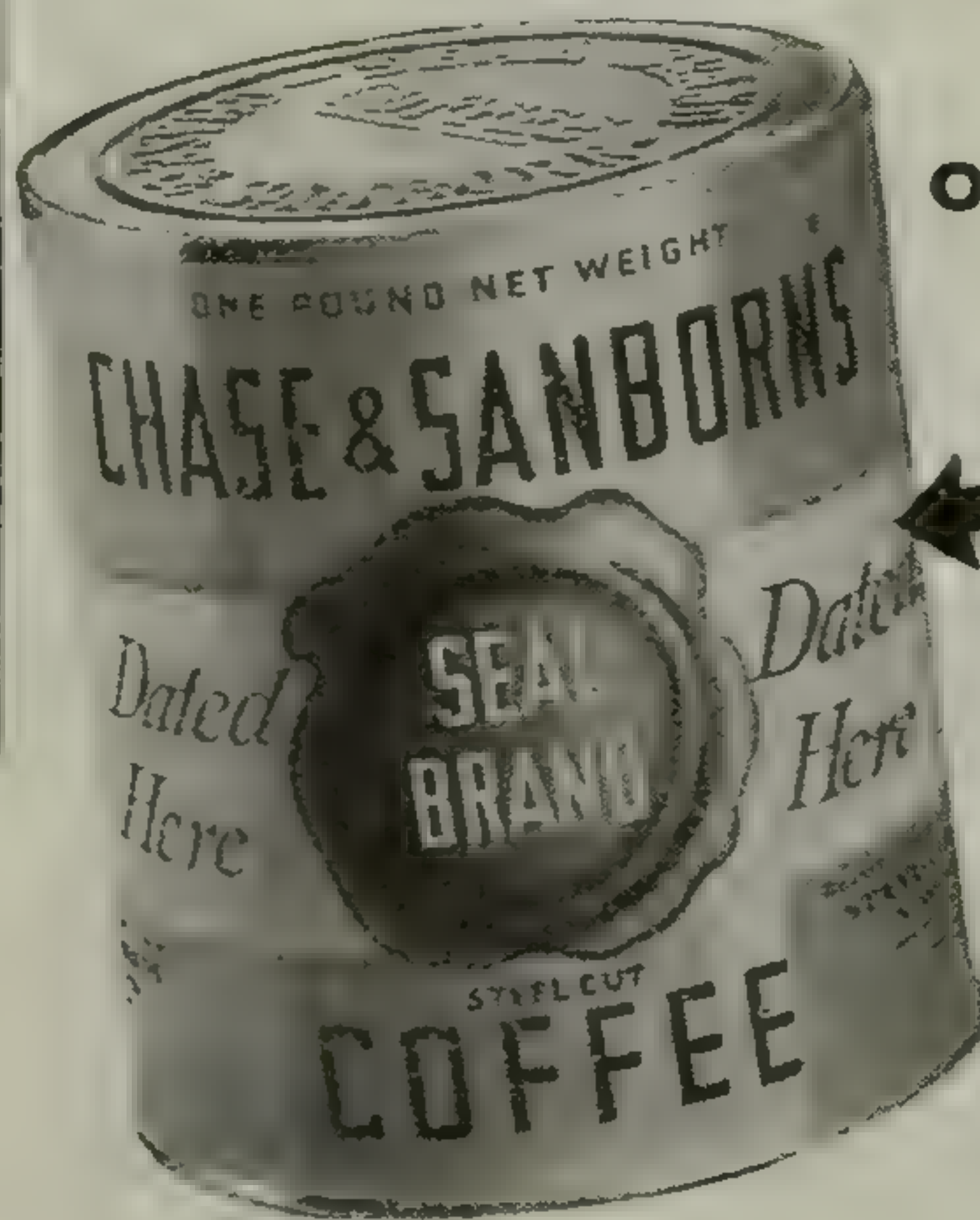
EVERY can of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is dated... just as "24-hour eggs" are dated... just as your bottle of fresh milk is dated.

Straight from the fragrant roasting ovens it goes to your grocer twice a week, delivered by the same motor trucks of "Standard Brands Inc., Daily Delivery" which bring him Fleischmann's Yeast fresh all the time.

No stop-overs for re-handling or storage! No standing on your grocer's shelf! Every can showing an eighth-day date regularly collected and replaced with fresh!

This way of distributing coffee is new—without precedent in the coffee business. To a blend already established for sixty-five years and preferred in many sections of the country for its smooth richness of flavor and exquisite "bouquet," it adds a guarantee of absolute freshness. Get a package today at your grocer's.

LOOK FOR THE
date
ON THE CAN



Chase and Sanborn's Coffee - **DATED**

YOUR YEARS of YOUTH Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

at 17



MY DISCOVERY that there are four ages of a woman's beauty and that her skin requires different treatment for each, has made it far simpler and easier for any woman to look lovelier. In your 'Teens, gentle cleansing is all your skin really needs. Use my Cleansing Cream.

at 20



IN YOUR TWENTIES, the Second Age of Beauty, your skin needs one added protection to meet the strain of widened activities and the use of make-up. For this I designed my Finishing Cream—a perfect base for powder.

at 30



IN THE THIRD AGE of Beauty time begins to weaken the little cells beneath your skin. My third cream, the Tissue Cream, is rich in nourishing oils which strengthen these cells and tissues and help preserve youthful contours.

at 40



AT FORTY and beyond you can still have a beautiful complexion. Simply add my Astringent Cream to help prevent sagging tissues and hold the youthful vigor of your skin.

All Barbara Gould Creams \$1.00 each
If you will just fill out the coupon I will gladly mail you a presentation set of my creams.

Barbara Gould

BARBARA GOULD, 392 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me your booklet "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier," and a presentation set of your creams.

Name _____

Address _____

GM 50-1

TEN years ago this month PHOTOPLAY drafted a recruit from the speaking stage.

His name was Burns Mantle—then the dramatic critic of *The Chicago Tribune*, and now, in 1930, filling the same post on *The New York Daily News*.

He opened his brief career as a movie reviewer by taking a man's-sized hack at "The Greatest Question," the latest production by D. W. Griffith.

That picture was built around Lillian Gish, at that time at the height of her young powers. Mantle moaned because it was just another film in which poor Lil took another beating.



In 1916 Lucille Zintheo was one of the winners of PHOTOPLAY'S famous "Beauty and Brains Contest." Late in 1919 she was Larry Semon's leading lady. Where is she now? Tell us, Lucille!

She was then, as she still is, the leading beatee of motion pictures. Burns didn't like it, and said so.

Others in the cast of that picture were the late Robert Harron, Tom Wilson, and George Fawcett.

OUR second review, this month, is of "The Copperhead."

This fine picture saw the cinematic coming of age of Lionel Barrymore, who gave a beautiful performance in the leading rôle.

Doris Rankin, then his wife, played opposite, and others in the cast were Arthur Rankin (then a kid actor) and M. F. Schroell, an early and now forgotten Lincoln.

This picture was directed magnificently by

Charles Maigne. Late in 1929 Maigne died in a hospital in San Francisco, after a long illness. His wife, Anne Cornwall, actress, was at his bedside. Maigne was fifty, and long through with pictures. His best work lives after him, hidden somewhere in a round, fireproof can.

TEN years ago other remembered pictures were noted and noticed . . . "Red Hot Dollars," with which Charles Ray followed his best work. Mantle called him "the male Mary Pickford." . . . And Paramount's "Huckleberry Finn," with Lewis Sargent in the name rôle. The picture was directed by William Desmond Taylor, later shot and killed by someone who to this day is an impenetrable mystery. . . . Our lead story this month is "If Christ Went to the Movies," written by the late Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, an ill-fated Episcopal clergyman of New York City. . . . And we get a little sensational this month, too. One of our feature stories is called "The Technique of Lovers," and was written by Clara Kimball Young, then the reigning beauty of the screen. And one who remembers her in 1919 will never forget her loveliness, particularly in the region of the eyes.

WE have a swell story on the superstitions of picture actors. Maybe it would be even better today.

At any rate, we read that Mary Pickford refuses to leave her home by the side door if she has previously entered by the front door; that she will allow no whistling in her dressing room, and that in all other matters she is utterly without bias.

Chaplin, we find, cannot bear the smell of a cigarette or of gasoline in the morning, and that it is not superstition, but caution.

Nazimova would not touch a violin, even at the pistol's point. And J. Warren Kerrigan says the numeral 7 brings him the worst possible luck.

All of which was vastly important—in 1919.

THIS month we trace one of the winners of our famous "Beauty and Brains Contest." Her name was Lucille Zintheo, and we find, three years after the contest closed, that Lucille is playing opposite the late Larry Semon in his two-reel comedies. And a pretty girl she was! . . . Just about this time Lillian Gish directed sister Dorothy in a five-reel comedy, and made a good job of it, too. . . . We have a story on Alice Joyce, telling of the days when she posed for artists at fifty cents an hour. For that beauty? . . .

M. D., of Hartford, Conn., digs up an odd mistake in a current picture.

In an English scene in "The Miracle of Love," the leading lady is reading a supposedly English paper. But it happened to be *The New York World*.

Was she so far wrong?

PATSY II, AUSTRALIA.—Pearl White's first Fox picture is "The White Moll." Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudie Cameron. Y'wekkum.

HOLLYWOOD has adapted the new fashions in graceful, charming ways. The April issue of PHOTOPLAY (out March 15) will picture the newest and prettiest star frocks, to help you choose the correct lengths and lines for all occasions and the most fashionable fabrics and trimmings. Don't miss this important style forecast from Hollywood.



Will you pay half the usual price for *white, lovely* teeth?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

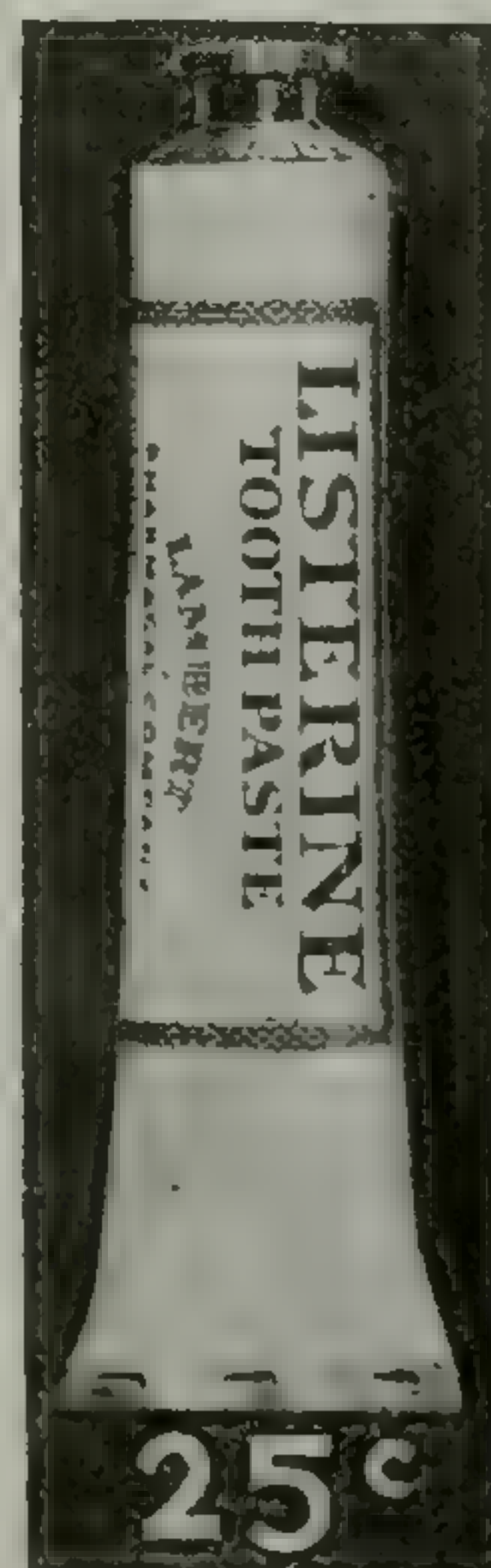
Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



*Your
tooth paste
will buy you
a "wave"*

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Winnie Wows 'Em

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

"Some of the critics thought I was too rough and rowdy as *Mabel*. Gosh, I know girls just like her—the life of the party. When they get going at the party they start tearing the furniture apart and rip buttons off your clothes. I've never thought I was too good to be above criticism. A good critic knows his business. If he gives me some constructive criticism I analyse it, and if I think he's right, I change my act.

"What do you think? I'm getting fan mail. Couldn't you die? The letters are from kids and the old fellows. I can tell. Why doesn't Winnie get a break from the young bloods? They tell me that I will get baskets-full pretty soon. I wanted to know what kind of baskets. There are little ones and big ones."

ALMOST everybody in the Warner Brothers organization claims to have been the one to pick Winnie for a winner. She says that Roy Del Ruth is the correct Columbus.

When they were casting for "Gold-Diggers of Broadway" everyone was selected but *Mabel*. Somehow they couldn't find just the person to do the hard-boiled and good-hearted chorus girl. On one of the coldest and most disagreeable days of the California winter, Del Ruth went into a projection room and requested to see all the short subjects on hand. Reel after reel was run off to no avail. At last he got up to leave.

"Wait a minute," called the man in the projection booth. "Here's a can that says 'Winnie Lightner.'"

The reel was run. It was a short subject Winnie had made two years ago, called "A Song a Minute."

Del Ruth knew that he had found his *Mabel*. The wires were kept hot. Winnie was tied up with a vaudeville contract, but difficulties were straightened and she was on her way to the Coast.

Only one thing happened to mar her happiness in Hollywood. Her mother died during the making of the picture, and when Winnie returned from the funeral her first line was "I feel like a dish of frog-legs." From that line she went into a comedy song. Del Ruth offered to postpone the song for a week, but Winnie was too good a trouper to hear of it. But she cried when the picture opened in New York. Her mother could not see it, and she had seen every show that Winnie had done, and had read everything ever written about her.

Winnie is absolutely sold on Hollywood. After years in vaudeville, and living in hotel rooms, it seems perfect to have a big house with lots of closet-space, and with clothes in every closet. It costs her \$685 a month and she is paying \$350 for an apartment in New York, but she thinks it's worth it.

California climate agrees with her fifteen-months-old son who is beginning to say "da-da" and "ma-ma."

To prove that she is an inveterate movie fan herself, the baby's name is Richard Barthelmess Georgine Holtry. Dick is her favorite actor.

Winnie wants to stay in pictures. Vaudeville has palled on her.

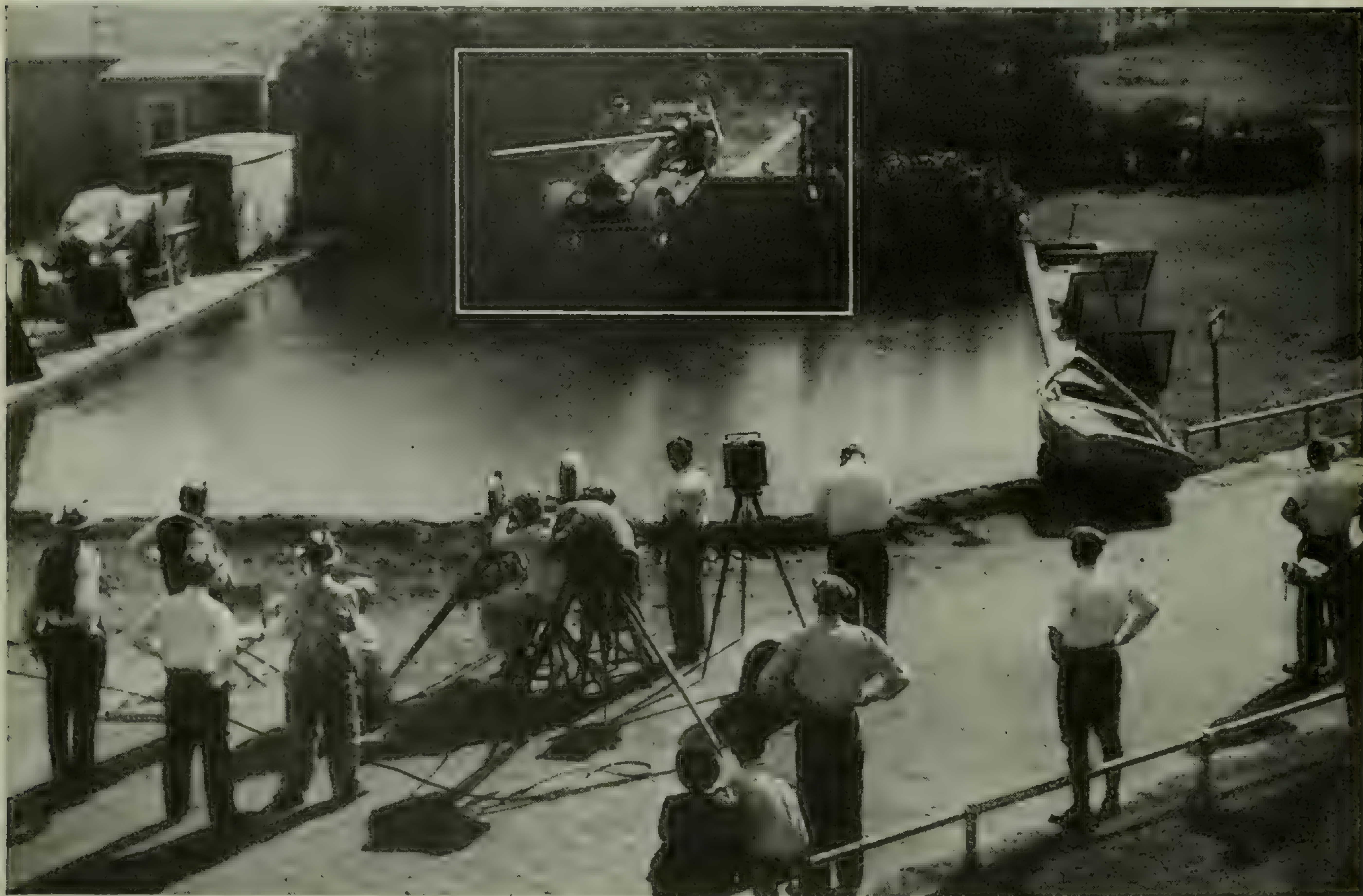
"It isn't like it used to be," she explained. "I've played on bills with the Duncan Sisters, Valeska Suratt, T. Roy Barnes, and wonderful dance acts. But now vaudeville is just the same. It opens with acrobats. The second spot is a couple of hoofers. Third is a guy with a violin. Fourth, a skit. And so on. The scenery is fierce. An old rag hung up with a few rhinestones on it, and they think it's swell. And a few trick lamps which the girls in the act made in a Cincinnati hotel."

Her rule in vaudeville was always to leave her audience wanting more. She didn't give encores. What she did on the stage she did fast. Some headliners stay on until they have to be wheeled off. Not Winnie. The same philosophy prompts her to be wary about signing a long-term contract with one studio. She doesn't want to be taken for granted.

WINNIE was quite hurt about a recent interview in one of the Los Angeles papers. It seemed that the writer had made Winnie out to be too tough and rowdy.

"I may not be a Vassar graduate," she complained, "but I don't talk out of the side of my mouth and say 'dese, dem and dose.'"

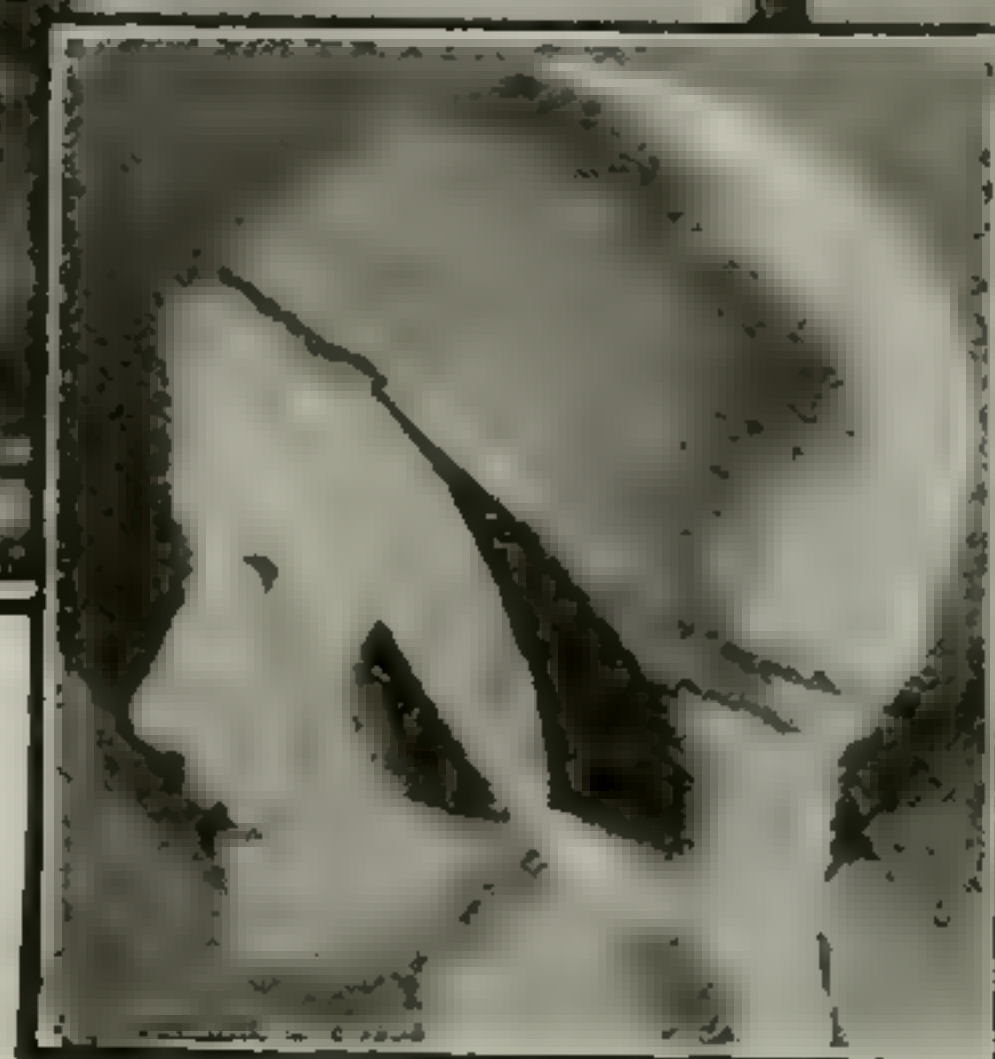
So, please don't think Winnie is hard-boiled. She isn't. She's one of the most genuine good sports in Hollywood. But, I'm telling you, Winnie, if you ever try to be a lady (Hollywood version of the word) I'm going to go out to your house with a shotgun.



What a thrilling motor dive looks like from behind the camera battery. In the white oblong is the shot as it will seem on the screen. But alas, as you can see, the raging torrent is only a tame tank, and the cameras and mikes are busy. A scene from a new Charlie Chase comedy



Does This Modern Girl's Reasoning Appeal to You? ★



Homecrest, Bay City, Mich.

Life Savers, Inc.,
Port Chester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I presume the subject of unpleasant breath is pretty tiresome to you folks - but even though the advertising of mouth washes keeps up, there are still plenty of guilty people. And I believe this is why:

One doesn't carry a mouth wash with her - and no matter how strong a breath purifier may be, its effectiveness quickly wears off - and the likelihood of an offensive breath is always present.

Personally, I am terribly sensitive about it - for, as everyone knows, the guilty person is rarely aware of the offense. Just the other day, a girl friend and I were discussing it. She always carries a packet of Life Savers in her purse. While I enjoyed Life Savers many times, I never thought they could become so indispensable to my every-day life. At any rate, I am safe from now on!

I find that Life Savers not alone overcome the slightest chance of bad breath, but soothe my throat and make my mouth feel cool and refreshed all the time - even after smoking! I think this thought would make a good ad, don't you?

Very truly yours,

Helen R. Tomlin

★FREE!

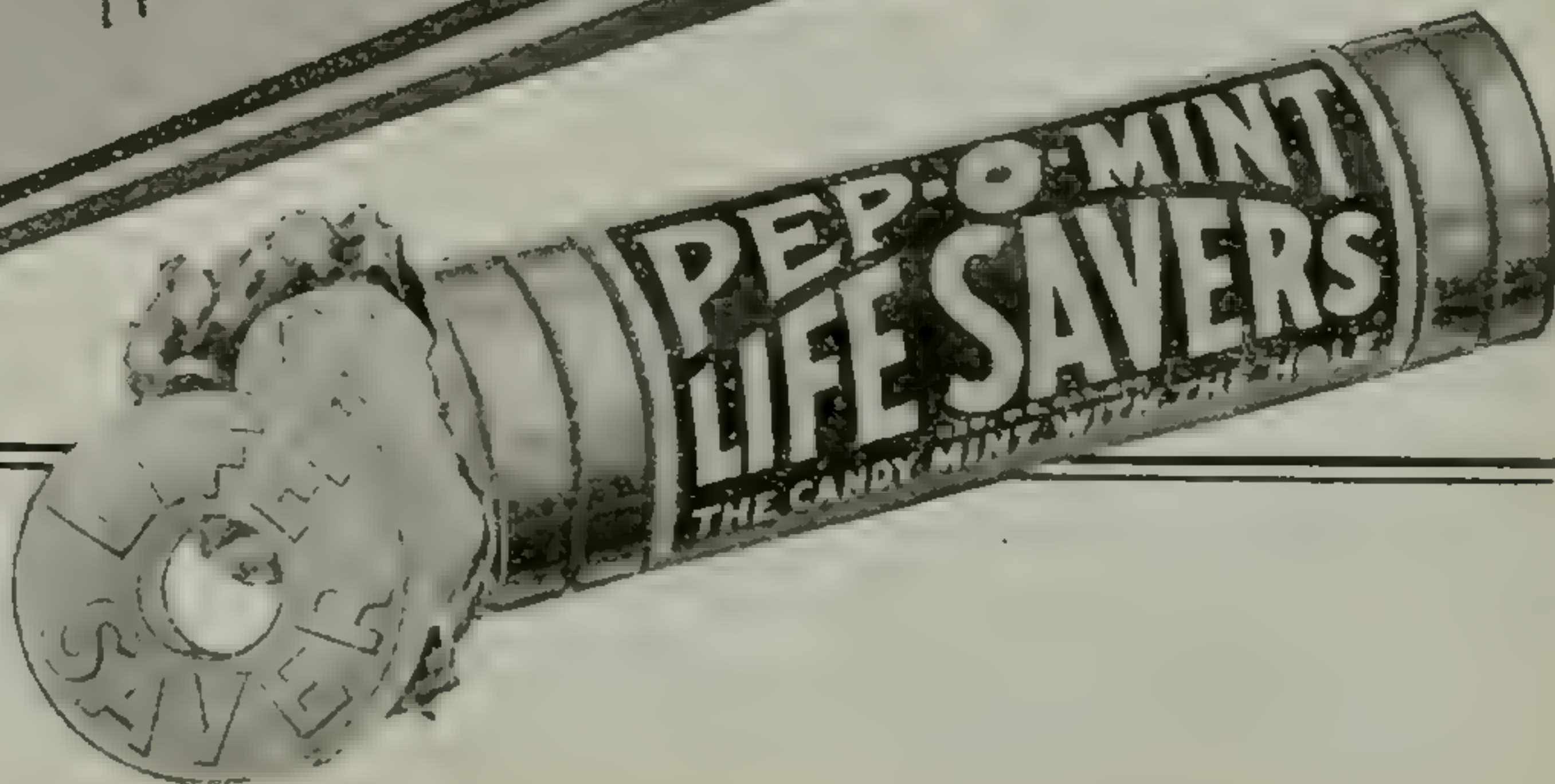
THIS interesting letter is similar to many which Life Savers, Inc., receives. For accepted letters such as this, Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y., will send to the writers FREE a box of assorted Life Savers.

So many people have had unique experiences with Life Savers that we are very interested to know about them. What have you discovered about Life Savers? When do you and your children enjoy them most? Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?

EACH dainty, delicious Life Saver is 100% pure candy—a marvel of quality, purity and taste-tingling flavor. Life Savers soothe the throat, sweeten the breath, aid digestion and actually stimulate the appetite in a natural, beneficial way.

Six delicious flavors—each pure, healthful and refreshing.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

JESSIE MAE BROWN, AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—Nils Asther was married and divorced in Europe several years ago. Nils is at present optimistically studying English at the University of Southern California. William Powell is divorced and has a son. Lola Lane's latest is "The Girl from Havana." Ralph Forbes—lucky dog—is married to Ruth Chatterton.

L. W. B., BALTIMORE, MD.—Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, Jan. 1, 1900. The Garbo's life story was printed in the April, May and June, 1928, issues of *PHOTOPLAY*.

J. A. J., GLEN ALLEN, VA.—And now it's Robert Montgomery. If I ever find a girl who is curious to hear about me instead of about these handsome movie men—! Oh, well,—Robert was born May 21, 1904, in Beacon, N. Y., and he's still single.

MARY HOWARD, TARBORO, N. C.—Ah, Nancy Carroll—that's more like it! The little red-head does all her own vocalizing. She was born Nov. 19, 1906, weighs 118 pounds, and is five feet, four inches tall. Paramount's new revue is called "Paramount on Parade." Sidney Blackmer's from Salisbury, N. C.—will that do?

SARAH ARNOLD, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Dorothy Hall played the lead opposite Richard Dix in "Nothing but the Truth"—but Helen Kane did some boop-a-dooping in the picture.

LEROY ROSENBERG, JR., INGLEWOOD, CALIF.—Josephine Dunn was married to William Cameron, but it's all over now. Paul Page was born in Birmingham, Ala., in 1903, and was on the stage before entering the movies. The little Gaynor is twenty-three. Clara Bow is one of the Brooklyn girls.

WILLIAM MONAGHAN, JR., GRANTWOOD, N. J.—So you think the old Answer Man is George Jean Nathan? Better not let Nathan hear about it—he might sue. Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J., twenty-one years ago. Ditto her sister, Molly O'Day, nineteen years ago. Donald Crisp played Lillian Gish's brutal father in "Broken Blossoms."

A. W. S., RICHMOND, VA.—'Twas Marie Prevost in "The Godless Girl," but she had her hair bleached. That college picture of Clara's was called "The Wild Party" and Frederic March played the professor.

M. McK., PAWTHUSKA, OKLA.—Monte Blue and Rod LaRocque are not related, although there's a striking resemblance between them. Kay Francis and Will Rogers uphold the honor of your state. The bandit rôle in "Revenge" was played by LeRoy Mason.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 104 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs *PHOTOPLAY* advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

W. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Norma Terris' latest picture is "Cameo Kirby." Norma got married recently.

DOROTHY H., MIAMI, FLA.—Corsicana, Tex., is Mary Brian's native village and Louise Dantzler her real name. The last rumor connected her name and Rudy Vallée's, but nothing came of it. The next Gaynor-Farrell opus will be a musical called "High Society Blues." Buddy (America's Boy Friend) Rogers will have Jean Arthur opposite him in "Young Eagles."

G. W., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The picture you refer to was called "Beau Geste" and I ruined my reputation as a strong, silent sort of fellow by sniffing audibly during the famous Viking funeral scene.

M. N., BRIGHTON, MASS.—Evelyn Brent is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Betty—her real name is Betty Riggs—married a nice chap by the name of Harry Edwards a little over a year ago. She's left Paramount for Columbia and you're not the only fan who hopes to see her get better breaks in the future.

G. DARRYL SCHMALLE, SEATTLE, WASH.—Besides "The Letter" and "Jealousy" the late Jeanne Eagels played in a picture called "Man, Woman, and Sin." You're one of many to rally to Alice White's defense since *PHOTOPLAY* printed that article about her being disliked in Hollywood.

JOY HUDSON, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Chester Morris was born in New York City, Feb. 16, 1902; is five feet, nine inches tall; weighs 148 pounds and has dark brown hair and grey eyes; is married and has a small son. Chester's next picture is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" and I'm looking forward to it.

S. L. H., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Frank Mayo played opposite Corinne Griffith in "Six Days."

J. C. HENRY, HAYNESVILLE, LA.—The rôle of David in "Wings" was played by Richard Arlen. Gary Cooper had the rôle of the young aviator who was killed. Eleanor Boardman comes from Philadelphia and uses her own name. Corinne Griffith is not related to the famous D. W.

A. LORETO, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Heigho, everybody!—Rudy Vallée is of French and Irish descent; his name, sad to say, is Hubert Prior Vallée; he eloped once upon a time, but the lady had it annulled. He hasn't announced his plans for future pictures.

WENONA BROTHERS, VANCOUVER, WASH.—Vilma Banky was born Jan. 9, 1903, near Budapest, Hungary—well, Nagydorog, since you insist. Her next is "Sunkissed." Renee Adoree was born in 1902 and her latest picture is "Redemption." (That's the John Gilbert picture which M-G-M seems to have mislaid.)

HELENA ROBINSON, BROOKLINE, MASS.—Charles Ruggles was a success on the stage and he seems to be getting along more than well in the talkies. "The Big Pond," with Chevalier and Colbert, is his next. The two youngsters in "The Lady Lies" were Patricia Deering and Tom Brown. Colman is separated from his wife.

EVELYN AYERS, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Stanley Smith was in "The Sophomore" before he made his big hit in "Sweetie." Nancy Carroll has a four-year-old daughter. Helen Kane doesn't come from any farther south than the Bronx, N. Y.

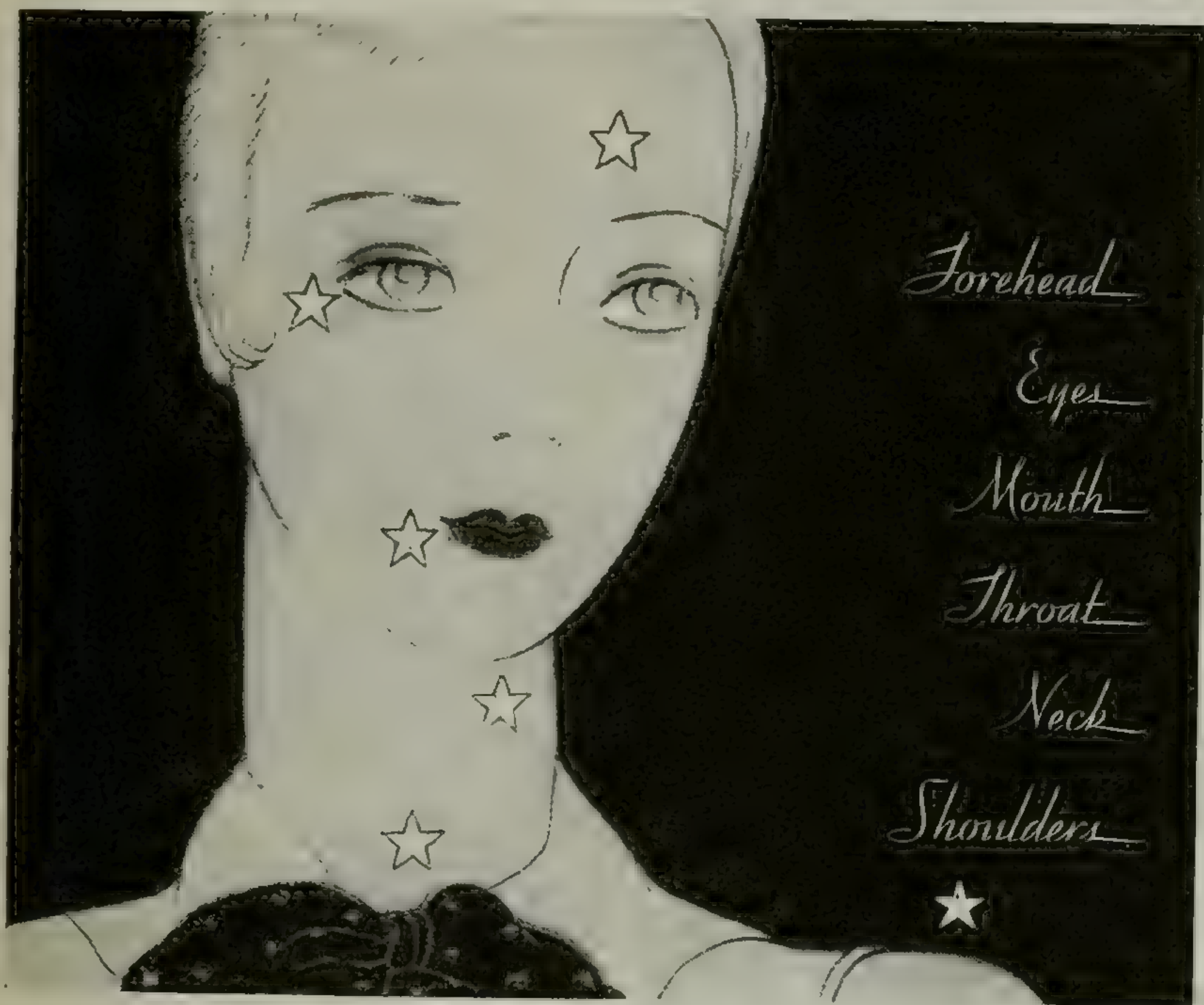
M. D. TREADELPHIA, W. VA.—Most screen stars have secretaries to answer their mail. Ramon Novarro will talk in his next picture, "The House of Troy." John Boles is married and has two daughters. In "Rio Rita," Helen Kaiser played the part of Mrs. Bean, and Johnny Arthur was Benny Kid in "The Desert Song."

B. P., PITTSBURGH, PENNA.—Edward Martindel was born in Hamilton, Ohio. His recent pictures have been "Footlights and Fools," "Modern Love," and "The Desert Song." He's one of my favorite grey-haired actors, too.

B. H., PORTSMOUTH, ARK.—Clara Bow's life story—and what a story it is!—appeared in the February, March and April, 1928, issues of *PHOTOPLAY*. Send 25 cents for each copy to our Chicago office, 750 N. Michigan Avenue. Clara was born July 29, 1905, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She has cerise hair and brown eyes and her official title is Clara Gordon Bow.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Lovelier younger Skin . .



STUDY MY MANNEQUIN TO KNOW WHY

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

By FRANCES INGRAM

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form prematurely on the forehead and between the eyebrows unless the skin is kept soft and pliable — and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Nothing is so aging and unbecoming as puffiness beneath the eyes and crow's feet at the corners. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- ★ The Mouth . . Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.
- ★ The Neck . . To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.
- ★ The Throat . . To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.
- ★ The Shoulders . . To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.

WHEN YOU GUARD ITS HEALTH IN 6 VITAL PLACES

This wonderful truth about my Milkweed Cream puts it on the dressing tables of a million beautiful women — it is much more than the most perfect cleanser you have touched to your face . . . *it is a marvelous corrector of the health of your skin!*

For Milkweed Cream *tones* the skin as it cleanses it. It coaxes impurities from the pores, and your skin is left fresh, immaculate . . . satin to touch. And, in addition, Milkweed's special toning properties free the complexion of blemishes and aging little lines and wrinkles. Swiftly the skin becomes healthy — gloriously clear — *young!*

The method these women use is simple — just as easy as ordinary cleaning. For the difference lies entirely in the healthful ingredients of my cream.

Guard your skin health this way

First apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave it on the skin a moment to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then carefully pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh and light film of Milkweed Cream and, following the six starred instructions at the left, pat the cream gently into the skin.

All drug and department stores have Milkweed Cream. Begin this sure method tonight. If you have any special beauty questions, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A. M. (Eastern Time) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-30, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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Every woman who cares for the charm of shadowed, sweeping lashes, is adopting this marvelous method...

Smart, sophisticated women, who have tried many eyelash beautifiers—seeking the ideal—come eventually to Winx. For two reasons:

Winx keeps eyelashes soft—when you follow directions carefully, Winx never cakes nor clots—just gives a shade of emphasis to the natural loveliness of your lashes. And the lashes never get hard—the effect is always soft, silky.

Winx gives a wholly natural effect. No artificial, "stagey" look—just the deepened expression and irresistible fascination of your own eyes.

Winx comes in liquid form, absolutely water and tear proof, —or cake—to suit your toilette.

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For Lovely Lashes

New! Winx in cake form!

You'll adore the smart new silvery Winx compact! Nothing else like it. And when you open it, press your nail ever so slightly into the cake of Winx. See how soft and yielding it is. It will be just as soft, just as smooth on your eyelashes. A charming, convenient handbag accessory!

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

MARY LANE, BEAUMONT, TEXAS.—Sessue Hayakawa is en route to Hollywood via vaudeville. I'd like to see him in the talkies—wouldn't you? Earle Williams is dead.

M. A. C., DILLON, MONT.—The part of Mike in "Street Girl" was played by John Harron, brother of the late Bobbie. John was born March 31, 1903, in New York City. He's six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair, dark blue eyes and is still single.

WILLIE MACNICHOLLS, NATCHEZ, MISS.—Richard Dix is thirty-four years old and has dark brown hair and eyes. Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Dec. 9 of the same year. Clara Bow-de-o-do's latest is "The Humming Bird."

HELEN GARNIK, DIAMONDVILLE, WYO.—Your—and a million other women's—darling, John Boles, was born Oct. 27, 1899, in Greenville, Texas. He's six feet, 1 1/2 inch tall; weighs 180 pounds and has brown hair and grey-blue eyes. He was in pictures a couple of years before he clicked so phenomenally in "The Desert Song."

SNOOKIE, SIOUX FALLS, S. D.—Yep, I'm a Marx Brothers addict, too. Garbo's film "The Kiss" has sound, but no dialogue. Dick Barthelmess' latest picture is "Young Nowheres."

BRONX, N. Y.—Wish people wouldn't keep asking my age; it's embarrassing at my time of life. Bessie Love was born Sept. 10, 1898; Nancy Carroll, Nov. 19, 1906, and Alice White, July 25, 1907.

EVELYN WILLIAMSON, OMAHA, NEB.—Bebe Daniels was born Jan. 14, 1901, in Dallas, Texas. She entered pictures at the age of eight. Her next is titled "Love Comes Along."

MARY FAY STUART, NEWPORT, R. I.—Lew Ayres went to Hollywood two years ago playing a banjo in a jazz band. He played a small part in Garbo's picture "The Kiss," and made such a hit that Universal gave him the much coveted lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front." Barbara Kent was born Dec. 16, 1909. Did you move back East just to be near me?

BING, NORWOOD, MASS.—You must have guessed my weakness, young lady—I am as susceptible to flattery as an actor. Charlie Farrell was born in Onset Bay, Mass., in 1902. Janet Gaynor is just five feet tall. She married Lydell Peck, who used to be a lawyer but is now studying to be a scenario writer. That's what love does.

SHEENAGH PAGE, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Sue Carol was born in Chicago, Ill. Tennis is her favorite sport. David Jerome Rollins first saw light in Kansas City, Mo., twenty years ago. Arthur Lake's real name is Silverlake. Both Arthur and David call flying their favorite sport.

BELLE GRAHAM, DETROIT, MICH.—Lord Dilling in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" was played by Basil Rathbone.

LOTTA ALLSBROOK, SCOTLAND, N. C.—Philippe De Lacy was born July 25, 1917. His next picture is "Sarah and Son." Ramon Novarro is thirty-one years old and single. "The House of Troy" is his next. That was Dorothy Janis who sang with him in "The Pagan." Oscar Shaw contributed the masculine love interest to "The Cocoanuts."

VERA BAXENDALE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Ann Harding's husband in "Paris Bound" was Frederic March. June Collyer has been rumored engaged to Buddy Rogers—but then, who hasn't? Don Alvarado was born in Albuquerque, New Mexico, and is married.

M. E. S., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers are both 100 per cent Americans—one of the few things they have in common. Billie Dove is twenty-six years old and Alice White is twenty-two. James Hall's next picture is "Hell's Angels."

N. L. H., BRIDGEPORT, ALA.—Ruth Elder was never married to Hoot Gibson. Walter Camp, Jr., is her husband. Ken Maynard is married. Jack Perrin is still making pictures. "The Jade Box" and "Hoofbeats of Vengeance" are his two latest.

FRANK C. GRIBBLE, McMINNVILLE, TENN.—John Mack Brown was a featured player on the University of Alabama football team before he became a featured player in pictures. He was born in Dothan, Ala., Sept. 4, 1904; is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes.

LACZY GALLE, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Jack Oakie's next will be "Hit the Deck." Jack is coming right along. The Buddy Rogers' picture you referred to was called "Someone to Love." "Stephen Steps Out," Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s first picture, was released in November, 1923.

A. D., BENNINGTON, VT.—Kay Francis, one of the screen's more attractive menaces, was born in Oklahoma City, Okla. She's a Paramount star.

HELEN LANCASTER, SPARTANBURG, S. C.—Bet you'd never know that I speak with a Swedish accent. Viola Dana's most recent appearance is in "The Show of Shows." She was born June 28, 1898. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper are engaged off and on. Karl Dane was born in Denmark; he is six feet, three and one-half inches tall, and weighs 250 pounds. He's married, but there are no small Danes. Next picture—"Navy Blues."

KITTY JONES, CHICAGO, ILL.—Larry Gray was born in San Francisco, Calif., July 7, 1898. He's five feet, ten inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, has brown hair and green eyes and isn't married. Larry has been in pictures for some time but is getting his first real break now that his voice can be heard.

DOROTHY DAVIS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Collect your dollar, Dorothy—the chap you noticed in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" wasn't Conrad Nagel but only a humble extra. I noticed the resemblance, too.

ROBERTA P., ROSELLE, ILL.—Carlotta King has a five-year contract with M-G-M but for some reason they haven't used her since "The Desert Song." She will, however, be seen in "Rose Marie" in the near future. John Boles is thirty years old. Robert Armstrong's latest picture for Pathe was "The Racketeer." He is one of a group of players whose contracts were not renewed, and will free-lance from now on.

EDITH GERTRUDE RANN, MANCHESTER, IA.—The good-looking lad who played Ed Curby in "The Forward Pass" was Allen Lane. H. B. Warner was born Oct. 26, 1877, and his next picture is "The Dark Swan." Now, am I forgiven?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

Having Lovely Hands at all times on less than 5 minutes a day

by Doris Lee Ashley Beauty Editor of Pictorial Review

4 Advantages busy women have discovered in the new Liquid Polish

TODAY there is no alibi left for ill-kept hands, for we are constantly getting new and better manicure preparations and they do their job so quickly and efficiently that any woman very satisfactorily can be her own manicurist.

The new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women. It takes only a few moments to apply. Its delightful lustre keeps the finger tips gleaming for days and days.

It does not peel or discolor, but serves as a splendid protection for the nails, keeping them smooth and gleaming under all conditions. And there is no fear of its making the nails brittle.

Now, with an application of this new liquid polish at the weekly manicure, the nails are exquisitely groomed throughout the entire week—with only a few minutes' care each day, just

Below—At the BEAUTY SALON in the ST. REGIS HOTEL, New York, they say:

"Our clientele like the lustre Cutex Liquid Polish gives their nails and the fact that their hands keep the well-groomed look for days! And Cutex Cuticle Remover keeps their cuticle so trim."



ETHEL BARRYMORE, the best-loved actress on the American stage, says: "To get the full effect of personality, everything must flatter us to our very finger tips."

"The hands particularly must be sparkling. I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle. I take along a Cutex Manicure Set on all my tours to keep my shining nails ready for their cue!"

enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tip.

It is fun to keep doing things in this interesting world we live in—but unless you are wise your hands will suffer. Are you ashamed of yours?

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.

Scrub the nails with warm soapy water. Apply Cutex Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle and bring out the pale half-moons. Pass orange stick, wrapped with cotton and saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover, under nail tip. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. The new Cutex Liquid Polish that protects and flatters the nails.

Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish from the half-moon toward the finger tip. As a finishing touch, a tiny bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

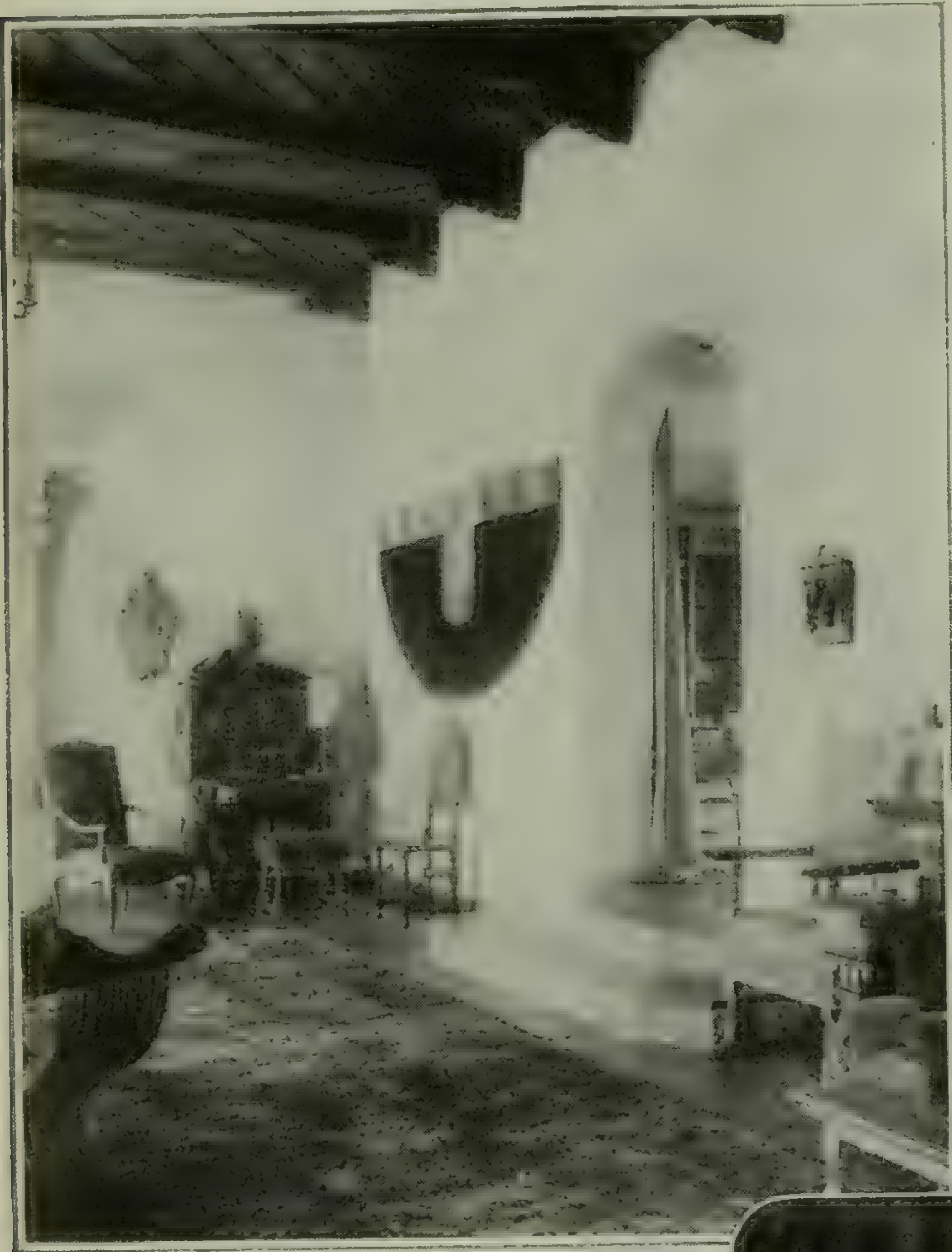
I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. OQ-3, 191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

How They Manage Their Homes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]



A glimpse of the living room. A cope of deep toned red velvet, embroidered in gold and jewels, forms an unusual wall decoration. Furniture and woodwork are exquisitely carved

Miss Kenyon composes charming couplets. It is a part of the scheme that each guest must find his place at the table according to the couplet that best suits his personality.

The story goes that once a motion picture flapper had been found in the seat intended for an astronomer. She mistook the sign of the stars to be a symbol for herself. To her mind, all the stellar constellations were not in the heavens.

Opening from the dining room is the patio where the Sills hold their barbecues.

Picture any summer night. A sky brilliant with stars. A lazy moon creeping across the sky, dipping her white fingers into the trees, making shadows across the white gravel below, adding romance to the enchanting stillness of that secluded garden.

In the center of the patio is a huge pepper tree, with shining red berries and branches that bend to the earth

An open fireplace. A long table set with ripe fruits of every variety. Tempting foods in gaily colored bowls.

FROM the balcony of Miss Kenyon's room may be seen the sea, the lights of Santa Monica and the faint line of the hills against the sky.

Miss Kenyon's favorite color, green, predominates in her bed-

The stately entrance court is a charming introduction to the beauty and peace of El Sueno, the castle-in-the-air of Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills—a dream made real

room. Every soft shade of this color has been fused—in the taffeta drapes, the chenille rug, the artistic furniture.

Wherever you turn are mirrors of every size and shape. On mirrored shelves are all the newest perfumes in decorative bottles. The large mirror in Doris' bedroom came from a palace on the border of Spain and France. It is a French mirror with a Fourteenth Century motif of cherubs and birds.

Her lamps are a real rose quartz, a real jade and a real crystal.

Doris' inkwell, from which she answers her fan mail, is of rose quartz. The pen is solid gold, and the penholder is a bird of paradise, in shades of mauve, purple and yellow.

Her bed is gay with rose taffeta, strewn with little pillows and her favorite fashion dolls.

Her green-tiled bath with its sunken tub is ornamented with a lovely fountain in the shape of a golden fish, astride of which is a little boy designed and patterned after her own little son, Kenyon.

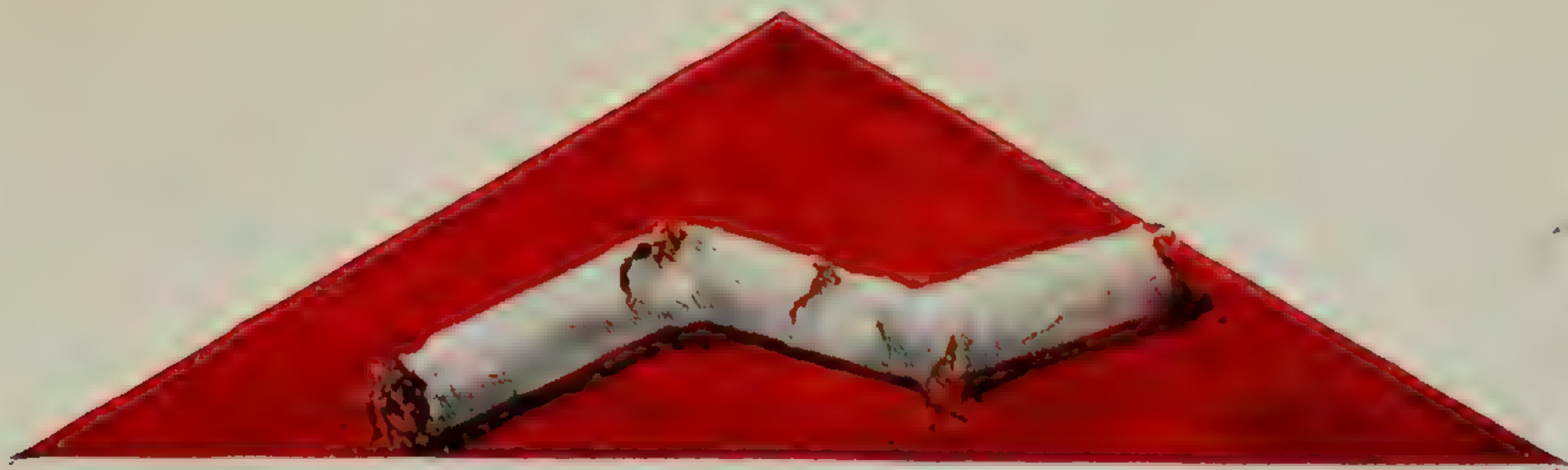
Across her balcony is Milton's room. A perfect masculine room. Deep red covers the bed and is found in the drapes and adorning the walls. And from the balcony, the distant mountains rise sternly against the blue sky, and the waving trees bend and sway their patterns across the room.

Upon leaving the hacienda, one turns to have a last glimpse. On the white walls below Doris' balcony is an inscription that reads something like this: "Life is a dream. Under the changing circles of the moon, nothing endures but love."

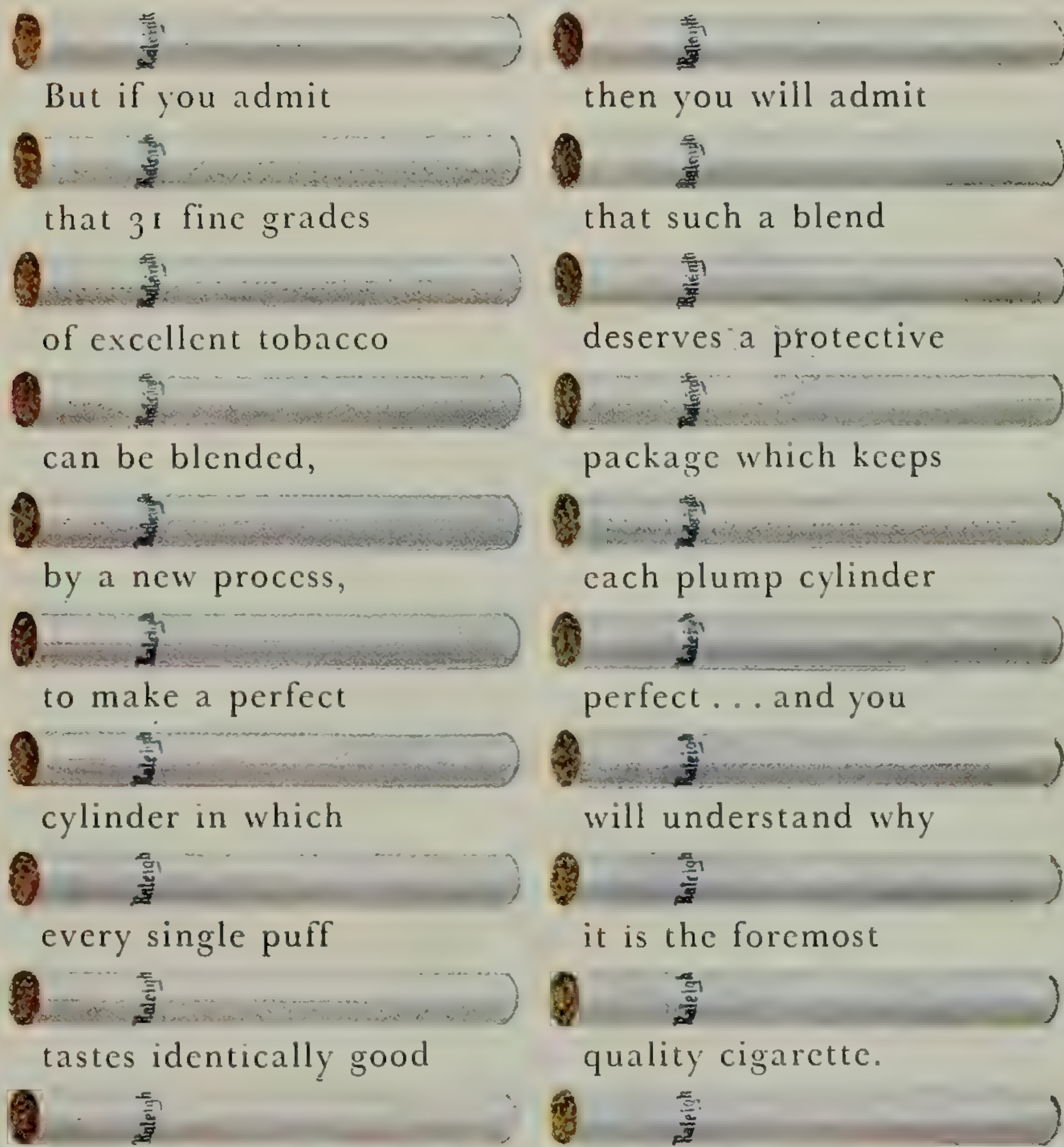
LAST year Milton had a severe nervous breakdown which necessitated his going to an Eastern sanitarium for rest and treatment. So Doris went East also, and took an apartment in New York for her little boy and herself, where she could be near Milton. She kept herself busy with voice lessons, and made such remarkable strides that last fall she was ready for her concert début on the New York stage. The lessons which had been the means of diverting her mind from anxieties had fostered a talent which would bring pleasure to others.

Now they are both back in Hollywood, busy with plans to continue with their respective screen careers, and happy to be reunited at *El Sueno*.





*If a cigarette is only "fire-and-puff" to you,
you won't care about RALEIGH'S protection*



*It pays to pay
a trifle more for*
Raleigh



[PLAIN — OR TIPPED]

BROWN & WILLIAMSON
TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky



"WHAT - *don't carry* LIPSTICK?"

"Please lend me your lipstick, Rosalie darling. I must have lost mine."

"I'm sorry, my dear, but I forgot *mine*—don't *carry* one very *often*, in fact."

"What—don't *always* carry a *lipstick*? What on *earth* do you *do*?"

"I use *Kissproof*. It stays on *hours* longer, you know. Doesn't really matter if I *do* forget it."

"And your lips always look *so* natural. I must *try* Kissproof. Is it *terribly* expensive?"

"No, I only paid fifty cents for mine and I've had it for months already."

The modern woman, with her active, energetic life and pressing necessity always to look her best, cannot be *bothered* with lipstick that needs continual retouching. Nor can she be *embarrassed* by lipstick that leaves tell-tale stains on everything her lips touch.

That's why 5,000,000 women daily use Kissproof—waterproof, it stays on hours longer. Just a touch on the lips rubbed in with the finger tip is all that's needed. And you have the peace of mind of knowing that your rich, red, youthful coloring is as *natural* as your very own.

Kissproof lips look as though they were perfect—soft, luscious Cupid's Bows on which true beauty so depends. But unlike so many lipsticks Kissproof heals and soothes the lips amazingly, preventing wind burn and chapping.

Every woman owes it to herself to try this totally *different* beauty aid—so lovely, so natural. Available in a number of attractive cases, including a darling red and gold swivel.

You won't know *your own eyes*!

Give your eyes the same chance for beauty that you give your lips and cheeks. Touch up lashes and brows with Delica-Brow. It instantly frames the eyes in long, sweeping lashes, making them sparkle with new life.

When you look in the mirror after applying Delica-Brow, you'll think you've traded old eyes for new—they will be so much more beautiful—alluring—and *lovely*.

Waterproof—never runs or smears. Will not burn the eyes. Black or Brown. Liquid or Cake.



*Kissproof Make-up Kit

*Send for

Complete Kissproof Make-Up Kit

So that you may know the thrill and joy of using these "worryproof" cosmetics, we will send you a Kissproof Make-up Kit as illustrated, containing every essential for the perfect make-up—

1. Kissproof lipstick (brass case).
2. Kissproof compact rouge (with mirror and puff).
3. Kissproof face powder (large box).
4. Kissproof cream rouge.
5. Delica-Brow lash and brow dressing (with camel's hair brush).
6. 16 page Make-Up Booklet ("Clever Make-Up—nine tenths of Beauty").

All for coupon below and only 30 cents (to partly cover mailing cost and postage). Not stingy samples—enough powder for six weeks, for instance. All in artistic case—ideal for week ends or your dressing table. The full size packages would cost over \$3.00.

This is a Special Limited Offer. Please act promptly—send coupon before you forget. Only one Make-up Kit per person.

*SPECIAL OFFER COUPON!

Kissproof, 538 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago 3-PM

For 30 cents enclosed (stamps, coins or money order) send me complete Make-Up Kit as described and pictured above. I use Flesh ☐ Brunette ☐ Ivory ☐ White ☐ Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Kissproof lipstick, face powder, rouge and Delica-Brow are on sale at all toilet counters.

Kissproof

WATERPROOF It stays on!

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS— First National

ALICE WHITE goes on turning out snappy, entertaining little talkies, and this is one of the brightest. Bright and merry fare for the young folks, with Alice singing and dancing, Charles Delaney scoring as the boy friend, and a rich new comedy find in the sparkling person of Rita Flynn. *All Talkie.*

THE GIRL OF THE PORT— Radio Pictures

FLOTSAM and Jetsam are at it again, floating about on the Tides of Time, looking for Life's Deepest Meaning. Really, though, the movie version of John Russell's "Firewalker" succeeds in spite of Gilbert and Sullivan props. Sally O'Neil takes the air, and gives a slick performance. Reginald Sharland, a smooth-voiced Englishman, puts snap into an otherwise listless rôle. *All Talkie.*

THE BROADWAY HOOFER— Columbia

THE national hooper epidemic passes lightly over Columbia, leaving a stimulating backstage comedy. Marie Saxon's dancing and singing, combined with her personal charm and a story tailored to measure, make this New York musical comedy star's first talking picture a success. She's cast as a Broadway musical comedy queen vacationing incog, who falls for the hooper-manager of a fourth-rate burlesque. *All Talkie.*

UNDERTOW—Universal

A STRONG dramatic plot and a group of players fail to jell satisfactorily in "Undertow." A husband gets banged on the head and he goes blind. He gets banged again and he sees plenty—his best friend hugging the wife. Most of the action takes place in a lonely lighthouse, miles offshore. Misguided psychological drama with Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis doing the best they can. *All Talkie.*

SECOND CHOICE—Warners

WE wouldn't even make it third choice. All about thwarted loves, and the teaming of the thwarted ones in a second choice, spite marriage. But of course they fall in love at last and become first in the hearts of each other. The beautiful Dolores Costello, scowling Chester Morris, Jack Mulhall and Edna Murphy are the principals in this mediocre phonoplay. *All Talkie.*

THE BATTLE OF PARIS—Paramount

SOMEONE spoke French in the Ritz Bar, *et voilà!* "The Battle of Paris." Gene Markey sold the story for a song, but Gertrude Lawrence overdoes it. Now that she's had her little joke, perhaps she'll throw a real picture. The songs in this banal musical comedy—it just missed being a floperetta—won't knock anyone cold. *All Talkie.*

NIGHT RIDE—Universal

THE romantic Joseph Schildkraut throws off the doublet and hose and takes on what Universal thinks is the manner and costume of a hard-boiled newspaper reporter. "Front Page" and "The Racket" are neatly interbred in this trite plot. If any man as handsome and as immaculate as Joseph walked into a real press room the other reporters would kill him. Heigh-ho for the life of a journalist! *All Talkie.*

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art-World Wide

EDDIE DOWLING goes melodramatic in this rehash of the war and talks with a tremolo, but the picture is swell in spots. A

man's life passes in review while he stands trial for murder. The long arm of coincidence has a pretty far reach for strictest probability, but "Blaze O' Glory" will touch the tender-hearted. Dowling has a winning personality and a good singing voice, but the honors are taken by Henry B. Walthall and little Frankie Darro. *All Talkie.*

HOT DOGS—M-G-M

WHETHER you like it or whether you don't, you've got to admit that this is a distinct novelty. There's not a human being in the cast. Dogs take all the parts and speak with human voices. Director Jules White and Zion Myers have exercised ingenuity in fitting the action to the words in this short subject. Children will like this. *All Talkie.*

THE PARADE OF THE WEST— Universal

IT was no cinch for Ken Maynard to top his last picture, "Senor Americano." He doesn't do it in "The Parade of the West." As Westerns go it is satisfactory, but it doesn't go far enough. The story concerns a broncho-buster who goes "yellow" after being trampled by a



Our Ruth Chatterton goes completely Russian, with this tweed coat trimmed in astrakhan, with turban to match.

man-killer. He finally conquers the horse and the villain and gets the girl. *All Talkie.*

WASTED LOVE—British International

"WASTED LOVE" is Anna May Wong's latest British picture, and it is pretty much a lot of wasted footage. It's only interest is an occasional flash of beauty or talent from this pretty little Chinese girl, a Hollywood expatriate who did such fine work in "Piccadilly" a few months ago. The story is a hopeless, jumbled, patchy melodrama. They'll have to do better by our Anna May. *Silent.*

THE LAST DANCE—Audible Pictures

THE scenario writer thumbed through his files. His eye fell on plot number 688-A under Cinderella classification. Little taxi-dancer in cheap dance hall has ambitions to live on Park Avenue. Catty sister has no faith in her. Youthful dreams realized. And another quickie was born. Vera Reynolds is grand as the taxi-dancer. Her voice is beautiful. *All Talkie.*

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal

"HOOT" GIBSON does his version of that "Taming of the Shrew" thing. Doug and Mary did a better job of it, but then this more recent opera is mildly entertaining. The genial "Hoot" sets about to tame a Wild West girl who talks rough and hates all men because a ruffian wrecked the life of her poor old pappy. Believe it or not, "Hoot" does his broncho-bustin' in a white speedster. Pretty silly in spots. *All Talkie.*

THE ROYAL BOX—Warners

THE first full-length talking picture in German! Alexander Moissi, eminent German actor, plays the rôle of Edmund Kean, famous English tragedian. Camilla Horn is appealing and her voice records well. Moissi's acting is distinguished, but his vociferous style is cumbersome for the screen. A treat for audiences who understand German, but the action is too slight for others to follow the story. Bryan Foy directed. *All Talkie.*

PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl

THERE'S some grand acting served à la mode in "Party Girl," settings are sumptuous, and there are a lot of peaches in elaborate Hollywood styles. It seems too bad to mention the unimportant fact that the story is punk, and with a moral, too. Honesty in business pays, of all things! Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jeanette Loff are good as the lovers, and poor Marie Prevost is awfully vulgar. Misguided sensationalism, but why go on? *All Talkie.*

THE WILD HEART OF AFRICA— Supreme

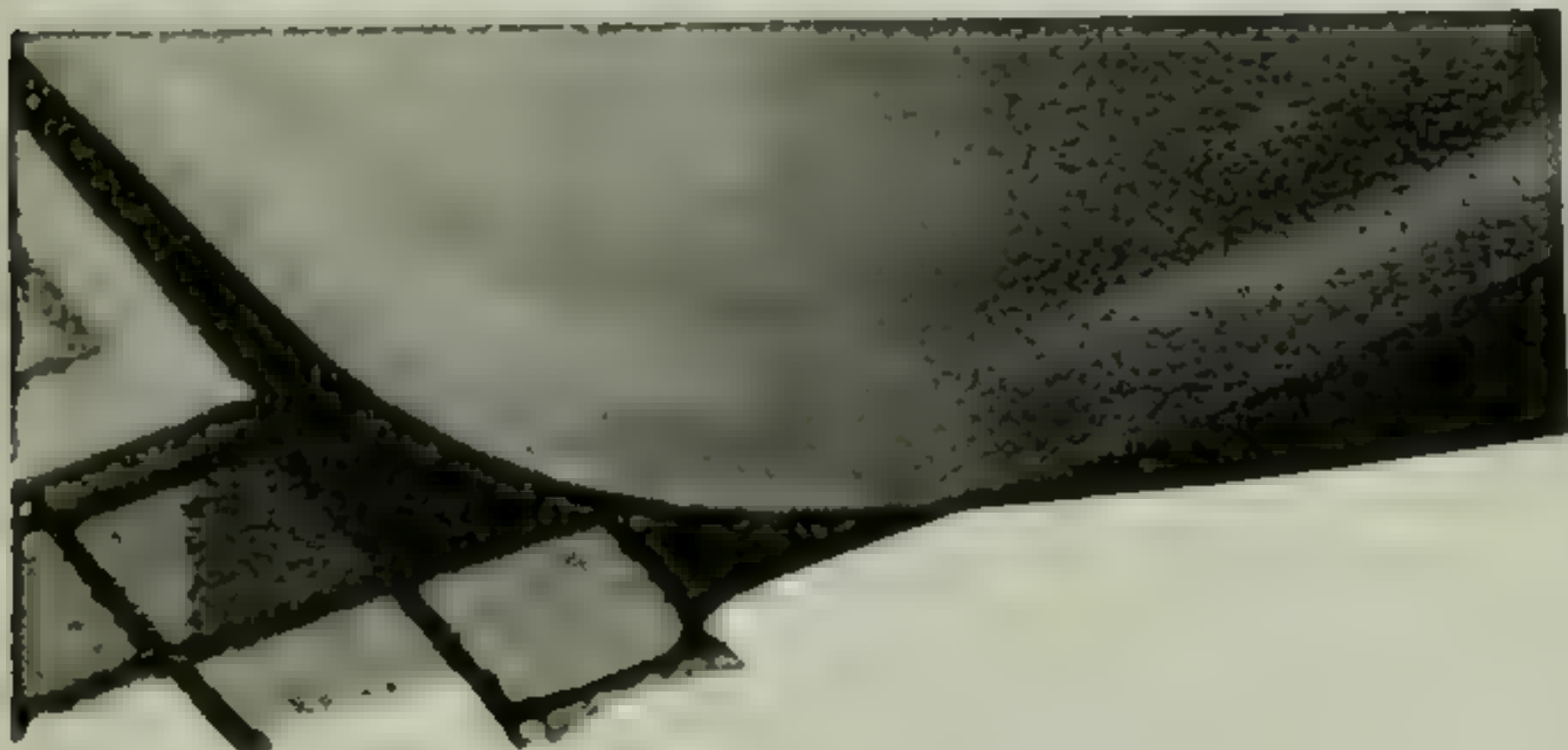
SOMEBODY who went somewhere saw something and brought it back for us to look at. Dr. Thomas Arbuthnot, of Pittsburgh Medical College, and Kenneth Walker, of Stanford University, took a 100-day trek from Luxor, Egypt, to British East Africa. They also took a camera. This glorified travelogue gives the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. *Silent.*

THE RAMPANT AGE—Trem Carr

PROVES that there still is a sweet, old-fashioned girl, untainted by the Jazz Age, left on Long Island. That's something we hadn't known about. This picture of speed-



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crazy juvenalia is pleasingly modern, and though the story is hackneyed, the dialogue is lively. Merna Kennedy is at her best and Eddie Borden is a tantalizing drunk. Very amusing. *All Talkie.*

THE PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE— Continental

NO definite alibi for this murder story has yet been decided upon. Henry B. Walthall overacts horribly and Nancy Welford is too coy for words. But the set-dresser's *faux pas* are the pay-off. At that, the furniture is more convincing than the story. *All Talkie.*

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.

THAT old wolf in sheep's clothing, Julian Eltinge, wears high heels, corsets and the moth-eaten blonde wig in his first phonoplay.

He also chops wood, smokes pipes and cleans up a gang of crooks in an effort to prove he's a real he-man. But Eltinge has grown matronly during the years and the production is so badly put together that you want to lie down on the floor and kick and scream. *All Talkie.*

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD— Sono Art-World Wide

WHY confine it to Hollywood? Everyone who sees it will talk about it, and what they'll say will be plenty. It doesn't quite seem possible that anything could be quite so bad, but here it is. It's all about the making of a talking picture, supposed to be awfully funny. Probably you've never heard of the players, and you probably won't again. Nat Carr is the star. *All Talkie.*

Big Boy Bickford

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

the most dyed-in-the-wool stage-ites you ever saw. I love the dramatic art, both to play and to write. This movie and talkie thing is so very new to me that, of course, it may take some time to get me as completely sold as I have been on the stage and all its works.

"The talkie greatly expands the actor's audience. Why, I have been absolutely amazed at the increase in my fan correspondence after just one picture. In one day I get more mail than I would in a month on the stage, and they tell me the flood has just started.

"The tremendous public the screen has is certainly a revelation. The people who write take their entertainment more seriously than do those writing to stage personalities. These film fans criticize politely but very accurately.

"From them I feel the talkie is going to get its greatest forward impetus. We are too close to the subject, we screen and stage people, to know just exactly what the future of this new art sub-division will be. But the public will tell us quickly enough, and I'm content to rest on their judgment. But here, come on, this is wasting a lot of perfectly good sunshine; I've an extra suit, let's go for a swim." And he bulldozed me into a suit and down a 150 foot cliff to the ocean.

In between breakers I gathered from him that he was the son of a coffee importer, and that when he came West he left behind a hog farm on the Charles River about one hundred miles from Boston.

"I'll send you some of my own cure of ham," he promised me.

For years he played stock leads very successfully in Newport, Providence, Lynn and a dozen other towns. Each year he came to New York for one week, and looked over the parts offered by each producer. And if they weren't to his liking he just went back to stock.

"On the main stem they think I'm just an independent red-head," he told me.

At any rate he refused dozens of parts until along came "Oklahoma Red" in "Outside Looking In" and Bickford was launched on Broadway. Since then he has never been away, because his distinctive personality always provided inspiration to some playwright. "Dark Rosaleen," "Chicago," "Bless You Sister," "Glory Hallelujah," and "Gods of the Lightning," are some of his productions. The last was based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and he played the character which paralleled Vanzetti.

In pictures he scored so quickly and definitely in Cecil De Mille's "Dynamite" that he has been kept steadily at work, without a break. Universal and Fox borrowed him, but he went back to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot to play the big sailor in "Anna Christie," opposite Greta Garbo.

"Tell 'em," he shouted after me as he drove away from my house, "tell 'em that I am descended from a lot of Irish rebels. One of them was hung for smuggling!"

And I'll end this tale with that. I don't know whether it's true, or just another one of these Bickford practical jokes on interviewers, but here it is for your inspection!



Catawba Sanitarium, Va.

Suppose that day after day and week after week, you had to spend your time "cure-taking" — quietly reposing in your little white bed in an effort to chase away Mr. Sick Man. All enjoyments of the outside world denied, no sports that might possibly tire the body. No action! Just to lie still and dream up at the blue sky or try to chase away the lonely blues by reading.

Now you have a picture of us sani-

tarium patients. And how we do devour the pages of PHOTOPLAY, discussing and criticizing each star. And then when our little movie comes over the mountain every Saturday night, we beg permission to attend.

And how we take in every scene! Absorb every bit of action. How acutely we feel each play of emotion. A dream world opened to us, and yet educational in every sense. It is life to us, the life we yearn and long for.

Arlene Shull

"What Enchanting New Packages"

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Virginia Snyder

"I think the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages the very smartest things I've seen," says Virginia Snyder, whose beauty has been praised by many artists. "I don't know which I like better. The porcelain jars with their gleaming silvery tops and black and silver monogram done in the modern manner, or the crystal clear bottles that are as practical as they are decorative. I'm proud to have them on my dressing table."



Anita DeVries

The striking beauty of Anita DeVries commands instant admiration in smart gatherings in New York, Paris and her native England. Her husband, John DeVries, famous New York artist, is the designer of these new packages. "Certainly Daggett and Ramsdell products are worthy to be dressed in the best containers artistry can devise," says Mrs. DeVries, "for in all these forty years no finer cosmetics have ever been made."



Leila Hyams

Leila Hyams, beautiful blonde M-G-M star, says, of the new Daggett and Ramsdell packages, "How lucky for millions of users that Daggett and Ramsdell chose to celebrate their fortieth anniversary with these enchanting new containers... they're perfectly stunning... as fine as the wonderful creams and lotions that come in them... and best of all their price is well within the cosmetic budget of the average girl."



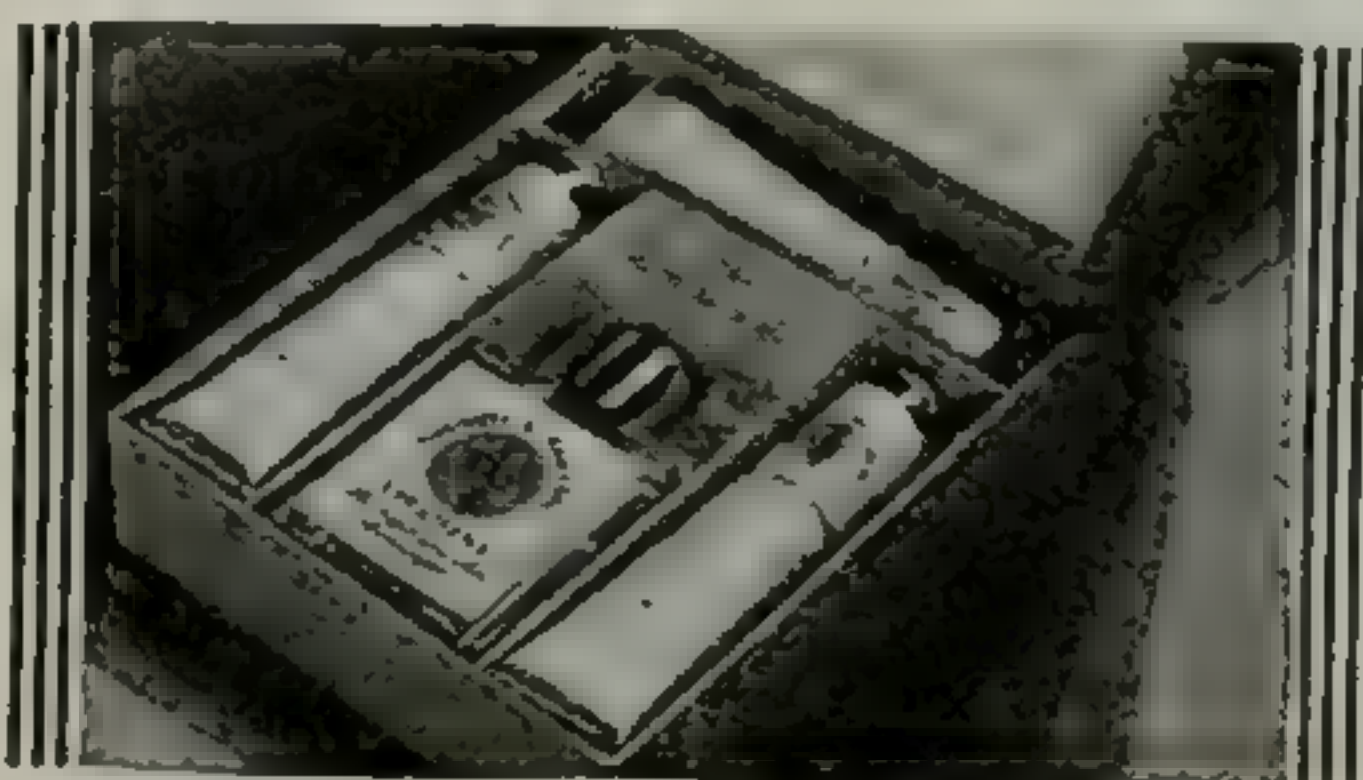
Faye Copeland

These new packages are already very much at home in Mrs. Copeland's modernistic pent-house overlooking Central Park in New York. "I've always loved these products," she says, "and their 1930 dress just suits them. Particularly I adore the Debutante Kit. It contains enough of the three famous creams and Vivatone for several complete facials. Send 50 cents to Daggett and Ramsdell for it. It's a bargain!"

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How do *you* choose your Face Powder



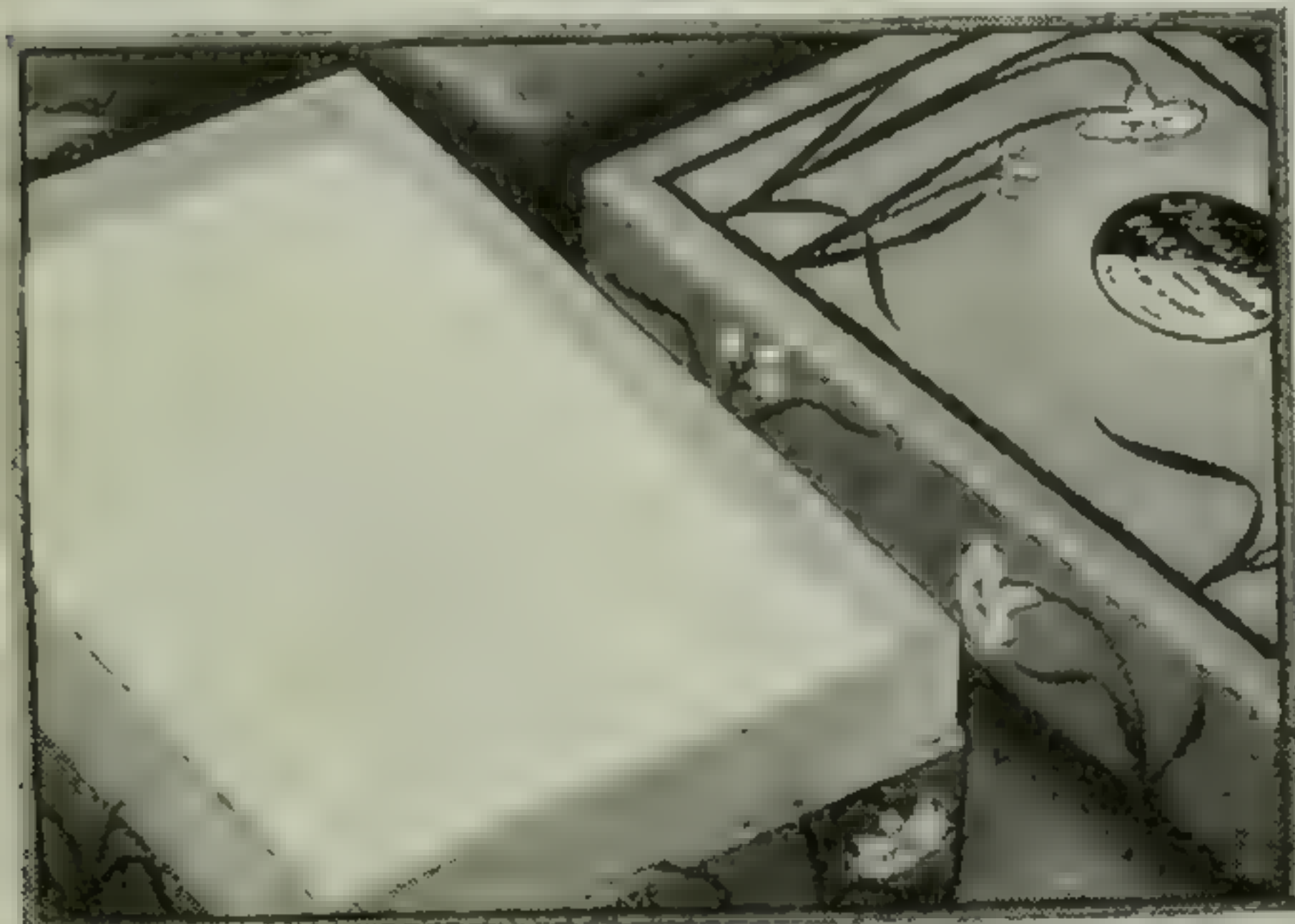
THERE are several things to consider in selecting a face powder—purity, odor, texture, tint, clinging quality and price. Elaborate packages and foreign labels may induce you to spend more money than is necessary, but they have nothing to do with complexion beauty—and the real object of a face powder is to beautify your complexion.

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William Austin
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Evelyn Brent
Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
Harry Green
Paul Guertzman
James Hall

Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Jack Loden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Jeanette MacDonald
Frederic March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Marion Harris
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan

Buster Keaton
Charles King
Carlotta King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Nina Mae McKinney
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
El Brendel
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Mae Clark
Sammy Cohen
William Collier, Sr.
June Collyer
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Charles Eaton
Stuart Erwin
Charles Farrell
Stepin Fetchit
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan

Richard Keene
Lola Lane
Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Kenneth McKenna
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
J. Harold Murray
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Tom Patricola
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Norma Terris
Don Terry
Marjorie White

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Doris Kenyon

Dorothy Mackaill
Marilyn Miller
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Alice White
Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Lorayne DuVal
Ruth Elder
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
Scott Kolk
Natalie Kingston

Beth Laemmle
Allen Lane
Laura La Plante
Fred Mackaye
Ken Maynard
James Murray
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
Eddie Phillips
Joseph Schildkraut
Sisters G
Glenn Tryon
Paul Whiteman
Barbara Worth

At Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton
Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels

Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Alan Hale

Ann Harding
Jeanette Loff
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
William Collier, Jr.
Dolores Costello
Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris

Al Jolson
Myrna Loy
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Fannie Brice
Charles Chaplin
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Lillian Gish
John Holland
Chester Morris

Mary Pickford
Harry Richman
Gilbert Roland
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Lupe Velez
Louis Wolheim

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker
William Collier, Jr.
Jack Egan
Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
Jack Holt
Ralph Ince

Margaret Livingston
Ben Lyon
Shirley Mason
Dorothy Revier
Marie Saxon
Johnnie Walker

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Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tec-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Roland Drew
Rita Carewe

LeRoy Mason

At Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Charley Chase
Oliver Hardy
Harry Langdon

Stan Laurel
Our Gang
Thelma Todd

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Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

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Second Thoughts on Matrimony

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

stubborn as a mule, I admit, and he'd have to use a little diplomacy. But if I said 'Tonight, we'll go such and such and do so and so,' I'd want him to come forth with 'Oh, yeah, who says so?'

"I think I'd like to marry a New Yorker—a club man. There's something rather nice about a club man. He isn't under your feet at the house all the time. I wouldn't care if he went out in the evening without me. If he went some place besides the club, I wouldn't want to hear about it.

"Hollywood is no place for romance. It's just a place to work. I love it while I'm busy at the studio, and hate it when I have time on my hands. I couldn't imagine marrying an actor. Two people acting over the grapefruit at breakfast would be awful. And then I've seen actors' wives on the sets, glaring during the love scenes, and wondering if I'm really 'that way' about my leading man.

"Sure, I'm 'that way' about my

She admits that she has been a failure in this thing called love. She knows the reason. Her career has always come first. Love has never been on a par with her work. Yet, she knows that she could be so much in love that she would be willing to give up the screen. The ideal thing would be a marriage with six months in Hollywood, acting on the screen. The rest of the time she could be just Mrs. Somebody-or-other. She could go to England, visit her old home, and see her little sister who was born after she came to America.

Dorothy works hard and she plays hard. She has always been able to forget the studios when her current picture is finished. She likes to get miles away from Hollywood then, where no one can find her. That's why she has been in Honolulu three times.

"But, now, after all," she smiled, "how can a woman really say exactly what kind of a man she wants to marry? There's no rhyme nor reason to this love game. I might



Speaking of Marriage

Dorothy Mackaill says—

"I'm going to get married again. I believe in marriage, just as I believe in divorce. Somewhere there is the right man. I'll find him. You can't keep a good girl down!"

"Every woman thinks she could make a better job of the second marriage. She might be fooled once, but the next time she'd shop around and get the best bargain."

"Hollywood is no place for romance. It is a place to work!"

"In the first marriage, a woman is looking for love. In the second, there must be something else. Love is bound to fade. There must be understanding and mutual interests."

"I want a husband between thirty and thirty-five. When a man is younger, he doesn't know what he wants. When he's older, he'll want to stay home and listen to the radio!"

leading man during the love scenes. I've got to be. Otherwise the audiences would think he was my brother.

"When it comes to picking the ideal age for a husband, I would say between thirty and thirty-five. When a man is younger he doesn't know what he wants. When he is much older than that, unless you are his age, it will be annoying when he begins to feel shooting pains in his left leg, and always wants to stay home and listen to the radio.

"I don't expect a husband to protect and cherish me, and that sort of thing. I can look after myself. I've always had to fight my own battles, and I prefer it that way."

think I wanted a dark-skinned sheik, and then I'd fall in love with a red-headed Irishman with a pug nose. Love doesn't run on schedule like the Twentieth Century Limited. I might meet the man this afternoon, or next week, or next year."

When the right gentleman heaves into view, Dorothy thinks she would know him and go right after him. Like the Royal Northwest Mounted.

She subscribes to the Sarah Bernhardt theory.

If a man is worth having, he's worth going after.

And that's like Dorothy.

STEWART ROBERTSON, Your Favorite Romancer,
has written another sizzling story of Hollywood Life
and Love—it's called

"MAKE WAY FOR A GENIUS"

Look for it in the April issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Out March 15th

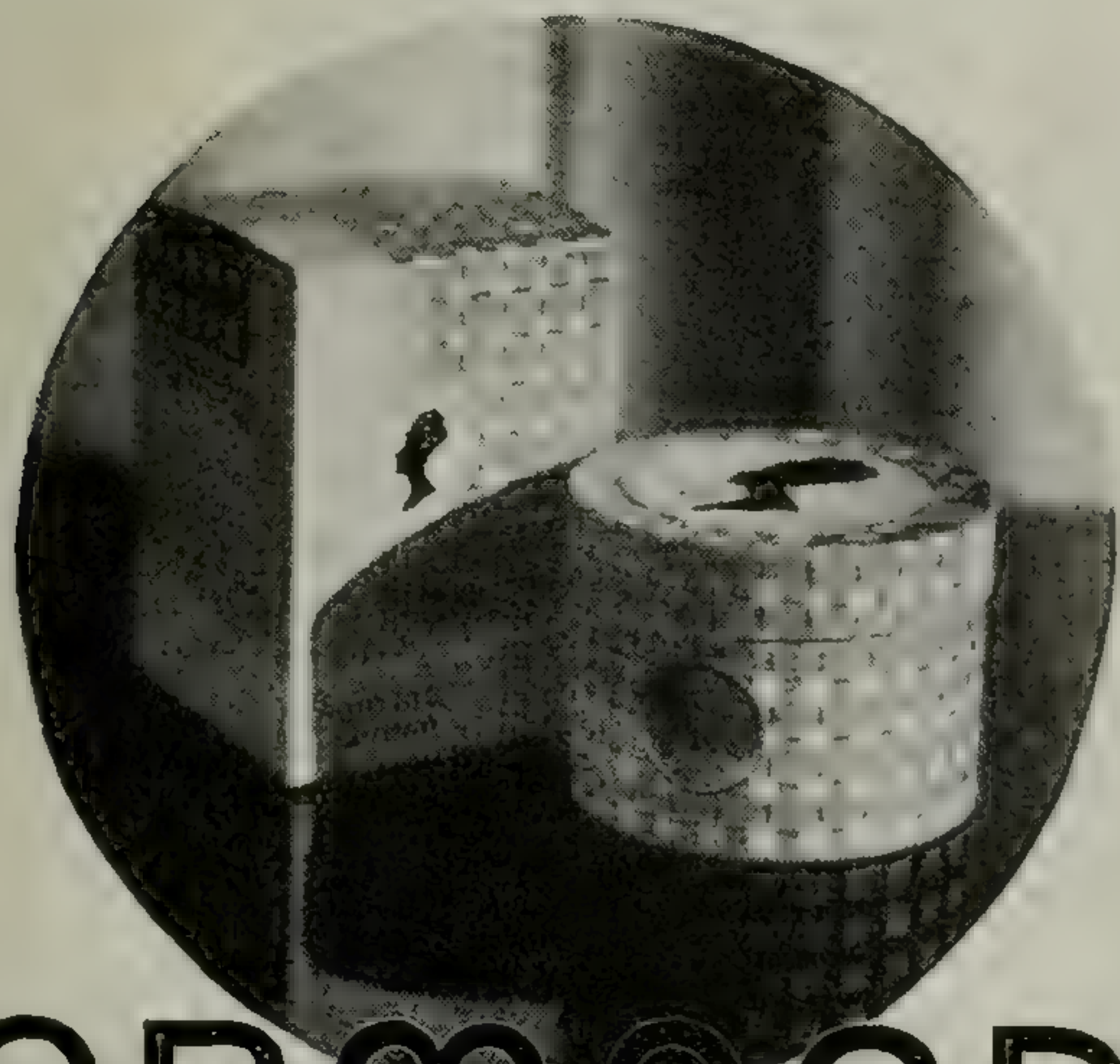
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ladies, look to your husbands!

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becoming tints, \$1. Armand Cleansing Cream,
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CLEANSING CREAM COLD CREAM POWDER

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WHO can turn their backs on the new evening fashions?

Your fair self emerging like a flower from the silk of your gown! What vision is so alluring—what charm so compelling to mankind! But Paris has made a very definite pronouncement about this feminine style trend.

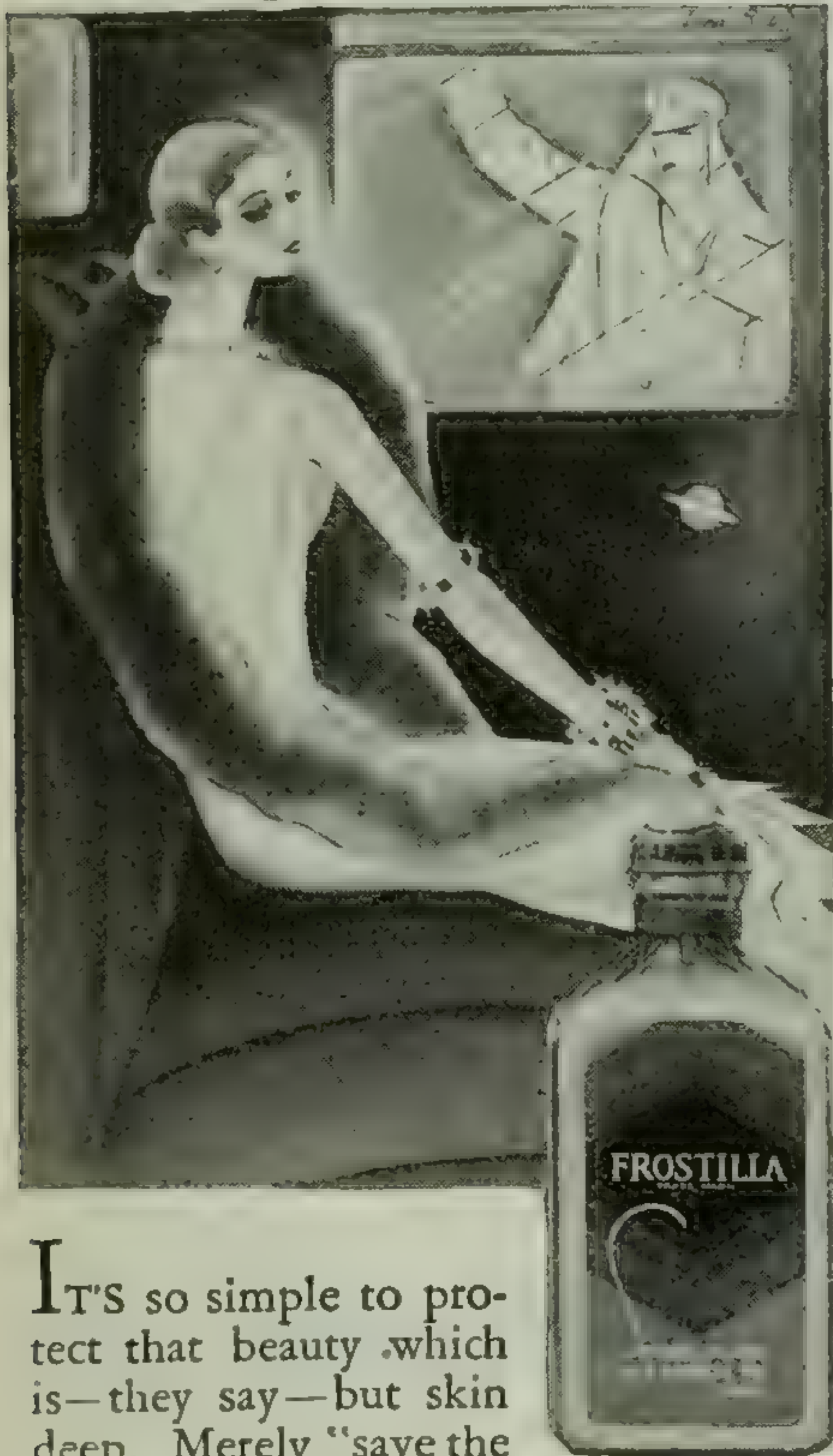
With the new clothes, the new complexion!

Today your skin must be more warmly alive—more lusciously soft, more mellow and creamy in tone. The texture must be tempting—"touchable." And the one powder for this perfect finish is Armand's blend with the cold cream base!

The magic is in the consistency—and in the way you use this richer powder. No dabbing it on! You smooth the powder on a clean puff—then blend it, tone it, into the texture of the skin. Take time to do this thoroughly and Armand's will reward you by looking better and staying on hours longer than any powder you've ever known!

This is your all-day and evening beauty. At night, purge and refresh the pores with Armand Cleansing Cream. You'll love its delicacy—the way it wipes away with no heavy film remaining. And it sends you to sleep wrapped in orange-blossom fragrance! Sold at beauty counters everywhere.

How easy, nowadays, to be protected



IT'S so simple to protect that beauty which is—they say—but skin deep. Merely "save the surface and you save all!"

Against the wiles of tricky weather—against the bluster and bite of cutting winds—FROSTILLA stands guard like a trusted friend and preserves a fair and lovely skin.

Before you go out—before you powder—gently smooth in a small quantity... on face, neck, arms, hands, shoulders.

Quickly absorbed and no trace of stickiness. Just a refreshing, fragrant, invisible film behind which your skin remains contentedly healthy—soft, white, young—protected against roughness, redness, chapping, and excessive drying.

This winter, a single bottle of FROSTILLA will insure a beautiful complexion. The precious ingredients of this famous lotion will *save the surface*. And if, by chance, you've been unduly careless, will relieve all weather-irritated conditions.

A Beautiful Boudoir Bottle Costs 50c

There's a convenient 35c size too—but many choose the economical \$1 bottle, for family use. Sold at all drug and dept. stores in the U. S. and Canada. A handy 10c package is available at better class 5-and-10c stores. Mail orders filled on receipt of price. Dept. 63, Frostilla Co., Elmira, N.Y. and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Representative Harold F. Ritchie and Company, Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.C.)

FROSTILLA

SAVES YOUR SKIN

Do You Nag Your Face?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

nature when you are selecting and applying make-up. The correct sense of color can be developed by practice and observation.

Don't apply a "false" mouth with a heavy smear of lipstick. If your lips are thin, you can make them look fuller by carrying the color skillfully to the upper and lower edges, but not to the corners of the mouth. But when you smear the flesh around the lips, you spoil the whole illusion of natural beauty.

If your mouth is too full, center your lipstick and let it fade out toward the edges. Or you can leave a full mouth unaccented by not using lipstick and confining the color to your cheeks.

One of the most important things to remember about lipstick is that it must be blended toward the inner edges of the lips as well as the outer ones, so when the mouth is opened there will not be a hard line of applied color. You can see how important it is to choose lipsticks that are made by reliable companies and of harmless ingredients.

Don't make the mistake of giving unnecessary, hasty touches to your make-up in public rest rooms under artificial lights that are not always advantageously placed. I've done that, and I know how grotesque the results can be. And if you wear glasses, always put them on and study your face carefully in a good light before completing your make-up.

Authorities say that many of our skin difficulties could be avoided if we did not live at such a mad pace. We can't seem to avoid the pace, but we can practice the art of repose. Just as physical exercise and mental stimulation bring a light to the eyes and a glow to the skin that no external beautifiers can give, so is rest a glorious cosmetic. And more of us need the ministrations of repose than we do of stimulation.

Do you know the story about the boy who used up five dollars and an afternoon, just riding on a merry-go-round? When he told his mother what he had done, her sage comment was: "Now you've spent your money, where have you been?"

A trade publication says that the average American woman spends fifty dollars a year on improving her face. A small amount, if the money has been wisely invested and the results are increased loveliness.

But let's treat our complexions gently and scientifically, and coax, not nag, them to beauty.

PATRICIA:

Because you realize you are not making the most of your opportunities for a musical education, half the battle is already won. Ask yourself how you would feel if you had this talent and the ambition to develop it and were without the means. You will then appreciate how fortunate you are and make a determined effort to overcome your indifferent attitude. We are all inclined to laziness at times, and we have to remind ourselves that it is time to be up and doing.

SENNIA:

It is difficult to say just what qualities make a girl popular and what ones make her unpopular. Perhaps you and your friend are going with a crowd of young people who do not appreciate girls of your type. In that case you should change your companions.

If you are good dancers and meet friendliness with friendliness there is no reason why you should have to be wallflowers at parties. If the boys you know don't appreciate you, make new friends who will.

BILLY:

I believe you will find it easier to care for oily hair if you have it bobbed again. Then

you can shampoo it as frequently as necessary and not go through the trying period when hairpins won't stay in. It is easier to use corrective measures for oiliness when the hair is short. Remember that your general health and your diet may be partially responsible for the superabundance of oil in your skin and hair.

HAZEL:

Being "tongue-tied" in a crowd doesn't matter, if you are careful not to look or act bored. Teach yourself to be an interested listener, and no one will notice if you do not talk a great deal.

PERPLEXED:

If your hair is inclined to be oily I think you should keep it short, because a shoulder length bob has to be fluffy in order to look attractive.

MITZI:

Small girls are considered cute and attractive by most boys and you are foolish to let yourself become so self-conscious about your size. The girls are just teasing you, and probably many of them would like to be as small as you are.

GERTRUDE C.:

A few freckles and a tendency toward thinness will not keep you from being popular, if you will cultivate the friendly qualities that attract people. A sprinkling of freckles is really becoming to some girls, making them look cuter and more attractive than they would be without them.

If you want to gain weight you will have to watch your general health. That means you should have plenty of sleep and rest and enough outdoor exercise to give you a healthy appetite. Don't overeat, but choose foods that reducing diets avoid. Cream soups, gravies, potatoes, vegetables served with cream sauce, cereals, puddings and custards, ice cream, milk, bread and butter—all these are valuable foods for weight-building. Don't neglect the leafy vegetables and the fruits that we all need to maintain health. Drink plenty of water. And a calm, cheerful disposition is not to be overlooked if you want to develop curves instead of angles.

JANE J.:

Your weight is correct for your height and age, but if you want to improve the line of your hips and legs I suggest that you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my booklet of exercises.

ERNESTYNE:

You will have to remember that men, as well as girls, are sometimes bashful, and a little tact and friendliness on the girl's part often helps the man to overcome his timidity. When a man you like pays marked attention to another girl, try to act in a natural way about it. If you make an elaborate pretense of not caring, they will know that you do.

BARBARA:

I am not going to give you any definite figures on weight because at your age you are still growing and your weight is probably changing constantly. Unless you look too stout, and unless you are overeating, you don't need to worry about gaining weight.

JANE L. T.:

I think that more than anything else you need to cultivate friendliness. Try to make yourself attractive to other people by being friendly and kind, chary of criticism, companionable, interested in their pleasures and their problems. I don't know any better recipe for popularity than that.

The usual things

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine the world today without some of the things that make our living in it so pleasant and comfortable. How naturally we lift the telephone receiver, step into an automobile, and look for the news of the world in the newspaper and magazine—every day of our lives.

Another of these usual, invaluable things, accepted as part of the routine of existence, is the guidance given by the advertisements in supplying our wants from day to day. We read them. They help us to save time and money. And our lives go on—more easily and more fully.

The advertisements suggest ways in which we can get things we want with the greatest possible satisfaction to ourselves. They tell us of new conveniences and comforts of which we would not otherwise have known. They help us to get down-to-the-dollar satisfaction. They assure us of proved values.



*Advertisements are among the necessities
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TREAT that

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Let Blue-jay end its pangs instantly, gently . . . and protect the sore spot from pressure while it works its clean magic. Don't allow any corn to keep you house-bound when spring sunshine fills the air.

Mild, yet positive. Blue-jay is certain death to corns. Made in a factory famous for its sterile surgical dressings, each Blue-jay Plaster is a safe, dependable 3-day treatment for banishing corns. Simple, complete, it quiets their torment, shields them, softens and destroys their structure. Clean, pleasant, bath-proof.

Why nurse a corn when you can buy Blue-jay at any druggist's? Nationally known and approved for 30 years. 25 cents. (In Canada 35 cents.)

Blue-jay

CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago :: New York :: Toronto



Through the Studios with Pen and Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

made a silent version of a play called "Civilian Clothes"—and a swell picture it was, too.

Now Paramount is going to star its rangy baby star, Gary Cooper, in an audible version of it.

Incidentally, the author of the play is Thompson Buchanan, a fine dramatist lately come to new notice as the husband of Joan Lowell, author of "The Cradle of the Deep."

A LOUD and persistent noise troubled the director. He had called for quiet a dozen times but when he heard the playback there was the strange noise. Scouts were sent in all directions to find the cause of the trouble. Noah Beery was discovered behind a flat, snoring peacefully.

A TIP!

A comedian named Jimmy Durante—a droll nut—is the current comedy panic of New York. People lie down, roll over and say uncle when he appears.

You'll find him in a new Paramount picture called "Roadhouse Nights," and they say he steals the film from Helen Morgan and Charles Ruggles.

So watch for him. Remember the Four Marx Brothers in "The Cocoanuts," a real sur-

prise hit, and don't say that old Uncle Cal didn't warn you.

Remember—"Roadhouse Nights"—Jimmy Durante.

You'll DIE!

WELL, at last our little girl friend, Clara Bow, has run the gamut of publicity experiences.

Men have slashed their wrists for her, but not deep enough to be serious; she has had an operation, ptomaine poisoning, and a nervous breakdown; she's had fourteen changes in the shade of her hair. Now the climax has arrived. Clara got a blackhand letter. In the threat to kill her, Harry Richman, current fiancé, was also mentioned.

Paramount immediately put the Bow under strong guard. Anyway, it made good reading.

DO you remember how people used to kid about the bossy director of the dear old silent pictures?

You should hear Hollywood now! Such language!

Because there are now, in these talkie times, no less than seven separate—and maybe distinct—directors on each photoplay. Here is what they do.

1. Pictorial Director, who guides the action.
2. Dialogue Director, who coaches the speeches.



The object in the foreground is a mere cameraman, pulling dinguses and twisting gadgets for a close-up of twinkling toes. They're the Sisters G from Gay Paree and thereabouts. And gee, how they dance and sing in Universal's "King of Jazz Revue"

3. Photographic Director, in charge of cameras, cameramen, and lights. 4. Sound Director, in charge of recording. 5. Dance Director, who rehearses the chorus girls in their intricate routines. 6. Musical Director, in charge of the orchestra and vocalists. 7. Color Director, responsible for all color photoplay.

So, as you can well understand, picture actors are learning new and lurid words for seven people, in most films. In the old days, one director and his puttees used to take them all.

POLLY FREDERICK—Pauline to YOU!—I was playing in a stage show in Los Angeles, recently.

And she ate something.

That may not be unusual, but it happened that what Polly ate, this time, gave her a magnificent case of ptomaine.

Her play went off the boards that night, and Pauline went into retirement in great distress.

Personally, I never eat fried scallops and tartar sauce. But then, I am so often wrong!

BELIEVE it or not, but **Lon Chaney's** favorite book is "Arabian Nights."

THE Russian colony in Hollywood takes its Russia seriously. In "Song of the Flame" a certain scene showed a group of Bolsheviks tearing the Czar's picture from the wall.

The real Russian extras were so upset about it that they appealed to the director and begged him to refrain from having the head or the heart of the Czar mutilated. After watching the scene three of them were so ill that they had to go home. Now that's the height of something or other.

LITTLE MITZI, the Paramount starlet, may only be eight years old, but she knows her knick-knacks when it comes to a touch of melodrammer.

The other day Phillips Holmes told Mitzi he would buy her lunch.

At 12:30 Mitzi was waiting in the Paramount schoolroom for her boy friend. At 1:30 she was still waiting, although starvation had set in. When Mitzi found out that the beloved Phillips had forgotten the date and taken Mary Brian to lunch, she was furious. She wrote him a note that any Bertha M. Clay heroine might have envied.

"Have my kisses meant nothing to you? I am heart-broken. All is over between us."

HOLLYWOOD, like Broadway, and, in fact, the rest of the world, chases its own tail—runs in cycles, moves in grooves, follows one idea hundreds of carbon copies till the print is lost.

Oddly enough, as this is written, the craze in the film factories is womanless pictures.

Fox, of course, has made one in "Men Without Women," that gripping story of life and death in a submarine, and there are others. And First National has announced that Dick Barthelmess will do "The Flight Commander" without benefit of skirts—either short or long.

Here's a hunch. Let's start a vogue for all-women casts—just us boys. Old Cal will nominate his candidates, and you name yours. More FUN!

"BELIEVE me," said Polly Moran, "I'm a big financier. The other day I wrote a check for \$1.95 and yesterday my bank called me up for 75 cents to cover it."

YOU just can't get away from it; there's something romantic about singing. Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray have been singing to each other all the way through the "Song of the Flame" and now it looks as if they'll sing that way forever.

There's a romance brewing or I'm the Irish ambassador to Turkey. They've known each other for years and Gray was instrumental in getting First National to sign Bernice.

You can't help but notice how much *softer* and lighter Kotex is



Travel Apparel from Jay-Thorpe

Here is a sanitary pad that really fits . . . really protects. And women have the added assurance of knowing that 85% of America's leading hospitals choose this very same absorbent.

TODAY, with smartness a guide to every costume detail, women appreciate Kotex more than ever. For this sanitary pad is designed to fit securely, designed to protect adequately, without being in the least bulky. And it is soft . . . even after hours of wear!

Used in great hospitals

If you were to think of the one source of authority on sanitary protection, what would it be? The medical world, certainly. Then you'll be glad to know that 85% of the country's leading hospitals not only approve of, but actually use Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding today!

Please remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as the softest cotton, but with 5 times the absorbency.

It replaces the thousands of pounds of surgical cotton in dressings. Last year hospitals bought 2½ million pounds, the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads!

Kotex is so soft and comfortable because it is made up of layer upon layer of this unusual absorbent—Cellucotton. Each

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- 1 Keeps your mind at ease.
- 2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
- 3 *The Kotex filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.
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layer is a quick, complete absorbent in itself. And you can easily separate these layers, using only what needs demand.

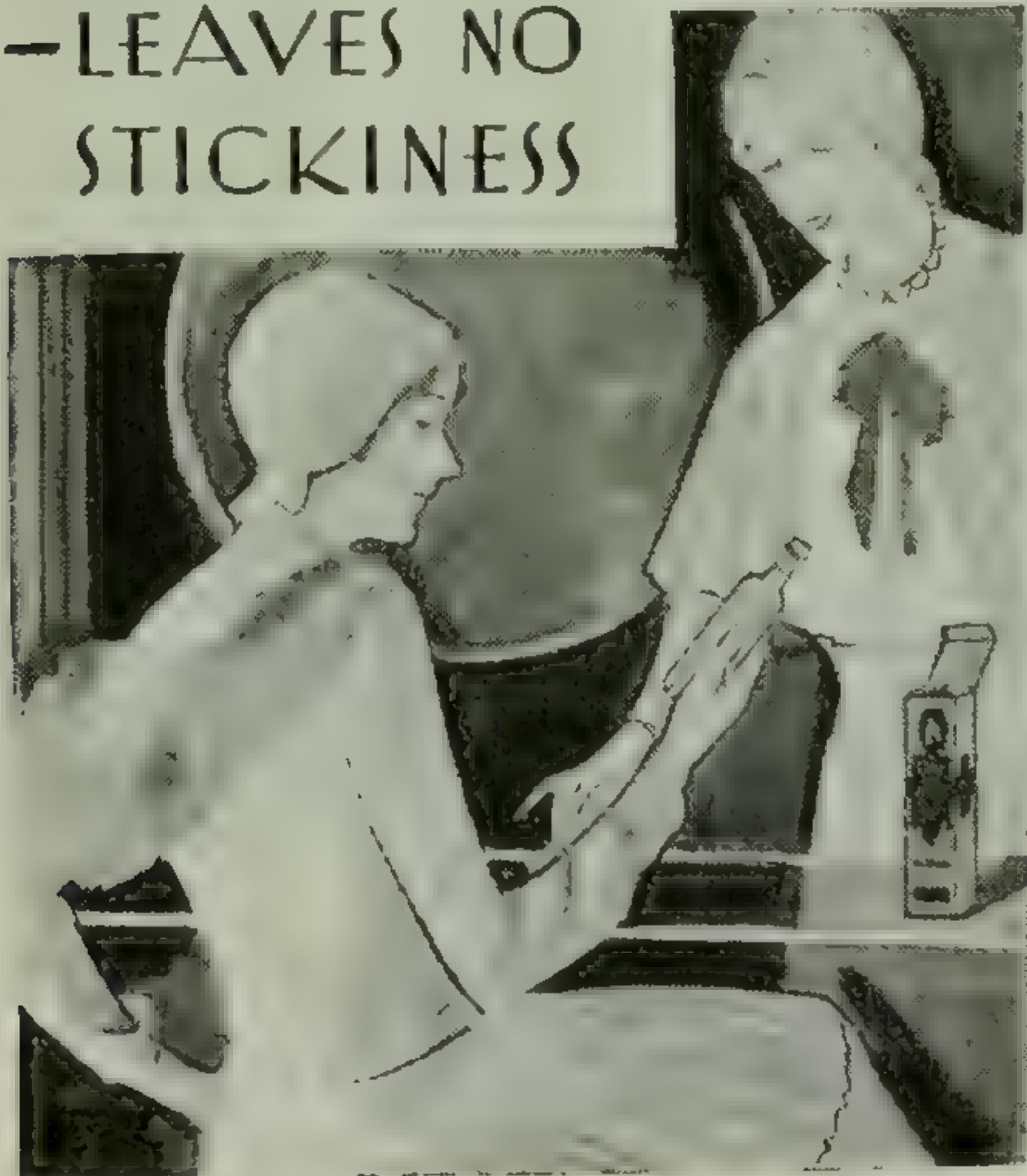
The way the corners are rounded and tapered makes for further comfort. It explains too, why Kotex leaves no revealing outline under the most close-fitting of frocks. Kotex deodorizes . . . gives that final measure of daintiness no smart woman dares overlook. Buy a box. Try it. After all, how else can you tell? Kotex Co., Chicago, Illinois.

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SOME stars make money by making motion pictures, and others take money for not making 'em.

Hollywood has seen two such cases in the last few months.

The funny part of it is they're both darned good actors, but they didn't click with the box-office.

George Jessel, under contract to Fox, sold his contract back to the studio for a nice round sum between \$65,000 and \$80,000. Hal Skelly was given a fat contract after "The Dance of Life" triumph, a mistle for the stage play, "Burlesque."

"Woman Trap," and "Men Are Like That," his pictures that followed, were not quite so forte.

The studio felt that it was unwise to risk any more money, so Mr. Paramount dug down in his jeans and paid plenty. Now Skelly is free to do as he pleases.

CAME a report that Jetta Goudal was engaged to one Jacques Cartier of Nashville, Tenn.

When questioned about it the Goudal made a typical Goudal remark.

"I never heard of Jacques Cartier and I don't know where Nashville, Tennessee, is." I'm afraid Nashville isn't going to be able to bear up under the blow.

YOU'VE probably suffered with the poor, down-trodden, underpaid chorus girl of the stage—in the fiction stories you have read about her.

But that was A. T.—Ante Talkie.

Now the chorus girl is one of Hollywood's queens, and those lucky enough to be employed on the big sound stages are living on the fat of the land and hoping they aren't getting to look like the land.

In the old days scores of pretty little dancing girls were glad to get \$35 a week for a few weeks from one of the leading producers, and when the show closed it was go out and hunt for another job.

Not long ago William Fox hired a hundred chorus girls for his musical pictures, and he put them under six months' contract—work, rehearse or loaf—at \$50 a week.

And, next to a big-hearted millionaire with a bad heart, that is a chorus girl's idea of Heaven.

BILLIE DOVE, Basil Rathbone and Kay Francis were all seated in a row, filling out biographical information blanks. Kay, not knowing what to put down in answer to several questions, kept looking at Billie's and Basil's questionnaires.

Director Lloyd Bacon was watching them closely.

Finally he leaned over and said:

"Stop cheating, Kay, or we'll keep you after school and give you another to fill out by yourself."

LUPINO LANE'S departure from the shores of these United States for a stage engagement at the Hippodrome Theater, London, recalls some very interesting stories about the little film comedian.

During his athletic tumbles on the stage he has broken his arms and legs so many times that he has almost lost count.

He is a direct descendant of the oldest family of clowns in the world; the Lupinos and the Lanes have been known to English theaters for centuries.

For the first time in many years now he returns to his native stage. He rehearsed his show on the way across the Atlantic. He had just two rehearsals with the cast before the



How the thunder of the motors comes to your ears from the screen. The microphone is ready to pick up the noise of the plane in a scene from "Young Eagles," Buddy Rogers' new picture. Buddy can be seen leaning against the fuselage in the exact center

show opened in London. In his dressing room at the Hippodrome he hung the autographed pictures of about every screen star in Hollywood.

HERE'S a new way of breaking into the movies, but the lad who did it had no idea it would bring him such a reward.

J. Carroll Nash helped save William Fox' life by giving a blood transfusion when the producer was badly injured in an automobile accident.

Nash is a Broadway actor but he now has a big contract with the Fox studios.

SOMETHING snappy in the way of male shaberdashery was exhibited by one of Universal's crack cameramen. The chic one arrived on the set decked out in a black satin shirt with gleaming white buttons. His manly throat was protected by a high collar that buttoned at the side.

The other cameraman on the set took one look at it and then went down to the wardrobe department to find a skirt.

NOW that Kay Francis has her spring wardrobe all mapped out she has found time to bestow suitable handles on her eleven pets.

Here's the list:

- 1 dog "Snifter."
- 1 canary "Napoleon."
- 7 fish "The Seven Vestal Virgins."
- 1 frog "Caesar"
- 1 Ford "Rabbit"

THEY were taking a Christmas scene of Billie Dove. The beautiful Billie was smiling in a snow storm, or something of the sort.

After the playback everyone was wondering where all the sound of hammers had come from. Billie was the only one that could solve the problem.

"That wasn't hammers you heard," she explained. "It was the snow falling."

Then they got a new kind of snow:



Just welcoming a new pretty to the phonoplay. Phyllis Crane, who has a big rôle in "Fresh from College," starring Billy Haines. What orbs!



Now in Colors—Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.

try the Kleenex way to remove cold cream

YOU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle *patting* . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream . . . with super-absorbent Kleenex.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth. It is really so easy.

Kleenex is *so* gentle, *so* dainty. You just hold it to your face, and *blot* up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.



Thousands of people consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. It's especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and re-infecting yourself.

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white, if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically.

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POOR Maurice Costello has broken into the front pages again. A young woman named Vivienne Sengler is suing him for \$100,000 heart balm.

Miss Sengler gave her age as twenty-one and further added that both she and Costello were psychic and could meet on a high spiritual plane. Maurice denies everything, but Vivienne persists. It's the first time the erstwhile matinee idol has had any publicity for years.

THESE picture girls just will be different. Heigh-ho! Loretta Young is wearing a diamond ring that makes the crown jewels of Russia look like chips. Yes, sir, Grant Withers gave it to her, but she's wearing it on the right hand instead of the left.

HERE'S a bit of irony for you, if you're fond of irony. Many of the extras used in "All Quiet on the Western Front" are American World War veterans.

Yet they're appearing as German soldiers and are wearing uniforms that were brought over from Germany for that purpose.

HOWARD GREER, Hollywood's foremost style authority, didn't dare attend the opening of the Embassy Club. Exactly seven stars had bought from him the same dress to wear.

All of them were made up in black and Greer felt that if seven ladies got in a huff at once he might never be able to create another gown.

LOUISE FAZENDA was having a very important interview. She had answered all the questions in her best manner. The dignified interviewer rose to go. Louise tried to struggle to her feet. "Just a minute," she said, "just a minute. I can't tell you goodbye until I find my shoes. I took 'em off while we were talking. They're somewhere under the table here."

ANOTHER Hollywood tradition has been kicked in the trousers.

There will be no Wampas Baby Stars this year. The annual Wampas Ball, and introduction of the chosen young starlets, was one of the events of the year in film town. It was just like the old Wednesday lunches at Montmartre, and the joke about always saying, "Yes, Mr. De Mille."

The Wampas, an organization of screen publicists, met their Waterloo last year when the local newspapers demanded heavy sums for charity before they would open up the columns. The big "doings" was abandoned, although the starlets were picked anyway. This year there will be no "pickings," which is a disappointment to the young film beauties.

LLOYD BACON, First National megaphone wielder, played the dirtiest trick of the month on the cast of his current picture.

"Tomorrow we won't work," he told them. "We'll all go out on my yacht and fish."

The whole cast reported the next morning ready for some sea-going whoopee. Not a member was missing, Billie Dove, Basil Rathbone, Kay Francis and Ken Thomson. There was misgiving when a script girl appeared.

When Bacon got them half way to Catalina he stopped the boat.

"Now," he began, twirling his long black moustachios, "we're going to rehearse where it's nice and quiet."

And they did, and did, and did.

PROBABLY there never was anyone quite so scared as Jobyna Howland on the first day she faced the microphone in "Honey," the Paramount revival of "Come Out of the Kitchen."

"Oh, I'm going to be sick, awfully sick," shivered the six feet Broadway actress. "I'll do it all wrong."

Her first lines were, "Your chauffeur can find more wrong roads than anyone I ever saw."

What she actually said was, "Your chauffeur can find more wrong roadsters than anyone I ever saw."

Since she was riding in a limousine at the time, the scene was taken over.

A STAR on location is all the same as any extra or prop boy. Joan Crawford and her company moved up-state to do scenes for "Montana." The mountain camp was rough. Joan and Doug made their own fires in the little stoves and had to be at breakfast at seven o'clock or not get any breakfast.

PAUL WHITEMAN staggered on the set. "I've just had a full night's sleep," he wailed. "It's the first time in years and it darn near killed me."

WHEN Helene Costello and John Regan were divorced, Helene complained that John never understood the demands made on her time and energy at the studio.

Certainly Lowell Sherman understands these things. He and Helene are going to marry in March and spend their honeymoon in Europe. Lowell, you remember, was once married to Pauline Garon.

MAYBE those folks who get all "het up" about theme songs will approve of the innovation in the First National picture, "Faith." There will be a theme song without words, scored only for the violin. If that goes over with the fans the next step will be a theme song without words or music.

BASIL RATHBONE is a handsome and charming man. Ouida Bergere is his wife and part of her duties seems to be watching Basil. She spends the best part of every day on the set.

Latest reports are that Rathbone is none too thrilled over this connubial diligence.

ONE of the executives at M-G-M sent a high salaried expert to New York to get all the information possible on the old Weber and Fields Music Hall. There must be an exact reproduction of it in the comedians' picture.

And while the expert was doing his heavy research, Weber and Fields, who built the theater and played in it and know where every nail was, sat calmly in Hollywood waiting on salary for the set to be built.

MAYBE your poor Old Cal shouldn't bring this up, but both Universal and Tiffany have been employing an unusual type of extra in their respective war "drammers," "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Journey's End."

Both studios needed rats and cockroaches. And they come high, if anybody wants to know, which isn't likely.

Rats draw down one dollar a day. Cockroaches, for some strange reason that doesn't meet the eye, are more expensive. A cockroach will not emote for one cent less than two dollars.

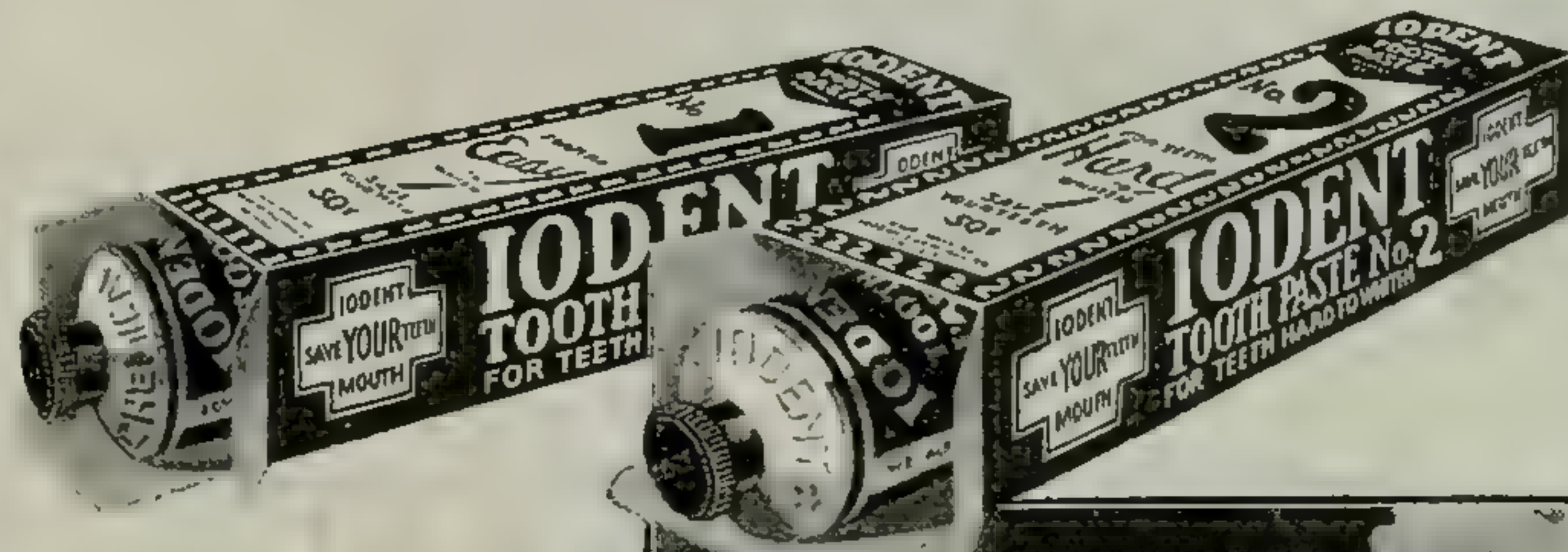
IRENE BORDONI will make no more pictures, at least not for quite a spell, but Marilyn Miller's contract has been renewed for three more films, which will be made when she finishes her stage engagement with Ziegfeld.

IF the roll had been called at Bessie Love's wedding one young man would have been found missing.

Those two swell team mates, Lucille and James Gleason, were there in all their finery, but the son and heir of the house of Gleason was not to be seen.

The reason Russell couldn't go to Bessie's

To whiten teeth that are
HARD TO WHITEN and
make them luminous
with jewel like beauty...
use this Special Tooth Paste



Jewels, silks, hair,
eyes, teeth—all owe
much of their charm
to natural brilliancy



You can depend upon Iodent No. 2 to restore the original whiteness and brilliancy of your teeth—even if they are naturally *hard* to whiten.

Under the practical magic of this famous dentifrice, smoke stains, tartar tints and the dim shadows of neglect quickly vanish away—revealing the luminous beauty and sparkle of perfect *cleanness*. These striking results are achieved with absolute *safety*, because Iodent is made by a dentist. The Iodent No. 2 formula is simply packed with safe, professional cleaning power—in a texture that maintains a firm, effective body in the mouth and goes vigorously to work on every tiny surface and crevice of the enamel. Both of the Iodents, incidentally, are splendid builders of hard, pink, healthy gums. Iodent Chemical Company, Detroit.

IODENT
No. 1

for Teeth EASY
to WHITEN, also
ideally adapted for
CHILDREN'S
TINY TEETH and
TENDER GUMS

IODENT No. 2

FOR TEETH HARD TO WHITEN

*If you believe in
Dress Personality.....then you'll
welcome the "Purse Personality"
of MEEKER-MADE
FINE LEATHER HANDBAGS*

OF course you believe in Dress Personality—what woman doesn't? But perhaps you've found difficulty in finding truly expressive, smart handbags—those possessing "purse personality."

Meeker-Made handbags, underarms and vanities have that indefinable something which causes you to reach for



and examine them covetously. PURSE PERSONALITY
They breathe beauty and smartness with their rich, beautifully-colored leathers, and inspire a confidence in their utility because everyone knows that these fine imported steerhide leathers seemingly wear forever and grow softer and more beautiful with age.

You'll find Meeker-Made products at your jeweler's, better department and drug stores.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, INC., JOPLIN, MISSOURI
THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF STEERHIDE
PRODUCTS IN THE UNITED STATES

**MEEKER
MADE**
FINE LEATHER
HANDBAGS

PIN MONEY FOR OUR READERS

PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportunity to convert their spare time into real money by becoming its subscription representatives in the town or community in which they live.

You, as a reader of PHOTOPLAY, will be quick to realize the money-making possibilities this offer affords you. Your friends—your neighbors—in fact, all the homes in your community—are prospective subscribers for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in moving pictures—the chief recreation of the American public?

Be the first in your community to take advantage of this offer, and get started at once. The coupon or a post card will bring further details.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
Dept. RE-3, 750 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

I am interested in your money-making offer to your readers. Send me the details at once.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

wedding was because his finger nails were dirty. And, you ask, why didn't he clean them? Because, little kiddies, Russell is a German soldier now in "All Quiet on the Western Front" and Jr. Laemmle, who has read a book, knows that soldiers in the front line get a little dusty from time to time.

Therefore, he has issued a blanket order that no member of the cast may clean his finger nails for three weeks.

And that isn't all. Poor Russell gets rolled in the mud every day and is so dirty by the time he gets home at night that he has to go in the kitchen door.

There are more ways than one of suffering for one's art.

WHILE Mary Pickford was in Paris she racked her brains to think up a new disguise to keep from being recognized when she took her morning exercise. All the old gags, dark glasses, etc., only served to draw attention to the petite Mrs. Fairbanks.

Mary was almost desperate. She could not go out of the house without attracting a mob.

But at last she hit upon the most unique method of self-effacement Old Cal has yet heard of.

It was as simple as this: all "America's sweetheart" had to do was to ride a bicycle and nobody in Paris gave her a second glance.

She went bicycling every morning in the Bois and caused as little excitement as the familiar whirl of a plane.



Ina Claire greeting the Sandman—in a perfectly nice way, of course. Mrs. Gilbert wearing the new voluminous pajamas, which give the effect of a skirt. This outfit is made of white satin. Ina still has on the family pearls and about four pounds of bracelet. An old Claire custom

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

Copy Cats!

Chicago, Ill.

Aren't there any new ideas in the magazine business? No sooner do I discover a new department or feature in PHOTOPLAY than I find it copied a few months later in some other magazine.

I always buy PHOTOPLAY, but I like to get one or two of the others each month for additional photographs of my favorites. But what's the use? They're just imitations. And, what's more, they haven't Mr. Quirk's right-to-the-point editorials, nor Cal York's up-to-the-second news and gossip.

I've only seen one screen magazine that didn't imitate PHOTOPLAY—a Chinese periodical that reads backward, according to their custom. It's a wonder some of the copy-cats haven't tried that trick!

Long life to PHOTOPLAY—the leader whom others follow.

D. H. ELDRIDGE.

Learning Fast

Philippine Islands.

The motion picture is helping to modernize the backward Philippines of years ago.

Now we are following the way you dress and the way you walk. Even our romance is modernized. Before, lovers didn't kiss—now they do.

MAURA CALIBARA.

A Cry for Quarter

St. Louis, Mo.

Fans would not mind paying a quarter for a picture of a star whom they admire. But they do object to paying a quarter for nothing, which is often what happens if they send money. They don't know whether they will get anything for it or not. And a quarter means something to them.

Many of the photographs are not very good. Rudolph Valentino sent out the best I ever saw, and he sent them for nothing.

Fans don't expect the stars to pay out for their fan mail one-third of what they make, but they do think the stars who earn large salaries can afford to send their photos free. The studios pay large sums for advertising; why can't they take care of fan mail? It's another form of advertising.

SHIRLEY F. MOXOM.

We Want Westerns, Fans Cry!

San Pedro, Calif.

I do hope that the Westerns are truly coming into their own. "In Old Arizona" and "The Virginian" prove that we, the public, like good, red-blooded Westerns. Let's have some more.

Much good direction and beautiful photography have gone into two and five-reel Westerns, which, if expended on feature lengths, would have brought in big money. Many of us want to see Westerns but don't care to attend the poorer theaters, the only places they are shown.

Why don't the better theaters show some of the short Westerns in place of so much silly slapstick comedy?

JESSIE D. BOURGEOIS.

They're Not All Wild

Washington, D. C.

Oh! Oh! Oh! When will the movie producers portray youth as it is, instead of the way they see it, which isn't through rose-colored glasses.

"WILL WE
COME?"

WELL, I should SAY so!"



THAT'S the answer the Whitons always get to invitations to their house. No one wants to miss a single party that they give. Even when nothing is planned—no dance, or card party—people are always dropping in to spend the evening, just talking or listening to the radio.

For the Whitons' home is so charming, so *different*. It has an individual touch, a refreshing atmosphere that is all its own. Friends often ask what it is that makes the house so sweet and lovely. And Mrs. Whiton, clever hostess that she is, always answers, "My dear, that 'delightful atmosphere,' as you call it, is Vantine's Incense."

What a difference Vantine's Incense makes in any home! The house feels sweeter and sunnier and more cheerful with its lovely fragrance. Every room seems to breathe perfume. There's new gayety and charm in parties and dances and social evenings; alone in the evening, the romantic scent gives new pleasure to

music or reading. It's almost like living in a garden of flowers . . . !

And, best of all, Vantine's Incense guards your home against unpleasant odors, that great social handicap that spoils so many lovely homes. You cannot detect it in your own home—you are so used to it you never know it's there. But other people notice it—even if they say nothing—and they don't want to come again. But Vantine's Incense banishes bad odors—it is truly social insurance.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Let us send you three cones of Vantine's Incense. Choose your favorite and mark it on the coupon. Four flowery scents: Pine, Violet, Rose, Jasmin—five lingering perfumes: Oriental Night, Sandalwood, Narcissus, Orange Blossom, Wistaria. With it we'll send you the new book, "The Etiquette of Incense" full of suggestions for entertaining. Clip the coupon now—have the incense for your next party.



Vantine's
INCENSE

A. A. Vantine & Co., Dept. P-2, 71 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

FREE Please send me three cones of Vantine's Incense.....
(choose odor from list above)
Also the book, "The Etiquette of Incense."

Name _____

Address _____

I'll bring youth back to every GRAY HAIR

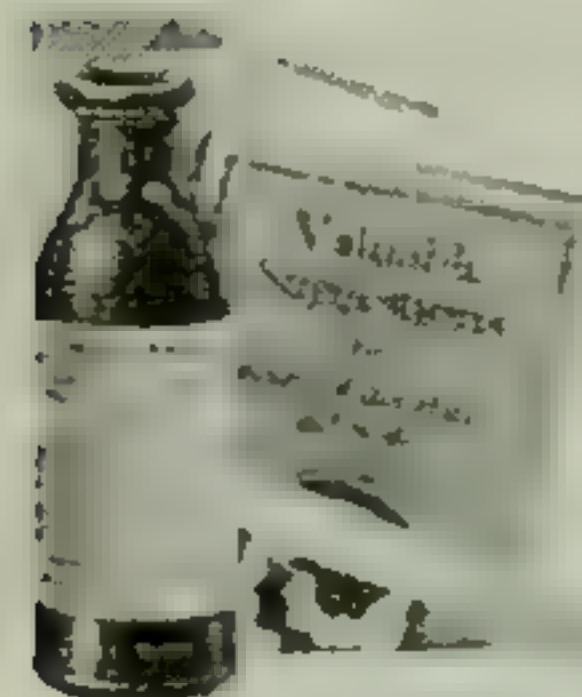
I will show you, in less than an hour, what I have proved to more than 3,000,000 women. The secret of ever-youthful hair.



It doesn't matter whether all your hair is gray or if the gray has just appeared. Nor does it matter whether your hair was black, brown, auburn or blonde. I'll show you how to bring back color with all the lustre and glow of youth. The color will positively not be artificial looking. Your hair will curl or wave just as easily as ever. It will not be gummy or sticky—nor will the color rub off or stain clothing.

I'll show you how to do this with a liquid as clear and colorless as water. A liquid that contains nothing harmful or dangerous. You can depend on my way being entirely SAFE—harmless to hair or scalp.

I want you to test it FREE without risk or expense



Will you test it? I'll send FREE complete SINGLE LOCK TEST PACKAGE. Snip off a lock of gray hair. Try it first on this. You risk nothing this way. You can convince yourself with absolute safety. Money-back guarantee on full-sized bottle from your druggist. Or send coupon for FREE TEST PACKAGE.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2453 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name

Street

City..... State.....

CHECK COLOR OF HAIR

☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN
☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

Popular

MOVIE-LAND KEENO

The New GAME
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8 KEENO CARDS—16 STARS ON EACH.
8 LARGE MOVIE STAR PHOTOS—7x8½ in.
48 MOVIE STAR PLAYING CARDS.
Played like Lotto or Keno.
Buy from your local dealers. If not in stock, order direct from us. We pay postage.

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725 N. Main St. St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.



Moles

How to banish them

A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also Big Growths) dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

"Our Modern Maidens" was disgusting. After that statement you'll probably say: "Oh, that's some old reformer that thinks movies are a menace." You're all wrong. I'm young and I adore movies—the right kind.

I make a point of seeing Janet Gaynor's pictures and missing Clara Bow's, and why?

Janet Gaynor portrays youth as it is lived by the average girl—youth full of courage, love and ambition. Clara Bow portrays youth as the movie magnate sees it—youth full of moonshine, jazz and sex.

IMOGENE McELROY.

Good Boy, Robert!

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Being on the staff of the high school paper, I suggested a movie review column for the feature page, to balance the book review column. A hot argument ensued. Movies, it appears, are too delicate to treat in a school paper. Titles are deceiving. Few pictures are good for high school people. It is free advertising to recommend a good picture to students. Following these outbursts I went on to explain myself.

I cited how a picture like "Disraeli" should be seen by the history and dramatic departments; how the music department would enjoy "Hungarian Rhapsody" and "The Climax." I told them that all students of English, and such teachers as could bear Shakespeare without Charles and Mary Lamb Sunday School embellishments, should see "The Taming of the Shrew."

For my arguments I used PHOTOPLAY, and if I succeed in getting a column, I'll use PHOTOPLAY for my reviews.

ROBERT DOWNING.

She Lived It

Omaha, Neb.

I have read what you had to say in your review of "The Trespasser"—I mean that "the story reeks with hokum." I lived that story as my life. I wonder what the ending is for me? I wasn't a "stenog" but I married somebody's son. I wasn't honeymooning on a lake, but it was just as brief.

A father-in-law just as impossible; a quarrel just as fierce; the annulment, followed by the birth of my son; a rich but unmarried employer; his death, and a will of \$150,000.

The papers didn't get it and it's too old a story now, and I kept the money. I needed it. Then the battle for my son. I won. My son's father married again. His wife doesn't want the boy, thank God!

But, believe me, it's not hokum.

F. L.

Quick, Watson—A Movie!

Bremerton, Wash.

The movies are cultivating personal beauty as a result of the desire and effort of young women to be as beautiful as their favorite movie queens. Young men are being likewise affected by the handsome male actors.

The screen brings before young men and women selected types, as models, which they could not otherwise see or study as a group, or even as individuals.

Thus the movies are exercising an influence in developing Venuses and Adonises among our young people, just as fine statuary influenced the development of personal beauty among the Ancient Greeks.

F. J. BOYD.

How Talkies Teach

Larchmont, N. Y.

For the first time I've had the opportunity to hear the views of a highly educated foreigner on our movies, including the talkies.

A young Swedish engineer says that he studied English in schools and universities for six years, but when he tried to talk to Englishmen and Americans, he realized how little he had learned. Out of some forty-odd days in New York he has spent about two-thirds of his evenings studying the English language in the movie theaters, and now he really knows how to talk English.

MRS. KATHERINE LAFITTE.

War Films Make Pacifists

San Francisco, Calif.

The motion picture with the World War as its theme has made us pacifists, haters of warfare, because it has shown us war—taken us there in its midst. It has reached the masses as nothing else could, and has made them shudder and think as they sit, comfortable and secure, in the darkness of the theater.

RODGER ALLMAN.



Two ebony tribesmen from the depths of Equatorial Africa see their first snow, and don't care much about it. W. S. Van Dyke, center, director of "Trader Horn," shows two African actors the New York skyline in the dead of winter. The one on the left is Mutea, who plays *Renchero* in the picture, and cops the show

For Their Own Sake

Lucerne Valley, Calif.

Many prize-winning letters, I notice, have been written by religionists or moralists with an aversion to movies, who have commended a particular picture with an apparent moral. Of course, pictures with morals are very good, but it's refreshing to know that many of us love pictures and talkies for their own sakes; for the splendid entertainment they give; their superb acting; fine delineation of character whether in a drawing-room or gangster's cellar; and the sheer beauty of settings. HAZEL WRIGHT.

We're a Success!

Brookline, Mass.

I am an English girl, and was so homesick when I first came to America. You speak English, of course, but with a difference, and I felt a stranger.

My first movie two weeks after I arrived made me happy. I was at home again. "Disraeli" was wonderful, and I cried at the scene where the doors open at the reception for *Disraeli* and I saw *Queen Victoria* in the distance, and the National Anthem was played! How beautifully you Americans play our history—and with such reverence. I feel we can safely leave it in your hands.

MARY WALES.

Minding Their Pros and Cons

B. JOURDIN and S. SAWYER, two girls from Saskatoon, Canada, send word to Rudy Vallée that he can't continue to feed the ladies on "cold shoulder and swelled head and expect to find them red hot on his trail."



Tacoma, Wash.

Being a widower, father of a twenty year old boy, I can perhaps appreciate the movies more than anyone. They saved my son when the church and school failed.

For fifteen years, I've been my son's only guide. Three years ago, I thought I was a fairly good one as my son was a steady member of a church and an intelligent student at school. Imagine my horror when I woke up one morning to find he was a member of a gang that had been terrorizing the neighborhood for months with unspeakable crimes. I soon discovered how his character had degenerated under their influence.

All my efforts to reform him failed until two years ago, when I read in a stray PHOTOPLAY a letter from a woman who declared the movies kept her son off the street.

I had never taken any interest in pictures, but now as a last resource I tried them.

Three or four pictures were enough to make my son a staunch fan. In making a fan of him I became one myself and in discussing pictures and stars we learned to understand each other as we never had before. We became pals for the first time.

Now a better son and man than my boy cannot be found anywhere. I owe all this to photoplays and PHOTOPLAY.

C. C. P.

Write a letter

and win \$1000.00 in this

\$2850.00 PRIZE CONTEST

355 awards; cash prizes ranging from \$1000.00 to \$10.00

You have written bread-and-butter letters of course—dozens of them. But did any one ever offer you \$250 for writing one? The Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., creators of the prevailing fashions in stationery, will pay this amount for the best one submitted in their big letter-writing contest.

The bread-and-butter letter is easy to write. In reality, it is just a friendly expression of appreciation to a hostess who has spared no effort to make your visit a pleasant one. Then get out your paper. Details of the contest appear elsewhere on this page. But the important thing is to start now. These letters are not requested for advertising purposes.

Rules of the Contest

For the best letter of each of the three types listed below, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co. will pay \$250; second best, \$150; third best, \$100; for the next five, \$20 each; \$10 apiece for the ten following; with additional prizes of Eaton's Highland Vellum to the next 100 winners. At the end of the contest a special prize of \$750 will be awarded to the letter judged the best of all three classes, making a possible total of \$1000 which this letter may win.

TYPES OF LETTERS: 1. Love letter. 2. "Bread-and-butter" letter (a letter of appreciation to your hostess after a visit). 3. Farewell letter (a letter to a friend who is going away).

CLOSING DATE: All entries must be in the mails by midnight of May 31, 1930. Letters must be addressed to the Contest Editor, Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass. You may submit as many letters as you wish, and you may enter all three contests or any one.

IDENTIFICATION: Your full name and address must appear on the reverse side of the sheet or at the bottom of the last page.

WINNERS: The winners will be announced through the columns of this magazine. In case of a tie for any award, the full amount of the award will be given to each of the tying contestants. No manuscripts can be returned. The decision of the jury is final. The letters will be judged solely on *what you say*.

FINAL JUDGES: Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*; Fannie Hurst, famous short story writer; Emily Post, authority on social usage.

1 1 1

Eaton's Highland Linen assures you of unusual quality in writing paper. It has been used for a quarter of a century by the women of taste in America. It is made in so many styles that you may even find it hard to choose. And the prices range from 50 cents to whatever you wish to pay. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its velvet-like surface, is offered in white and six delightful tints. It is supremely smart, expressing today's vogue, yet reasonable in price. 50 cents to \$3.50, wherever the famous Eaton's Highland Linen is sold. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Massachusetts.



EATON'S

HIGHLAND VELLUM

HIGHLAND LINEN



GROW— Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually* grow. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No “ifs,” “ands,” or “maybes.” It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Heffefinger, 240 W. “B” St., Carlisle, Pa.: “I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear.” From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminister Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: “I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now.” From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: “Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous.” From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: “I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful.” From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: “I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious.”

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price \$1.95. Later the price will be regularly \$5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG.

663 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

Price C. O. D. is \$1.95 plus few cents postage.

If money sent with order price is \$1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D. _____

Name _____

St. Address _____

City _____ State _____

GLADIE, of St. Louis, Mo., sent in such a rave about “Rio Rita” that if we hadn’t received many others like it we’d have suspected her of drawing a stipend from the producers.

“I think the movies help develop a sense of humor in a child, and after all, what is life without a sense of humor?” asks MRS. L. DEERING, of Oakland, Calif.

From Tacoma, Wash., MAREE BERRY writes in to say that while touring Europe last summer she found the movie audiences very appreciative, and that absolute silence reigns while a picture is being shown. Would it were so here!

The Edward Nugent Fan Club, per its president, HELEN DONOVAN, of Hamilton, Canada, asks for better rôles for Eddie.

GIOVANNA DE CICCIO, of Baltimore, Md., would like to see Lillian Gish play a vamp for a change. Wonder how Giovanna will like La Gish’s first talkie, “The Swan.”

FRANCES THROWER, of Hendersonville, N. C., offers a bouquet to the talkies for bringing the players of the legitimate stage to the screen. “It may be arsenic to theatrical producers,” says Frances, “but it is ice cream soda to us who have never been to New York.”

A group of high school girls in Hudson, N. Y., headed by HELEN FITCH, send in a pouting protest because so many handsome screen actors are spoiling their good looks by raising mustaches.

Down in San Antonio, Tex., MRS. ELOISE FEAGIN is eating her heart out over George Bancroft. “He is the first actor I have seen in ages who could make a woman’s heart beat faster and win admiration from a man, all in one picture,” enthuses Mrs. Feagin.

H. B. KOLBURN, of Ardmore, Okla., says that Doug and Mary have interpreted “The Taming of the Shrew” as the Bard meant it—“as rollicking, hilarious farce and nothing else.”

Bessie Love, according to MRS. HARRY LUCERO, of San Diego, Calif., has the champion “All-American Voice.” No frills or furbelows blockading Bessie’s larynx.

From LEILA WILLIFORD, of Fort Worth, Tex., comes a complaint that has been seconded by others. She says: “Audible weeping, as heard from the sound screen, instead of impressing the listener with the heightened pathos of the drama, tends rather to produce in him a sense of irritation and discomfort.”

MRS. DOROTHY DOUGLAS, of Buffalo, N. Y., wants to see opera on the screen. “Now with sound and all the beautiful Technicolor effects possible, every child in our land should know and love all the operas and their wonderful music. I would want to see them many times myself.”

A wisecracking bouquet from JACQUELINE DUMAS, of Marshfield, Wis.: “In the talkies we have talking, singing and music all for the price that we once paid for a silent picture. Now, say, isn’t that a break for the Scotch?”

A True Story of an African Nightmare

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

“But I shall never forget the lion experience. Mumu, the native gun bearer, Mr. Waller, in charge of the expedition, and a white hunter and I went to hunt.

“We crawled for hours through the brush, hoping to find the animals, and then, suddenly, Mumu whispered, ‘Stop!’

“We were entirely surrounded by lions. We lay flat on the ground waiting for them to spring. But they didn’t spring. It was hours later that I shot one.

“THE lion struggled for a moment and then fell limp on the ground. I ran over to it, delighted with my first experience as a hunter, and just as I got within a few feet, the beast jumped to his feet, uttered the most fantastic cry I have every heard and then fell dead.

“But I wasn’t frightened. I don’t know why. I wasn’t at all frightened in Africa. I seemed so close to the very root of everything. It seemed as if nothing could touch me, or if it did it wouldn’t matter. I was a part of all that went on around me. I felt Africa!

“One night I had heard the tom-toms beating until I thought I would go mad. Ceaseless, as if they had been beating since before the world began and would go on forever. I felt strange and savage. I jumped out of bed and began to dance. I can’t make you understand about it. I can’t make anybody understand Africa who hasn’t been there. That is why I feel so strange being back. - That’s why Africa is the only reality.”

The pale gold hair spread itself out against the pillow. There was something infinite in her eyes. An ordinary little girl snatched up by the gods of the cinema and thrown headlong into such experiences.

Two men who started out with the company came back after the first month. But Edwina, flower-like and beautiful, weathered and became a part of Africa.

And hers was the most difficult rôle of all. The men might wear pith helmets and spine

pads to protect them from the stark glare of the sun, but as the goddess, Edwina did her scenes in a wisp of a costume and without head covering.

Twice she had sun-stroke. Once she was a victim of malaria. Her mother sat at home and prayed that she might be well.

The two, mother and daughter, had promised that they would write the exact truth to each other, but when Edwina was ill she wrote that she was fine and when her father was not well, her mother told her that everything was all right at home.

Her mother had remembered an old saying that the things you don’t worry about are the things that happen, so every night she checked over a long list of worries—fear of illness, fear of jungle beasts, fear that the natives would kidnap her child.

BUT the natives were Edwina’s friends. Her particular boy, Jacob, who was a Christian and had been given the Biblical name by the missionaries, adored her and was her devoted slave after the uprising when she saved him from a severe sentence by proving an alibi for him. The native women, fascinated by her blonde hair, stood about her in a circle and imitated her every gesture when she put on make-up. Like monkeys, they held out their hands for powder, and she put a little pat in each black hand. They were delighted.

Edwina Booth stood the trip bravely. Beset by every danger, subject to every illness. She is back now. The picture is finished. Her job is done. Africa is a dark chapter in her life and the powers that be at the studios are satisfied with the film, “Trader Horn.”

And Edwina must now adjust herself to the business of a commonplace life. Books are dull—what excitement is there in a printed page after what she has seen? Plays are but the silly gestures of actors against a painted background. Edwina has seen the roots of life—what is there left for her now?

Questions & Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

C. ERICSON, CHICAGO, ILL.—Kansas City, Kans., claims young David Rollins. He's twenty years old and five feet, ten and a half inches tall. David's ancestors were English, Irish and Spanish, which accounts for a lot.

N. M., TORONTO, CANADA.—You're right—Norma Talmadge once made a picture called "The Eternal Flame." Joseph Burke, Chrystine Mayo, Paula Shay and Jack Clarke played in "A Fool's Paradise." You go in for old timers, Canada. Coming up to date, Bill Haines is twenty-nine years old, six feet tall, and has black hair and brown eyes.

W. H., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—"The Time, The Place and the Girl" is Gertrude Olmsted's latest picture. Gertrude was the ingénue in "Cobra," but Nita Naldi had the lead opposite Valentino.

M. A., TAMPA, FLA.—Both statements are correct, strangely enough. Emil Jannings was born in Brooklyn, but his parents were German and took him back to the Fatherland when he was a year old so he could become a German star. He was brought up and educated in Germany. Virginia Valli was born in Chicago, Ill. She is divorced from Demarest Lamson and is seen frequently now with Charles Farrell.

AUBREA SMITH, CEDARHURST, N. Y.—Right you are—Dolores Del Rio played *Paulette Goddard* in "High Steppers." The blonde in "The White Monkey" was Flora LeBreton. (No cracks about hers being the title rôle, if you please.)

MARJORIE GIREAUX, CHICAGO, ILL.—The piece played on the violin by Betty Compson in "Street Girl" is called "My Dream Memory." It seems to have made a hit with the fans.

"PERCIVAL BRYAN," HAYS, KANS.—Don't know why you tack a name like that on yourself when you don't have to! Virginia Lee Corbin is on her honeymoon at present. Fay Compton was the blonde in "Fashions in Love." Gary Cooper is engaged to the sprightly Miss Velez who does enough talking for both. Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Mo., twenty-six years ago. He attended La Salle College in New York City.

K. J. L., WESTON, W. VA.—John Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis., June 11, 1899. He is six feet, two and a half inches tall, weighs 185 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Besides "The College Coquette" he has played in "The Secret Studio," "She Goes to War" and "Black Magic."

M. T. SPENCER, OTTAWA, CANADA.—Gloria Swanson has had three husbands to date. She divorced Wallace Beery in 1918 and in 1919 married Herbert K. Sornborn by whom she had a daughter, Gloria. In 1923 she was divorced from Sornborn and in 1925 married Marquis James Henri de Falaise et de la Coudray—better known as "Hank."

D. W., BALTIMORE, MD.—First National is a subsidiary of Warners, having been purchased by Warner Brothers in 1927—hence "First National Vitaphone Pictures" is perfectly correct. Kathryn and Joan Crawford are not related, nor are Jobyna and Esther Ralston. Neither are all the Smiths in the world.

G. G., ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.—Sorry, but Dick Arlen tells us he was born in Charlottesville, Va., and not in your home town. His wife, Jobyna Ralston, was born in Tennessee. Maurice Chevalier is thirty-seven years old.



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KATHERINE CLARK, TOPEKA, KANS.—Billie Dove married Irvin Willat, Oct. 27, 1923. Lloyd Hughes was born Oct. 21, 1897, and is married to Gloria Hope. Remember her in pictures? Leila Hyams played opposite Bill Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and Mary Nolan opposite Jack Gilbert in "Desert Nights." Clive Brook's children are named Faith and Clive, Jr.

J. L. K., GLEN ELLYN, ILL.—Harry Myers was the Yankee in the silent version of Mark Twain's "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." He was good, too. There's been talk of making a dialogue version with Will Rogers in the title rôle, which ought to be something to look forward to.

MELL HARRISON, NASHVILLE, TENN.—You ought to get a typewriter, Mell—your handwriting is brutal. Jean Arthur was born in Plattsburg, N. Y., not so very long ago. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 106 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. She used to pour coffee for Julian Ancker, but they're divorced now and he has to pour his own.

VIRGINIA LYONS, BRECKENRIDGE, TEX.—You're right, Virginia—but so are we. Ya-ah! Two versions of the "Virginian" were made in 1923, one with the cast as you listed it, headed by Kenneth Harlan and Florence Vidor, and another featuring Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston. The newest talkie version stars Gary Cooper and Mary Brian.

PAT NORTON, DELAVAN, WIS. — Grant Withers is divorced from his first wife and is at present engaged to pretty Loretta Young. His next picture is "In the Headlines." Wally Albright, Jr. played Greta Garbo's son in "The Single Standard."

ELIZABETH SALLEY, ORANGEBURG, S. C.—I'll do the best I can by you, Elizabeth. John Boles is thirty years old. Ramon Novarro is five feet, ten inches tall and has dark brown hair and eyes. His next is "The House of Troy." Glenn Tryon did his own singing and dancing in "Broadway"; he used to be in musical comedy. Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Wallace Beery, Billie Dove, and Hoot Gibson are licensed air pilots.

NAOMI C. WEBB, NEW YORK CITY.—Right—it was Frederic March who played opposite the late Jeanne Eagels in "Jealousy." Ethel Clayton is thirty-nine years old and is still married to Ian Keith. Gladys Brockwell's last picture was "The Drake Case."

J. JACK DIETHER, VANCOUVER, B. C.—Alice White is five feet, and was born in Paterson, N. J. Neil Hamilton is one foot taller and comes from Lynn, Mass., which is also famous for shoes. Neil's latest picture is "Darkened Rooms" with Evelyn Brent. Jean Arthur is divorced from Julian Ancker.

JULIA DAVIS, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—Stanley Smith caused such a sensation among the lady fans that he has to have the lead in Nancy Carroll's next picture, "Honey." Richard Arlen will next be seen in "Burning Up." The rôle of *Edward Albert Price* in "Salute" was played by Frank Albertson.

GILBERT HOLLIS, KOUTS, IND.—It's a positive joy to get some questions about directors for a change. "Desert Gold" was megaphoned by George B. Seitz. "Toilers of the Sea" was a Selznick production and "Richard the Lion-Hearted" was produced by a company which had the impressive names—Associated Authors—Allied Producers.

HILA M. BUELL, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Ray Hallor played *Dave Carstairs* in "Noisy Neighbors." James Hall did his own vocalizing in "Smiling Irish Eyes." James Bradbury, Jr., was *Slim* in "Cheyenne," and Gladys McConnell was the girl in the same picture.

How the Movies Learned to Talk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

actually, but the compelling interest of the genius mind in pure science.

Unfortunately for romance, it wasn't any one man who mastered the principles of amplification. Even the Bell people themselves don't know where one man's findings ended and the others began. They only know that gradually they got the answer.

They put the principle to work, first, in distance phone calling, across cities, across counties, across countries and finally across oceans. Then they evolved radio. Then they hooked that up to sending photographs by telephone.

They started on refinements. They would take a speech and broadcast it either across a continent or merely across a room. When they finally had sound where they could either make it yell or whisper, as they wished, the Bell Laboratories washed their hands of it and turned to other discoveries.

THEY handed their sound discoveries out to the Western Electric Company to merchandise.

That left the Big Three line-up of theirs thus: The Bell Telephone Laboratories, discoverers; the Western Electric Company, merchandisers; the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the parent company of it all.

That Big Three approached the movie magnates. They presented their proposition. The movie magnates laughed at them. They were much too secure to try anything new.

There was one of the smaller movie companies that wasn't too secure. In fact, it was



St. Louis, Mo.

It is just three years since I lost my little girl. That seemed to be the end of the world for me. I just couldn't see any reason for continuing to live. Everything seemed so useless. What was the use of ambition, striving, if the dearest thing in one's life was snatched away.

My husband did everything possible to comfort me and to conceal from me his own suffering, but I wouldn't be comforted. As time passed the ache dulled but very little. My mind was too preoccupied with death and sorrow.

The talkies came to the fore then, and my husband, wishing to take my mind off my grief, insisted on taking me to see them. Almost from the start and much against my will, I became interested in them. I was astounded at the remarkable voices of my old favorite silent stars. Such pictures as "In Old Arizona" and "Broadway Melody" made of me a staunch supporter of the new entertainment. Little by little my brooding spells of heart-sickness left me, and I began to take a fresh interest in life. Now, after seeing "Rio Rita," I feel like telling the world that the talkies are the greatest form of entertainment known.

Anna Kennedy



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almost down and out. It had started with the "Warner Classics of the Screen" but for reasons too long to go into here, most of those hadn't clicked.

When people have little to lose and much to gain, they often gamble. The Warner Brothers gambled. They looked and listened to Western Electric's findings and they liked what they heard and saw. They bought the rights to the first sound recording device—which they called the Vitaphone. They bought not only reproduction rights but selling rights, and in 1926 put out the first picture with sound synchronization. That was Barrymore's "Don Juan." Looking back, you would have thought that sound synchronization would have caused a furor in the movie business. The truth is that it didn't cause a ripple.

After "Don Juan" passed into whatever heaven old films visit when they die, Warners released a bunch of short subjects. Martinelli and Marion Talley sang from the screen. Orchestras, jazz and classic, played. Still nobody in the industry paid any attention.

EVEN two years later, in July, 1928, when "Lights of New York," the first All Talkie was released, the film industry still laughed. What a wow, those talking pictures, they said. Quaint producers, those Warners, thinking they had a marvelous thing with their fool Vitaphone. It was all a joke—until the box office statements began coming in.

The box office statements showed that the public adored sound pictures; that it absorbed every bit of them it could get. Scratch a box-office and you find a producer's heart. That's nature. Suddenly every producer and every theater was in a mad scramble—the producers for sound recording devices and the theaters for wiring equipment.

There was all sorts of work at the double crossroads. Fox outsmarted everyone else by working with an inventor called Case to perfect a process it called Movietone. This differed from Vitaphone in that it recorded sound directly on the film instead of on a disc. Case sold his patents to Western Electric so that Movietone became a Western Electric Product. That was all on the up and up, of course, but there were funny tricks like the classic case of a certain company borrowing a sound truck, supposedly to test a voice, and holding it long enough to slap a couple of terrible talkers together.

Everybody began sticking sound in films by every possible means and twenty thousand theater owners throughout the country went mad trying to get equipment. Western Electric was just as snowed under as every one else. It was physically capable of handling several hundreds of installations yearly—but orders were reaching it by the tens of thousands.

Right in the midst of this mess Al Jolson made "The Jazz Singer" and forthwith the old silent screen expired with a sigh. It was like the horse in the presence of the first automobile, or of the oil lamp beside the first electric bulb. You could be sentimental about it, but with half an eye you could see that one put the other completely out of business. It was the old process of evolution. There wasn't any possible basis of comparison between the two.

FOR the next year the whole movie world was a nightmare. Sound films, good, bad and indifferent—but most of them bad—poured forth. Warners held their lead for a while. Fox made a big step forward by putting sound into the newsreels. Paramount turned over and went to work, making "The Doctor's Secret" and other films that had quality as well as noise. Elocution teachers flooded Hollywood and stars gargled sibilant syllables.

By the summer of 1928 Western Electric announced the completion of one thousand theater installations in America and promised new ones at the rate of two hundred fifty a month. By April of 1929 there were 1,680 Western Electric installations in America and nearly a thousand abroad. England and Australia were the largest users, but installation

crews were working feverishly in such far-flung corners as the Argentine, Brazil, Columbia, Cuba, New Zealand, France, Germany, India, Japan and Alaska.

Naturally in a gold mine like that, you were bound to find the racketeers. Theaters flim-flammed by putting old phonographs behind the screen and using other devices. Mushroom electrical companies without the necessary research background, engineering facilities or financial resources to assure their permanent place in the industry, tried bootlegging equipment to exhibitors driven desperate by seeing the trade move to the house that was wired. Patent infringements popped forth. And right about this time Mr. and Mrs. Public, after the habit they have, got choosy about what was served them and refused to go see any old thing that was offered them as a talkie. Mr. and Mrs. Public began demanding quality, good acting, convincing stories, better voices, finer projection and generally better everything.

THUS Western Electric, which had meant all the time to stay outside and remain purely scientific, had to get into the movie business itself. It didn't like its equipment being sold along with films. It wanted it to go by itself. It did want to see that projection and sound reproduction improved in the theaters and it did want to keep out the bootleggers.

The result of all this is a completely new deal on all the movie lots. With the characteristic of the scientific mind, the electric company has been looking into everything. Take a mere detail like the screens themselves. The reason the first talkies seemed to be lighted so badly wasn't alone due to the fact that Kleigs weren't used. Some of it was due to the actual material of the screen, which had to be changed in order to let the sound get through. They started projecting talkies against a kind of dull, meshed material. The result was awful. Now, after much research, they have evolved a screen made of something that looks very much like a ritzy porous plaster made of oilcloth. It is fire-proof, sound conducting, and also highlighted to make the pictures appear more brilliant.

It is just such things as this that make the union of this scientific mind with the emotional, romantic Hollywood mind promise such grand things. No less an authority than Arthur Bodansky, the distinguished, reserved conductor of the Metropolitan Opera, has said, "All of a sudden, out of these sound movies, will grow something very great."

And now to answer the questions about Jack Gilbert's voice and such. That's all science, too, and mighty wonderful. Science can prove, forever and always, that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. Sound travels at the rate of a mere 1,000 miles per second. Synchronizing them, then, becomes a mere problem in arithmetic. Yet it remained for the human mind to do this. Nature is just sloppy about it and doesn't care a hang. She creates the clap of thunder at exactly the same second she shows the flash of lightning. Yet we see lightning exactly 186 times faster than we hear the thunder. Simple?

SCIENCE can also prove the vibrations, not only of the human voice, but of every musical instrument and of every sound the ear can hear and a lot it can't. And it knows the average female voice is just an octave—that is, eight notes—above the male voice. It knows, likewise, that the bass voice has the greatest auditory range; the tenor next; then the contralto; then the soprano. This makes male voices easier to reproduce than female voices and bass voices better than tenors and contraltos better than sopranos. Yet, just to be contrary, the greatest personality voices are those of tenors and sopranos.

Similarly, anything that is contrary to nature seems funny to us. And that, exactly, is why Jack Gilbert's voice, which is several tones higher than most men's, sounds not heroic but humorous when we hear it.

So there you have it. It's pretty tough on the Gilbert but it's all for the love of the Mike.

"Sheila in Person"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

silently out to Culver City for eighty cents worth of gasoline.

She found Stupefaction's president cantering worriedly up and down the private office.

"What's the matter, Abe?" tinkled Sheila, brightly. "You look worried. Laugh it off!"

Mr. Zoop eyed her morosely. "Even a giggle would choke me," he groaned. "I've got to slip you some information. Listen, baby, ain't you wondered why I let you lay off so long?"

"Why, to give me a rest, I thought. Look how my arms are mellowed by the sun. I'm the same all over, too."

"I believe you," said Abe hastily. "'Stoo bad your voice ain't likewise." He crouched in readiness to dodge a blow.

"MY voice," repeated Sheila, raising that weapon an octave and a half. "W—why, Abe, it's all right, isn't it? I've made three talkies already."

"The new name is phonoplay," reminded Mr. Zoop, "with the accent on the *phony* in your case. O'Shaughnessy, I hate to say it, but in all them pictures you sounded like your old man had been the original ballyhoover for Florida."

"First I've heard of it," said Sheila, commencing to boil. "How come some of your swivel chair supervisors haven't wised me up?"

"Because," chirped Abe, "we didn't know much about talkies when we began making them. Blotts Brothers pulled the trick on us when we weren't looking, and we all fell in behind like also-rans. We used our own people first, because their faces meant money, and if they didn't sound so dulcet we blamed it on the machines."

"But the old gang is still working—Rosie, Carlos, Brenda and—"

"I know," nodded the president, "but they're all improved enough to trade language with them Broadway gaspers we had to import. All but you, O'Shaughnessy. Y'see, the recording has got so slick we can't blame the machines no more."

Mr. Zoop opened the door, and slipped an arm through hers. "It's too soon to snuffle," he advised, noting the symptoms. "Come on, baby, we'll go to the new recording room and you can toss a few vowels at the mike."

They crossed several lots and entered a square building consisting of one large room and basement. This was the newest bull pen, built for the sinister business of tryouts, and once inside its thick walls, interlined with cork and powdered gypsum, the effect was of being in a hushed world. A single microphone hung lanternlike from the ceiling; a single reel-enclosed camera trained toward it like a piece of artillery; the monitor's glass-fronted cubbyhole nestled in a corner.

"GOOD morning," said the expert, springing to attention. "What's your pleasure, Mr. Zoop?"

"My pleasure would be for the six Blotts Brothers to die insolvent," growled the president, "but what I want is another test for Miss O'Shaughnessy. Voice only, y'understand."

"Go right ahead," encouraged the expert. "Talk naturally, relax, and you don't need to skip words beginning with 'S.' The machine has no trouble like that any more."

Sheila dusted her nose from force of habit, and tried to conquer the dread that chilled her. For twenty minutes she spoke into the black-lacquered throat that dangled so innocently before her.

The monitor man, poker-faced, spoke to the cellar through the transmitter strapped to his chest. "Playback, please," he said briefly, and in another moment what seemed to be a parody of Sheila's pleasant voice was issuing from a

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loud speaker. The tones were blurred and an undercurrent of stridency overbalanced their original charm. Sheila glanced nervously at her employer.

"That would have got by six months ago," croaked Abe, "but—, well, you see how it is, baby."

"I'm sorry," interposed the monitor man, "but you have what is coming to be known as a non-microphone voice, and no amount of practice would help it, though it would be impossible to tell you exactly why. There are so many delicate vibrations in every human voice that the ear can't catch them all. But the mike does, because it's really just a super-ear. Your voice has resonance, but it's magnified into dissonance."

"It ain't your fault," consoled Mr. Zoop. "Lots of pips don't screen well, and now it's the same principle with voices."

"I can't realize it," sobbed Sheila, as they walked back to the Zoop sanctuary. "Oh, Abe, here I'm only twenty-two, and my life is over!"

"I felt identical when Mamma's first noodles were tough like shoelaces," grinned the president. "Honest, O'Shaughnessy, I got more up my sleeve than my arms, so dry them tears."

"You mean you'll let me finish out my contract, and not go prowling through the small print for those sneaky *whereases*?"

"YOU'RE entitled to a break. Your contract has seven months to run. Well, I'll let you bow out the easiest way for anyone who's slipping—a tour of the country making personal appearances."

"But I can't sing or dance enough to get by."

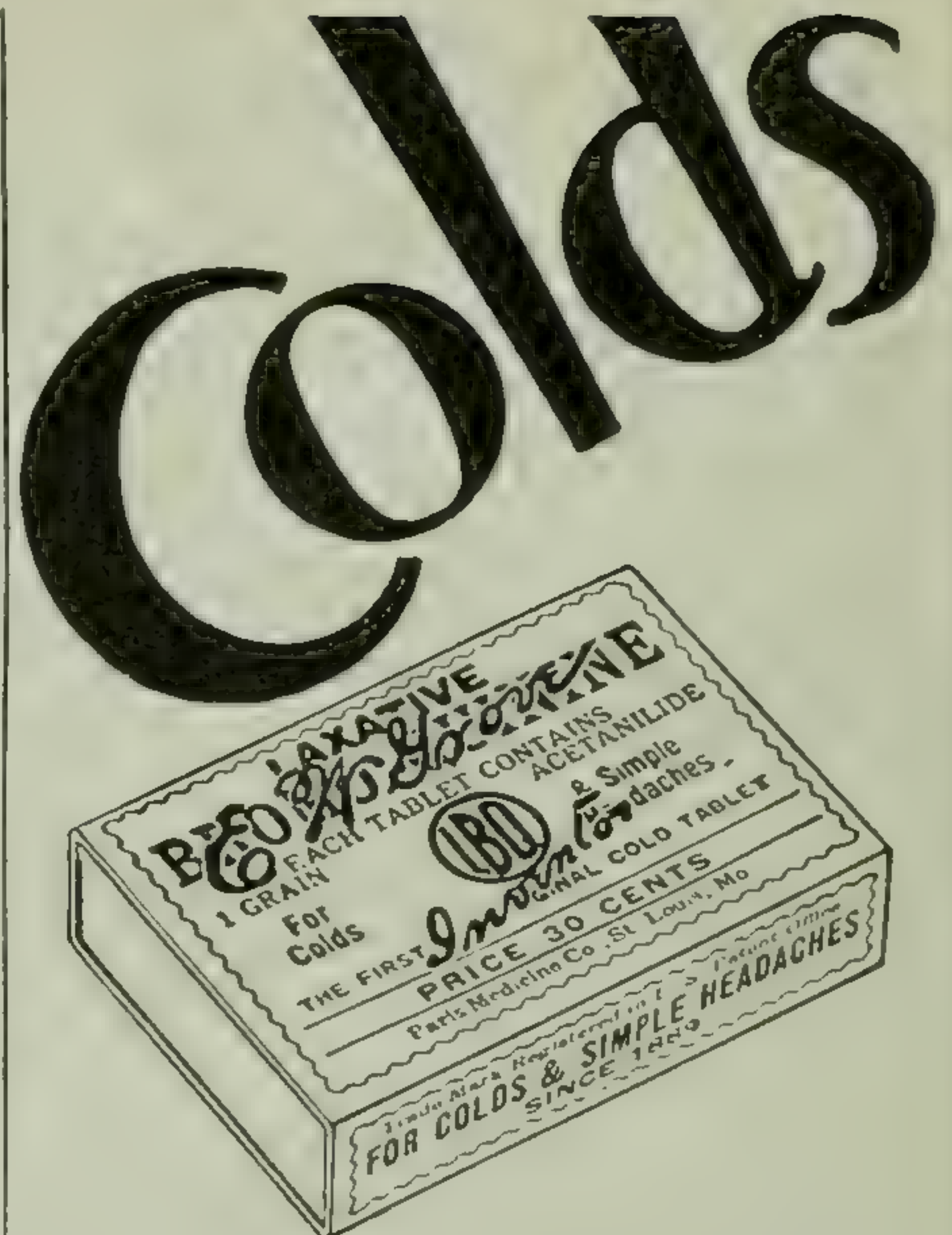
"Thanks to Moses you realize it," beamed Abe. "None of Stupefaction's old standbys are going to gouge the public that way. Now, listen: I control the string of Complex Theaters, and you'll make a tour as star of the best stage unit we've got. I'll see you're billed like a circus."

"Travel!" shrilled Miss O'Shaughnessy, excited at realizing the desire of every screen player. "I'd love it. But what will I do?"

"The slogan will be *Shake Hands With Sheila*," pursued Mr. Zoop. "Your cue is to be



Herr Wilhelm von Bakewell—otherwise Billy Bakewell—as he appears as little *Albert Kropp* in the Universal film version of the best-selling novel, "All Quiet on the Western Front"



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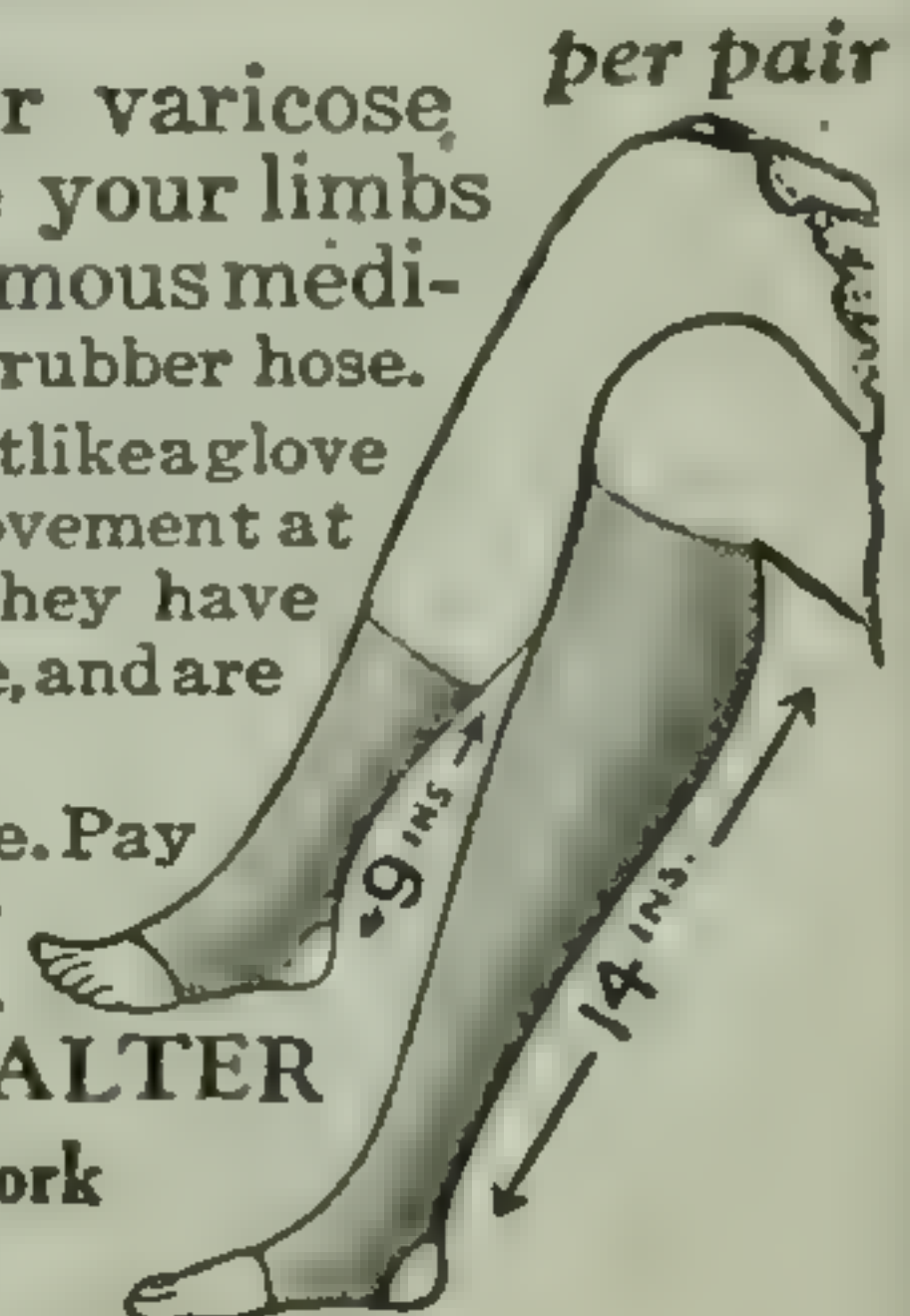
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clubby, see? We ain't advertised you as 'America's Girl Friend' for nothing. Out comes prancing the unit, and after a while you'll be discovered in an Easter egg or maybe a bale of cotton, and you'll walk to the footlights all sweet and girlish, and say, 'Thanks from the heart for your gorgeous welcome. You've seen my clever company, and it would ill behoove me to imitate them, so I'm just going to tell you all about Hollywood,' and then you let loose a line of gab I'll have written for you."

"A monologue?" said Sheila, doubtfully. "That's not so easy. A girl could die standing up if she happened to strike a dumb audience."

"Since when am I a mental midget?" inquired Abe. "Wait for the blowoff, baby. I got a system that will make your exit a riot. You go down into the aisles and work your way up one and down the other, shaking hands with what is known as all and sundry. 'I simply got to greet my fans in Providence,' you say, or wherever it may be."

"You're a prince," said the little actress. "It's a better finish than to be pitied around here because you're idle."

Mr. Zoop regarded her paternally. "A tip I'll give you. Grab yourself a husband!"

The cloudy image of J. Pennypacker Mawlings, 4th, sifted through Sheila's mind, and she nodded without enthusiasm. "Maybe I will," she said, slowly.

"It don't have to be forever," urged the practical Abe. "Just trap one of these rich playboys that are always underfoot around here. They're all generous at the start, but when he won't give up like a gentleman no more, you can always get some judge to soak him for mental cruelty. True love or the talkies—look, I'm laughing!"

THE green Verdugo Hills were being painted with the dying glories of sunset, ranging from rose to smoky orange, then quickly dulled to slate. Dusk spread its shawl across the world, fragrant, cool, and apparently eager to cloak the manifold blemishes of J. Pennypacker Mawlings, 4th, who reposed on the nape of his neck behind the wheel of his gleaming roadster.

"Packy, dear," cooed Miss O'Shaughnessy, snuggling closer. "Let's go back to Beverly Hills now. Isn't it fun to have a cosy bungalow waiting at the end of the day?"

"How do I know?" snorted Mr. Mawlings with bitterness. "The blooming family won't let me come home until they're through entertaining some plaintive Siberian who used to be a baron. Unfeeling, I call it, what?"

"But, Packy dear, why don't you establish a home of your own?"

"Wouldn't know what to do with it," said Mr. Mawlings, after pondering the subject for half a mile. "Terrible nuisance for a free soul to be saddled with."

"But just suppose you had a nice little wife. The Mawlings name must be perpetuated, you know."

"A wife!" bawled the matrimonial target, peering suspiciously at his companion. "I say, are you hinting at marrying me, and all that?"

"Of course not," dissembled Sheila, registering horror. "I was only making a suggestion. I think you like me a little, but I wouldn't presume to think you'd propose—at least, not yet."

"Glad to hear it," said Mr. Mawlings, relapsing into his customary stupor, "because I haven't the faintest idea of doing any such thing. In fact, the six weeks are almost up."

Miss O'Shaughnessy stiffened. "What are you talking about?"

"SIX weeks is absolutely the ultimate limit I can stand anyone," bleated Packy. "You're a good sport, Sheila, but we adventurers crave change. It gives me a kick to be seen tottering about with a movie star, but you don't seem to be making so many films these days, and consequently I don't notice so many envious stares. However, I shall go delving around for several years yet, after which I probably shall marry some frigid Philadelphian and settle

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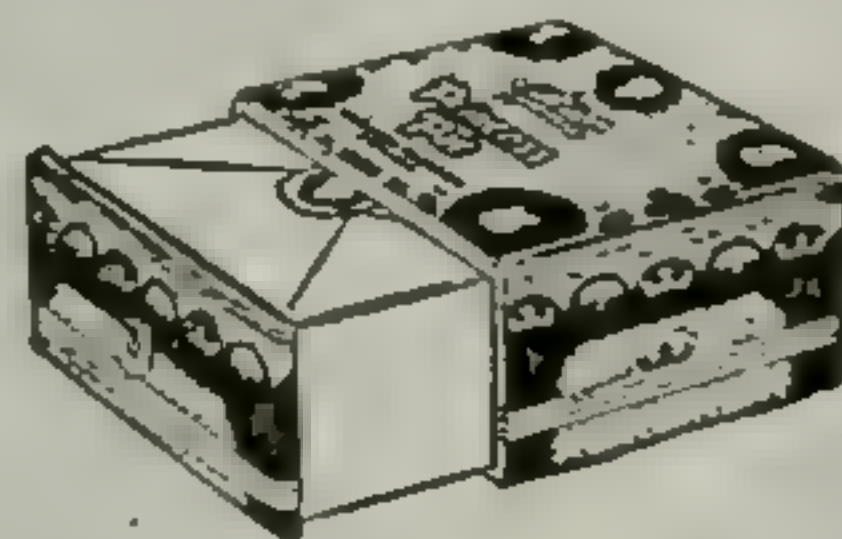
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down to having trouble with my reflexes. All my kind do."

Miss O'Shaughnessy submerged in a lake of theatrical tears. "So you took me out only because I'm famous," she sobbed. "Oh, Packy, to think you'd trifle like that!"

"It's even up," said the fourth Mawlings, with the candor that distinguishes both the truly great and the feeble-minded. "A chorus girl once told me that I looked like a fish. Perhaps she was right. Do you mean to say you'd be seen with me if I wasn't a Mawlings, or something similar?"

Sheila took refuge in wounded dignity. "Step on the gas, you silly looking zebra," she flashed. "You—you'll be sorry when I'm far away in the Complex Theaters, making a national tour."

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" enthused J. Pennypacker, relief spreading across his features. "Let's part friends. When do you leave? Monday? Well, I'll drive you to the train and bury you with half the orchids in Los Angeles, plus a list of good addresses. And that," said Mr. Mawlings, as he swerved recklessly in at the O'Shaughnessy driveway, "should make an honest woman of you."

THE departure of the sidetracked Sheila was surrounded by a sufficient amount of ballyhoo to conceal the actual reason. Flashlights boomed in the Southern Pacific depot and farewells were whispered by a galaxy of stars apprehensive as to where the lightning would strike next.

Miss O'Shaughnessy, actress enough to enter into the spurious gaiety, climbed bravely aboard The Lark as it headed for San Francisco, waved a tear moistened handkerchief and then retired to the stateroom to weep a bit into J. Pennypacker's orchids. The donor himself had failed to show up, the deduction being that he was restrained by his newest six-weeks sorceress.

San Francisco with its gustatory delights . . . Oakland and its collegiate hordes . . . Seattle. Sheila settled down to a routine of enthusiastic crowds, testimonial dinners, posing with public officials, and wrestling with nervous indigestion.

The canker of vanity had never eaten very deeply into the little ex-usher, and twice a day, with a growing sense of enjoyment, she faced a welcoming audience. The naïveté of their questions amused her. Did Carlos beat his wife? Was it true that Brenda Berkeley smoked opium? Did Hubert Mountstephen really have pink ribbons on his B.V.D.'s? She answered them all with the insouciance of an intellectual, but adorned by considerably more sex appeal.

Leaving Seattle on the long jump to Minneapolis, she found herself absorbed by one thought. She must see Andy, if only for the five minutes during which the limited laid over at Castle Butte. She wired ahead from Spokane, and twenty-four hours later jumped off at the familiar depot, searching for his homely face. The station agent came running forward.

"I got your telegram for Andy," he told her, "but he hasn't been here for two years, or better. Went down to Cheyenne, I think, to run a small theater. Gosh, Sheila, you're prettier than ever! How does it feel to be famous?"

"YOU'D be surprised," said Miss O'Shaughnessy dully, as her secretary yanked her aboard the moving train.

The Twin Cities, homes of a thousand unsung Garbos . . . Milwaukee and the Green Onion Club . . . two hectic weeks in Chicago, wondering why the Field Museum wasn't known as the best show in town . . . Detroit and a daily stroll through the pheasant haunted paths on Belle Isle . . . Cleveland. Sheila shook hands with thousands in the garish Complex Theaters, whose mammoth signs blazoned her name in two-foot letters.



A couple of old plainsmen meet on the Fox lot and talk it all over. Need we add that they are Will Rogers, now a Fox star, and Tom Mix, who has deserted screen horse opera to travel with the circus?

"I am making this tour by special request of Stupefaction Pictures—and you," she told her audiences every Saturday night. "And if the contact has pleased you only one-half as much as me, then I'm satisfied. Goodby, everybody. Be sure to call on me whenever you come to Hollywood." A stilted sort of speech, yet Sheila managed to give it sincerity, hiding the hopelessness within her when she extended the invitation to visit the studios.

WASHINGTON . . . Pittsburgh . . . an airplane hop to Saint Louis and a crowd of worshippers at Lambert Field . . . another leap to Kansas City . . . Omaha on a bitter winter's morning.

Sheila stood at the windows of her suite at the *Fontenelle*, gazing out upon the silent, snow-bound prairies that encircled the city, and she shivered involuntarily. California would be a riot of color just now, the desert would be in bloom; and yet there was a sense of coziness here.

"Some town!" rasped the secretary, entering her room before the matinée. "A couple of scared subordinates to welcome us, that's all."

"I rather like this place," said Sheila. "Anyhow, you must expect a certain amount of shyness if they think we're as great as the publicity says we are."

The matinée went smoothly, and Sheila walked daintily into the audience and moved slowly up the aisle, flanked by a pair of stalwart ushers who restrained the souvenir hunters from ripping her dress. As she reached the shadow of the balcony a tall, dapper figure rose from an aisle seat.

"H—hello, honey," it said, half fearfully.

"Andy!" cried Miss O'Shaughnessy amazedly. "Andy Dent, come here to me!" Tossing dignity aside, she pulled down his head and kissed him.

Mr. Dent crimsoned. "Don't forget your audience," he reminded.

"They can wait. Oh, Andy, I'm so happy!"

"No, they can't wait," said Andy. "A big star like you is why they've packed my theater. You see, Sheila, I—I'm manager here, and when I heard you were coming I was too rattled to get up nerve to meet you."

"Then hurry around to my dressing room," breathed Sheila, continuing her parade.

Later, Mr. Dent draped his immaculate self on a chair, while the old adoration shone in his brown eyes. "Being famous hasn't changed you a bit," he said joyfully. "You don't look a day older—only wiser."

"I'm back where I started," smiled Sheila ruefully. "Still galloping up and down the aisles." She noticed in one sweep the well-tailored suit, the quiet tie, the trim oxfords. "Andy," she said, a little breathlessly. "You're not married?"

"No, I'm not. Why?"

"You look taken care of, somehow. So ne—, well—"

"SAY it," grinned Mr. Dent. "Neat, eh? That's success, honey, but it's still me inside the clothes."

"And you haven't forgotten me?" asked Sheila, trying to overlay her earnestness with a bantering air.

Mr. Dent's breathing sounded like a steam shovel. "I've been driving past a new house out by the Happy Hollow Country Club every day, thinking how nice you'd look in it," he blurted. "That's how much I've forgotten. It won't do any damage to tell you that now, after a million newspapers have printed pictures of you with dozens of men."

"Don't you know publicity when you see it?" laughed Miss O'Shaughnessy. "I want to see that house tomorrow morning."

Two days later she had appraised twenty thousand dollars worth of brick and stucco. By Thursday they were back on the old friendly Montana basis, and Sheila realized with a feeling of panic that Andy's kisses revealed improved technique. How lucky that some designing female hadn't grabbed him! And so, having decided that she wanted him above

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anything else, she faced him in his office after Saturday matinée.

"This time tomorrow I'll be in Denver," she said sadly. "You'll miss me, Andy, dear?"

"If this were a movie," mumbled Mr. Dent, rustling through some papers, "I'd grab you in my arms and propose to you without missing a respiration. But it isn't."

"Yes, and if it were a movie, there'd be a director to tell you what to do," said Sheila, coming closer. "Oh, Andy, are you blind? I'm waiting for you to ask me."

"It's your career," said Andy miserably. "You're famous. I'm not even notorious. I can't ask you to give up two thousand a week."

MISS O'SHAUGHNESSY'S face grew scarlet, and she resembled a naughty little girl.

Andy must never know she'd failed. Not that it would make any difference, but she simply couldn't tell him.

"Why, you big ox!" she cried, half hysterically. "What good is a career when it means loneliness? Look at that calendar—it says February 14th, 1930. You know what that means—hurry up and ask me!"

"Gosh," said Mr. Dent uncertainly. "I feel like a fool. Saint Valentine's Day! Well, here goes the three-year-old question: Will you marry me—soon?"

And then Sheila, like many another intrepid soul, balked. California, in all its color, rose before her.

Windy days at Laguna. Dancing at the Coconut Groves. Crowds. "Look quick; there goes Sheila!"

Flattery. Premières.

"I—I don't know," she faltered, edging toward the door. "It makes me feel different than I expected. I'll tell you before I leave, but I'm all fluttering now. Oh, it's time to get ready. Watch me from your usual place, Andy." And kissing him hastily, she disappeared.

Mr. Dent addressed a few remarks to the ceiling, and after a while strolled to his customary post in the mezzanine. Out came sparkling Sheila, and he listened mournfully as she prattled through her monologue.

Miss O'Shaughnessy, on her part, handled her patter with the glibness of a ventriloquist's dummy, but while she talked her mind was occupied with the other side of Hollywood. The side that wasn't good publicity. When the finance companies began stripping you bit by bit of things you had come to look upon as your own.

When you gravitated to the frowsy, side-street apartments. When people forgot who you were. When—

Mechanically she drifted into the first aisle, smiling a welcome the entire length of it. Down the other, shaking the hands of people who thought she was wonderful.

Just like Andy!

And she loved him enough, she was sure of that, as, after a dozen bows, she returned for the inevitable speech!

"I AM making this tour by special request of Stupefaction Pictures—and you," she began, "and if our meeting has pleased you one-half as much as me, then I'm satisfied." She stopped from force of habit for the applause which came generously, and Sheila unconsciously registered embarrassment.

"That's what I always say on Saturday nights," she told the audience, "and then I generally ask you to be sure to call on me if you come to Hollywood, but I'll have to leave that out. My tour ends out there in six weeks, and then, you see, I'm coming back to be married right here in Omaha." A gust of whispering swelled into a storm of applause, but Sheila stretched out her arms for silence as her eyes searched for and found a certain blurred figure in the mezzanine.

"And that engagement," she trilled in a voice that would have vanquished any microphone, "is by the very super-special request of Mr. Andrew Dent!"

"The Other Woman"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

ing to Margaret, as long as the other woman isn't doing any stalking on the home territory. She has had many letters from women, gloating over her cinematic triumph over man.

"They may not want to do that sort of thing themselves, but they like to see somebody else do it. It narrows down to the fact that, after all, men and women are natural enemies."

AND Aileen Pringle, who changed Conrad Nagel from a *Galahad* into a Latin Lover in "Three Weeks," has been the other woman in innumerable pictures. Just recently she came near wrecking Hugh Trevor's championship hopes in "Night Parade." Pringle gets 'em coming and going. She had Joseph Herge-sheimer writing raves in the *Saturday Post*. Aileen could expound on the subject for hours if she liked. She is one of the most brilliant women in Hollywood, but her dismissal of the whole business was tersely cynical.

"Nothing but the old theory that distant pastures are greener," she declared. "When the man gets over into the distant pasture he finds that there's wire-grass there, too. Usually a man marries young. At twenty-five he wants one thing. When he's thirty-five he wants something else. When he's forty-five he doesn't want what he did ten years before. Then comes interest in the other woman."

Mary Duncan, the exotic Mary, who rode from a sensational triumph in "The Shanghai Gesture" into a fabulous Fox contract, is another of the screen's other women. Mary, like all the other women in this story, is a frank sort of person. Keen intelligence, backed by an education at Cornell. Cornell is really a man's school. Mary, again like the others, is the sort of woman men like to talk to and be seen with.

"If you take notice of the other woman," she pointed out, "she is usually a startling type. It pleases a man's vanity. The other woman is really selfish. She has to think of herself before she can think of anything else. A man really likes it better than having a woman mold her life to his."

"It isn't hard to explain my attraction for Charles Morton in 'Four Devils.' I was a most obvious person, and in life I wouldn't act like that, and I certainly wouldn't dress like that. Here was a circus boy who had been raised on Mellin's Food, and had never had comfort, let alone luxury. I tempted him with champagne and riches. That was too easy a conquest for the other woman."

Jetta Goudal started her film career as one of the most amazing and sinister other women the screen has ever mirrored—the fascinating Eurasian adventuress in "The Bright Shawl." Many times since has she been the enchantress. Yet, of all the rumors of Jetta in Hollywood, there has been none that even suggested she was the other woman after studio working hours. But Jetta has ideas on the subject.

"DR. JEKYLL and Mr. Hyde was not an original thought. There is that in every man. One side he shows to his wife. His baser side he evidences to the other woman. Deep down in his heart, no matter what he may say, he has very little respect for her."

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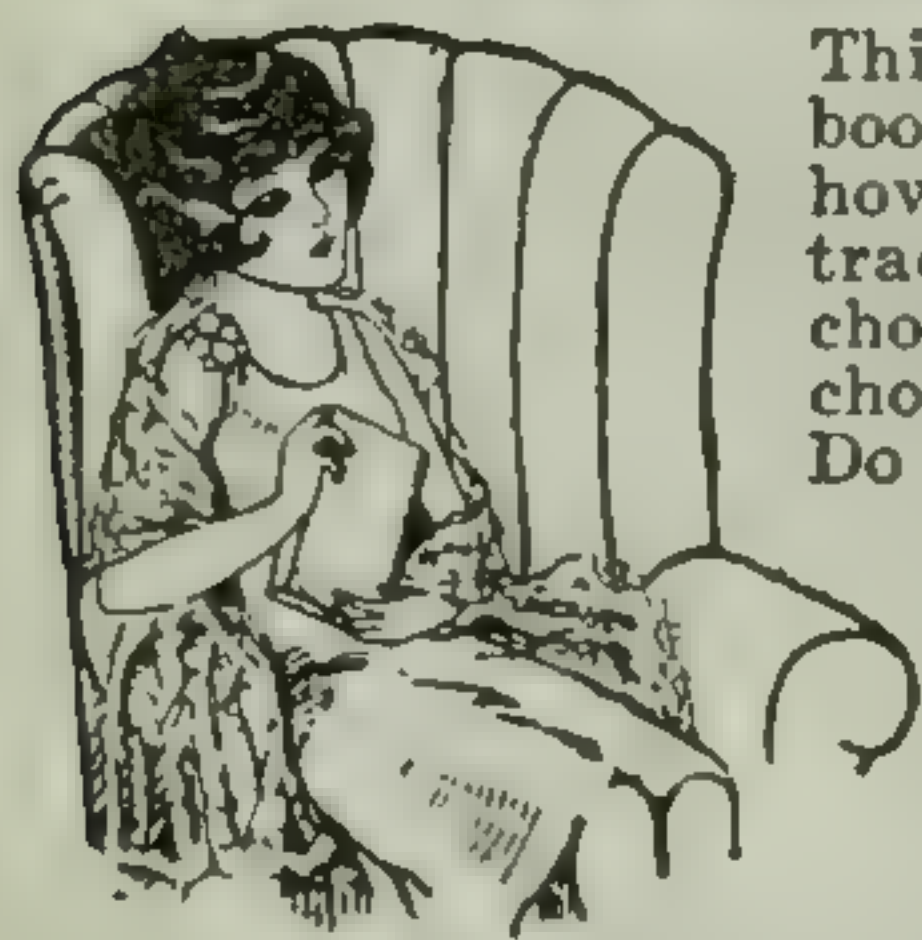
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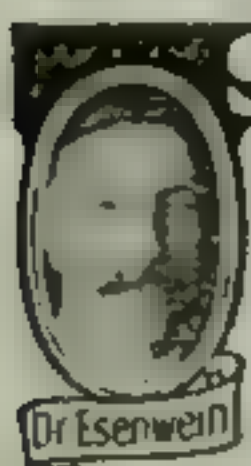
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"Permeers"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

procure your own pass, because Hollywood permeers are somewhat like railroad traveling in Mexico, you do not pay unless you have to.

And when you have your pass you look carefully to see that it is not for seats in the front rows, because you do not want to wake up the next morning with a stiff neck.

As a matter of fact, the theater which equips its front rows with swivel chairs will be the most successful theater for permeers, and I wonder that this has not already been done by Mr. Wm. Fox.

... So we went to the Al Jolson permeer, and everything was quite easy except we were too late to hire a Rolls and so were not asked to speak over the mike.

AND as we turned down Hollywood Boulevard I said, "There is a fire somewhere, just listen to the sirens."

"That is not a fire," said the young lady. "Those are motorcycle policemen and it is probably either Mary Pickford or the Governor of California who is going to the permeer."

And, of course, I told her that she was *toute mouillée* because I could distinctly see the glare of the fire down the street and a big crowd. But when we got closer, I saw that they had taken the lighthouses away from Santa Monica and Venice and put them on Hollywood Boulevard so that the crowd could see us and the other celebrities arriving.

As we rolled slowly toward the entrance, the population of Los Angeles on the other side of the ropes began whispering in loud voices. "That is Norman Kerry," said one woman, who was fat and carrying a husband, but the husband looked at me and said, "Don't you know Lon Chaney when you see him? Give Lon a hand."

So we drew up to the entrance amid applause and cheers, but it just shows you what an actor is, because when Billy Haines who was in the next limousine got out, he stood and bowed, having the idea that the applause and cheers were for him.

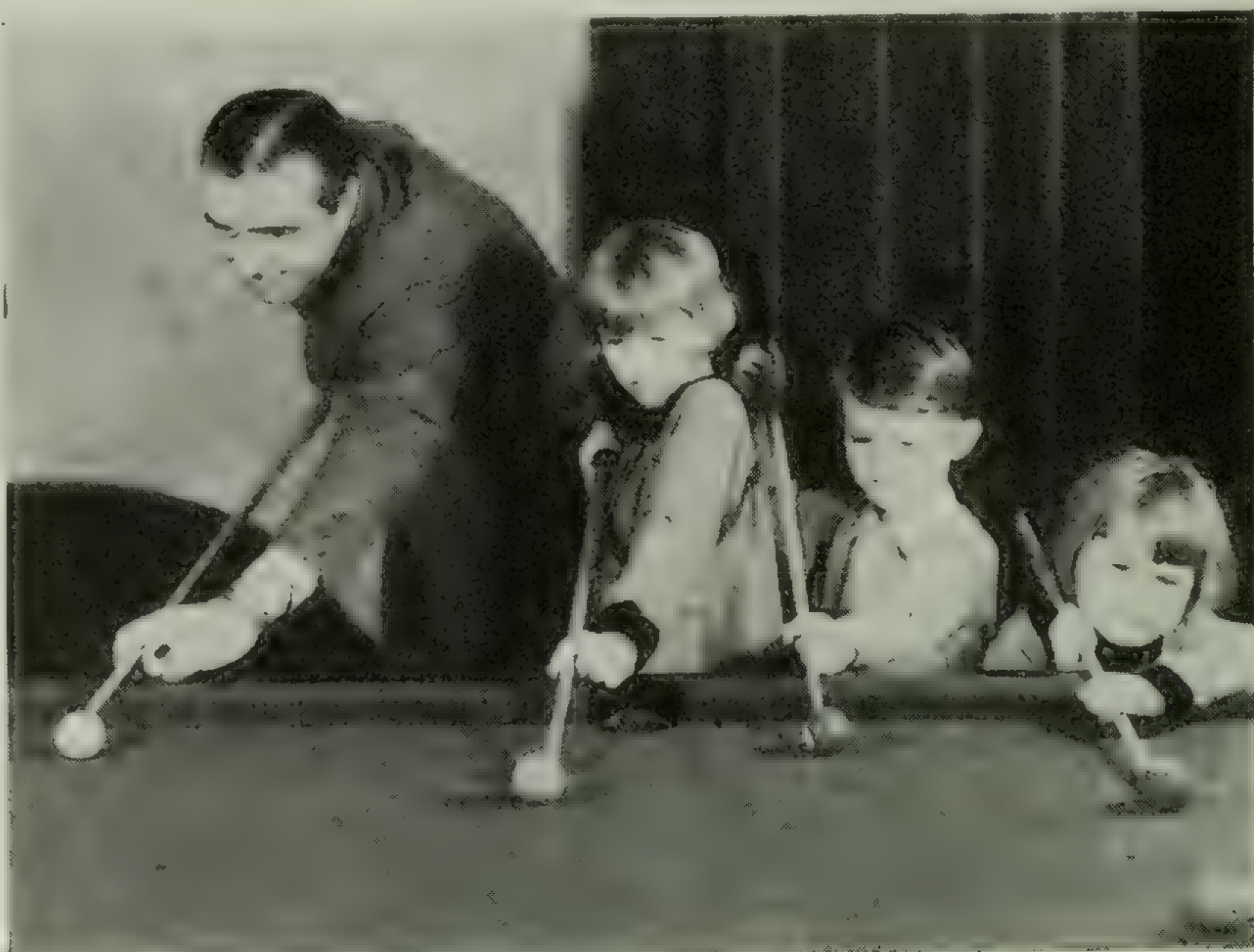
Well, we got inside and I was going to our seats, but the young lady, who is already

practically half-Hollywood, that is, she lives at Culver City and works at First National and has been here nearly a year, said: "Good Heavens, you do not go and sit down yet!"

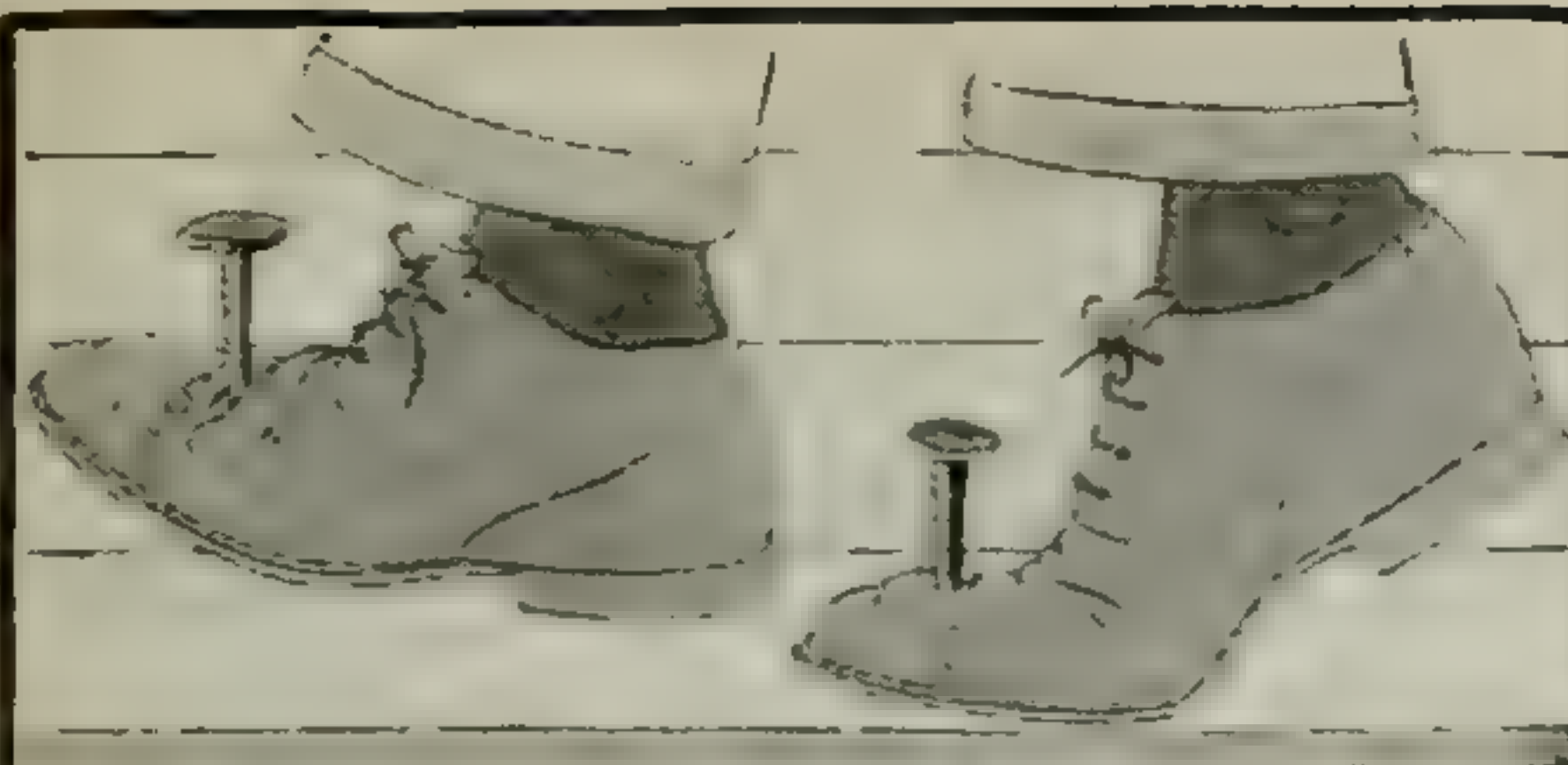
... The thing is that you do not sit down, it seems, at permeers, until the picture starts. You stand out in the lobby and everyone looks at you and says: "There is Basil Woon, I heard a good one about him yesterday, gee he certainly is getting bald, I wonder who that girl is, gee she certainly is a knockout, I wonder what she sees in him, did you read his last book, gee it was lousy." So you look at everybody else and say things about them, to get even.

Here and there in the lobby are the Los Angeles newspaper movie critics, and everybody is very nice to them, and says, "Oh . . . what a darling dress!" Everyone is afraid that when the critics write about the permeer in their columns they will not mention their names but will merely say "and others"; and if there is one name you must not call an actor in Hollywood, it is "and others."

AND Harold Lloyd came by and told us that he had had an argument with his architect. It seems that Harold spent last month going over his new house, having cut out cigarettes and other things that are bad for the heart, and it seems that he had ordered a library but he couldn't find it; after the second week he practically concluded that there was no library, and he was mad. So he called his architect and said: "I thought I ordered a library?" And the architect said, "Sure you did and you have got a library, in fact, it is one of the swellest libraries in Beverly Hills." And the architect took him right to the library, and it was a swell library just as he had said. So the next day, Harold was taking some friends over the bungalow, and after they had seen the golf course and the swimming pool and the banqueting rooms and the waterfalls and the Italian garden and the French formal garden and the Japanese sunken garden and the English rose garden and the Blue Room and the Green Room and the Pink Room and some of



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the other rooms, he said, "I will now show you my library, which my architect says is one of the swellest libraries in Beverly Hills."

So he couldn't find the library again and he has had quite a quarrel with his architect, because Harold says it is going to be very inconvenient just when he is in the middle of a crossword puzzle and having to go to the library to read up in the Encyclopaedia what xylotomus means, not to be able to find the library, or if he finds it to get lost and not find his way back.

AND Harold says that he is willing to hire butlers and bus boys and maids and chauffeurs and houseboys and gardeners and golf professionals and swimming teachers and nurses, but he is darned if he is going to hire guides to show him around his own house.

... Just then a famous film personality who was in the picture we were going to see came in with twenty guests, and I was curious, because the twenty guests immediately separated and went to seats in different parts of the house, but the film personality remained being seen in the lobby.

So I said how funny this was to the young lady, and she laughed and said, "When he goes in they will all start clapping, because that is how one becomes popular in Hollywood."

... And it was not very long after that before there was a sudden rush of all the women to one end of the lobby and I said that it must be Rudy Vallée or Gary Cooper, but of course I was wrong again.

"Rudy Vallée has left Hollywood and anyway, it's his voice the girls love, not him, and as for Gary Cooper, the management would not allow the girls to flock around him, not unless they wanted the theater wrecked, because Lupe Velez is expected back any minute," she said.

"No," said the young lady, "that is not Rudy Vallée and it is not Gary Cooper, it is not even an actor, it is a dialogue writer, because now you know all the handsome men seem to be writing dialogue. Well, this man is not only handsome, he is from Paris where he was King of the Night Clubs and Pal of the Prince of Wales, and it is said that he has a Reputation you could cut with a knife, and that all his fiancées either drown themselves or take poison, and he has been shot at twice, and once a lady threw a gigolo at him. So it is only natural that the girls should flock around Jed Kiley."

SO that is the sort of thing you must expect in a city which is practically entirely inhabited by shrieks and sheiks.

... Well, we went inside and to our seats and right behind us was Grant Withers, who was picked for leading man in a newspaper talkie called "In the Headlines," and is very clever.

And the lady who sat next to him, who must have been his mother, said to him, "Look at Al Jolson and that song-writer-looking fellow next to him, look at the way they are chewing gum."

So Grant Withers said what was really very clever considering he is only an actor, he said, "Well, why shouldn't he chew gum, he's a millionaire, ain't he?"

... And Clara Bow came in and everybody clapped and the temperature of the theater rose ten degrees. And Al Jolson stuck his gum underneath the seat and went on the stage and sang "Little Pal," and it is my opinion that Al is a quite good singer but a little mushy, and as there is a constant supply of little boys like Davey Lee in Hollywood, he ought to go on being a success for a long while.

So the interval came and we all went back into the lobby and were seen and commented on for ten minutes, and then the young lady said, "Now if we hurry we ought to get a table at the Ambassador, we can go to Henry's later."

So I was astonished and said, "Yes, but what about the picture, we have not seen the picture yet."

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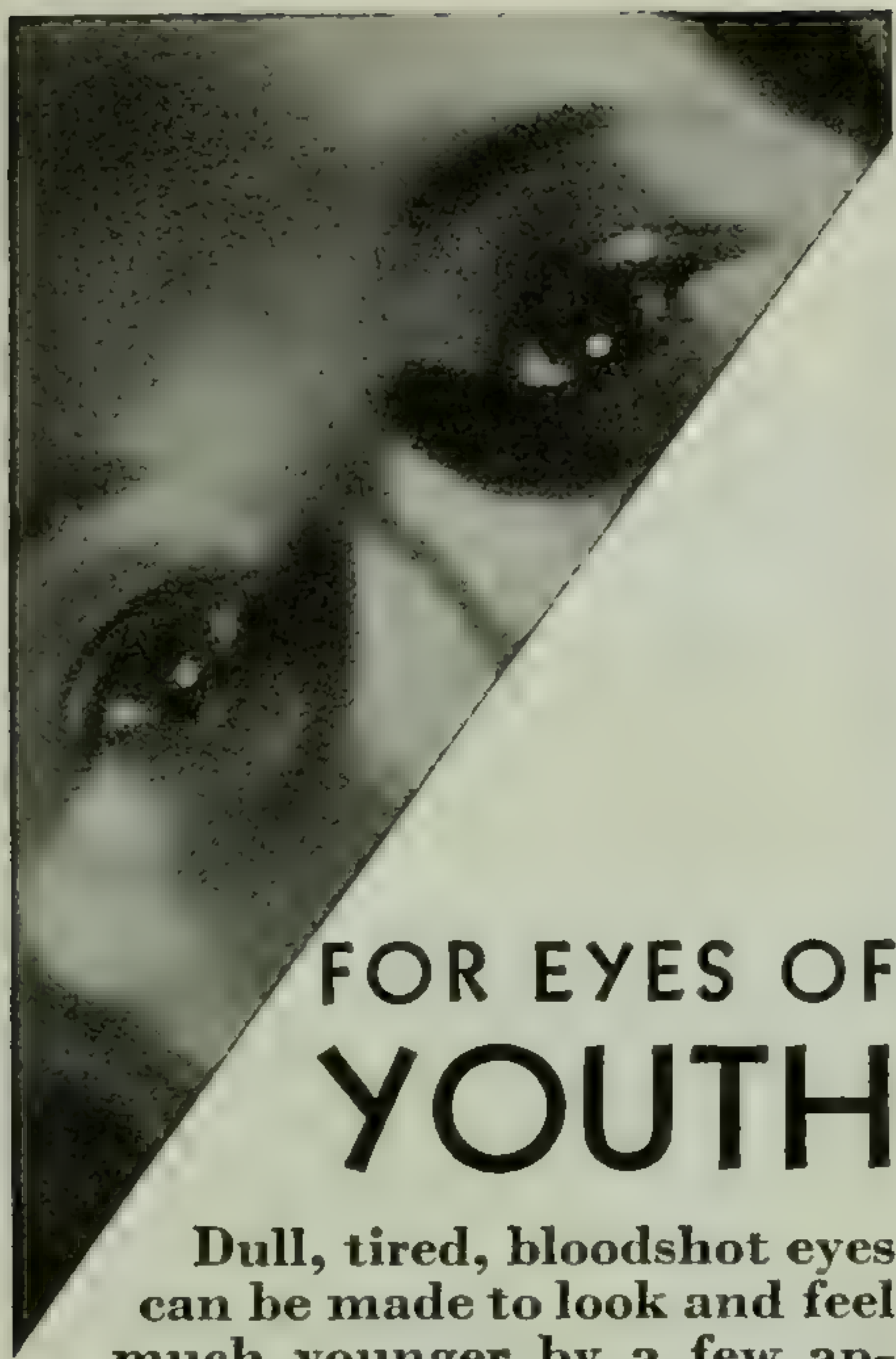
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"Yes, but there are no more intervals and you can't see anybody while the picture is on, so let us go to the Ambassador," she said, but it was some time before we could get out as others seem to have had the same idea, and it seems that once there was a permeer at a theater here and the film did not arrive in time, but they held the permeer anyway and nobody noticed that there was no picture, but everybody complimented the management on having such a nice long Interval.

... I have practically entirely used up all my space by writing about this permeer, when what I wanted to do all along was talk about Marion Davies, because she is such a good kid I like to talk about her.

AND Gloria Swanson is back here from the vacation she spent in Paris with her husband the Marquis, and really I would like to talk a lot about Gloria Swanson, because Gloria Swanson is what they call here a regular fellow, as distinguished from cute babies and warm mammas.

But I thought you should know about permeering as it is done in Hollywood, because if you should decide to come to Hollywood and not know all about permeers you would have practically nothing to talk about.

So next time I will talk about Marion Davies and Gloria Swanson, and I may even get around to Mr. Chaplin, who is going around looking glum because Ambassador Alexander P. Moore has gone back to Peru for a rest.

And I will not mention permeers next month because when I get on the subject of permeers there seems to be room for practically nothing else.



One of the reasons we're so anxiously awaiting John McCormack's first Fox picture is because our queenly Alice Joyce has a big part in it. Far too long between Alices these days



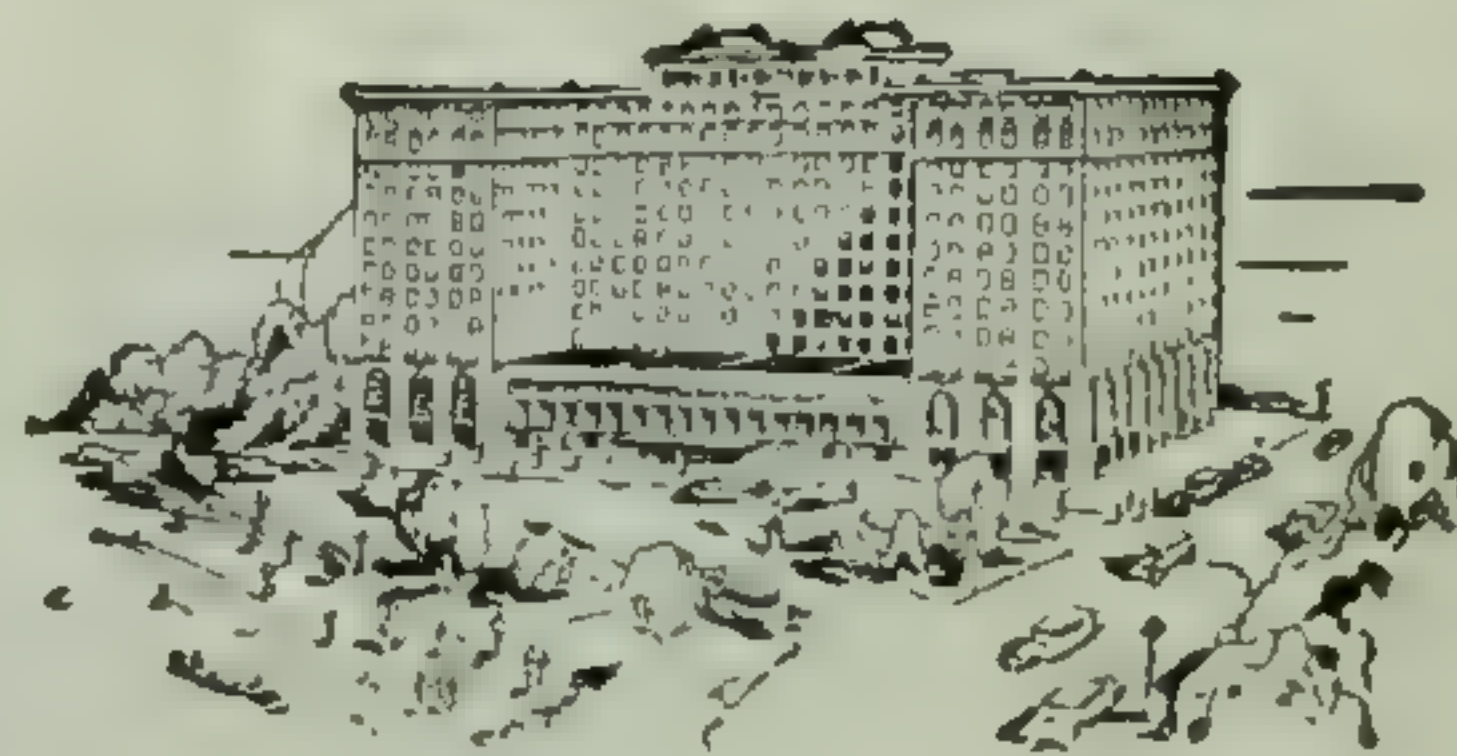
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Lookie! Lupe! Whoopee!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

the table in the host's chair. Darned lucky there was nothing to be carved.

Gary was at the foot of the table, Lupe at my right.

"I don't like those dam' big chairs," said Lupe. "They're uncomfortable."

The food was excellent and substantial, and served perfectly.

Fruit cocktail, soup, chicken, lima beans, chocolate pudding with whipped cream, cookies and coffee.

We topped off with a round of *creme de menthe liqueur*.

"Isn't this nicer than going out?" beamed Lupe.

"Yes," smiled I at Lupe, glaring at Gary out of my other eye.

"I RATHER stay home," continued Lupe, "and do what I dam' please. I have to pose when I go out. I have to be a lady. Here I can sing and dance and have a good time. I get free tickets to shows. I don't go. I haven't been to Mayfair in a year. If I go out with Gar-ee, people say I do it for publicity. We are just friends, wonderful friends. We are not engaged."

Darned good friends, sez I, when Lupe can't see another fellow without Gary playing guard for the home team.

Before we left the table Lupe went into her imitations of La Goudal, La Swanson and La Del Rio. Lupe is as pleased as a child with a red wagon to be told that she looks like Swanson.

After dinner we all had a romp with the dogs in the garden. Did you ever romp with dogs in the garden? I hadn't had so much fun since the Civil War.

The Velez menagerie is varied and numerous. There are two Chihuahuas, the kind with hair; a Persian cat, a canary, a Great Dane, and one of those English bull pups with a pushed-in face and adenoids.

The bull pup belongs to Gary, but he knows his way around the Velez garden. He has to be fished out of the swimming pool at regular intervals.

The bull is a born comedian.

Being built so close to the ground he always looks as if he were sitting down. He amused us for half an hour by trying to catch the rays of a flashlight.

"Lo-ook at that dam' dog," screamed Lupe. "Isn't he sill-ee. I hate him." And because she hated him so much she held him on her lap.

Lupe also says she hates Packards, but then she doesn't seem to be in any acute agony when riding in Gary's big tan touring car. Lupe has two cars, a white Cadillac and the town car.

"I used to long for a Rolls-Royce more than anything in the world," she said. "Now I don't care. I spend all my money on my house and on diamonds. I love jewelry. It isn't extravagant, either. You can't sell cars, but you know you can hock diamonds for ninety per cent of their value."

I didn't know, since I've never had any to hock.

LOOP-THE-LUPE has just bought two diamond bracelets. It's her ambition to have seven.

Another ambition is to have \$300,000.

"Why do stars keep on working after they have enough money?" she asked. "If I had \$300,000 I would go to Paris and buy all the gowns and furs. For five years I would live like hell. After that I don't care what happens to me. Five good years. What more you want, eh?"

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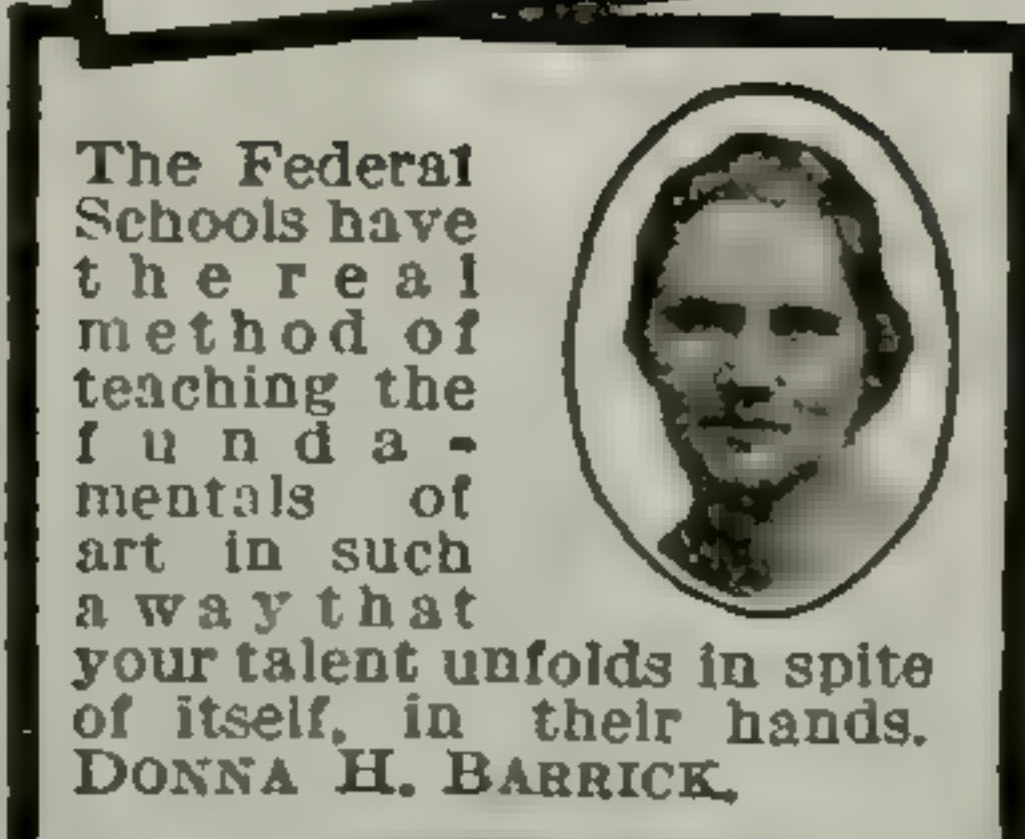
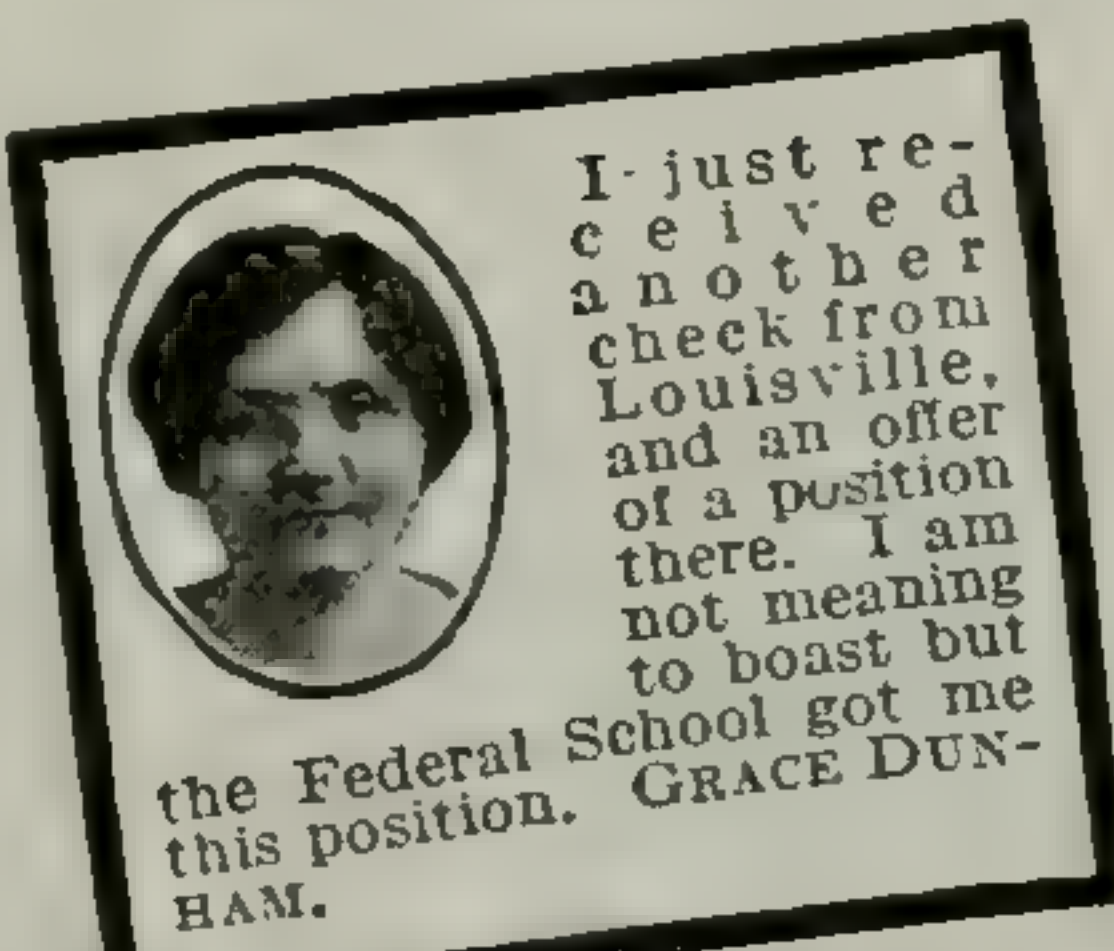
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After returning to the living room, Lupe gave a guitar selection, did a number on the piano, and turned "Piccolo Pete" on the phonograph, as loud as it could be played.

"Nice and loud," she called, "just like an orchestra."

"Yes, it's loud enough," said Gary, wincing.

SHE played her own Victor recording of the theme song in "Lady of the Pavements."

"You know," she explained, "I'd just had my tonsils out before I made that record."

Well, tonsils or no tonsils, it's a good record.

Her voice has developed amazingly since that time. Then she was a contralto; now she is becoming a really remarkable coloratura soprano. She is studying with the same teacher responsible for Bebe Daniels' vocal success.

But there are few voices on the screen that can rival Lupe's for warmth and beauty of tone.

Never before had I realized just how far this little tornado can go, if she can only keep interested in pictures. There's no one like her.

Card tricks were next on the program. Lupe has some good ones, and she is as proud as Punch in trotting out her stunts. The famous solitaire game came next, played for five cents a card. I don't know yet exactly how it is played, but it seems that I came out \$2.55 to the good.

Nothing was said about paying it, and, after all, I didn't think it was my place to suggest it.

By the time all the events of the evening had been run off it was too late to go anywhere,

even to a dancing place for the "Home, Sweet Home" number.

"I've got to go, Lupe," I said, giving Gary a mean look. "It's one fifteen. Don't you have to be at the studio early tomorrow morning, Gary?"

"No," said Gary, making himself comfortable.

"One fifteen?" screamed Lupe. "I thought it was about ten."

It was darned nice of her to say that.

I said I had a swell time, and I meant it. Lupe is a grand hostess.

If you don't have a good time at her house it is your own fault.

She, herself, is as free and natural as the air she breathes. She expects her guests to be the same.

GARY and Lupe both accompanied me out into the patio. Gary must have had a twinge of conscience.

"Come over to the studio and have lunch with me some day," he said.

I bet Lupe will be there, too. You can't fool me twice.

I'm \$2.55 to the good. This has been my most successful date, financially.

I spent money on Sally Eilers and June Collyer.

It didn't cost a penny to spend an evening with Anita Page, but I didn't earn anything, either.

But then, I'll give that \$2.55 to a heathen from the Sandwich Islands, when I collect it, and the next time I see a heathen from the Sandwich Isles.

Who Is the Most Beautiful Star in Hollywood?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

peach. And this in a factory town that buys youth like Ford buys gadgets. Loretta has just turned nineteen and is in for a long career as a professional beauty, with luck.

As for the superb Billie Dove, her beauty is classically perfect in all specifications and yet thoroughly and typically feminine. She is one star who always gets the perfect tribute of stares and exclamations when she enters a room.

"Isn't she the most beautiful thing you have ever seen?" is the customary remark, and those who have enough strength after the apparition of such unusual beauty always nod "uh-huh."

BILLIE DOVE is inclined to look upon her beauty as something of a handicap. For one thing, we run-of-the-mine humans are always inclined, stupidly enough, to couple such perfection with extreme dumbness. Ridiculous in many cases, and certainly in Dove's. Again, while she longs to play colorful heroines, her classic type has always condemned her to silks, satins and sequins. She longs for screen rags, and all she gets is riches.

(Five minutes out while you shed a tear or two for the poor little rich girl. There! Feel better?)

There are those who will quarrel with tagging Greta Garbo a beauty at all.

If there are any in the house at present, will they please leave quietly and without disturbance?

Point not to a tendency toward a bit too much width in the mouth, nor to any other hints at what might be flaws in a person of less fascination than to millions—the One and Only.

We must now leave the realm of the eye for a minute and get sufficiently metaphysical to point out that there is a beauty that defies yard-sticks, measuring tapes and micrometers, and passes into the shadowy realm of the spirit.

That's Garbo's beauty. It shines out of that white face—a certain intangible quality of the inner woman—and makes us fall back on all the old shop-worn adjectives such as "odd," "mysterious," "exotic" and "weird."

We can deal fairly with such tangible facts as a pretty nose or a gorgeous pair of eyes.

It's the indefinable qualities of the soul that stymie us—that tie up our vocal cords and make all the good old words seem pale and meaningless.

It isn't Garbo's architectural qualities that knock millions of us out of our seats these days—it's those vague qualities from behind the eyes that make her so enormously fascinating.

If the human spirit has anything to do with Hollywood beauty, Garbo is certainly elected to the Big Four here nominated by the film colony.

WELL, this, then, is Hollywood's slate.

Will you accept Gloria's dictum as to Corinne Griffith's position, in solitary grandeur, on the pinnacle?

How do you stand on Loretta Young as the representative of beauty's Younger Set? Just what is your attitude on the Dove? And the old eternal question—What about Garbo, just to give the soul a chance in the beauty sweepstakes?

We submit that this is the strongest ticket we can run in the early spring of 1930. The party needs girls like these!

And you needn't write in any letters denouncing us for forgetting your pets—and please omit bombs.

We have been around long enough to know that when we tackle the subject of feminine beauty in the public prints, we are monkeying with the business end of a rattlesnake.

Taking advantage of a few weeks' head start, by the time this appears in print we shall be chasing butterflies in the glamorous isles of the South Seas.

Bill Tibbett's Boy—Larry

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

ding getting a start. After working around Los Angeles, where I was raised after leaving my father's farm at Bakersfield, I was determined to study and go into concert work. Frankly, I had to borrow money on my insurance policy to get to New York. After five months of study and plugging, I managed to land with the Metropolitan Opera Company as a singer.

"I was unknown and remained unknown for three years, filling in obscure rôles. Then five years ago I was given an opportunity to sing the rôle of *Ford* in Verdi's *Falstaff*."

"I WAS very much discouraged. I had been getting nowhere fast. I went on and sang the rôle. I sang no better or worse than I had at any time before. But, for some reason I cannot to this day explain, there was a tremendous ovation after I left the stage at the conclusion of my aria in the first scene of the second act. To me it was terrifying.

"I was upstairs in my dressing room before I realized it was for me. I looked into the mirror and saw the color drain from my face beneath the crimson makeup. They were applauding me. But traditions of the opera prevented me from acknowledging it. I had to wait until I was called. I waited—thirteen minutes and a half.

"Then there came the summons from the director—'Mr. Tibbett, on the stage!'—The audience was a blurred sea of faces as I took my bow. I couldn't hear anything. I couldn't say anything. I backed off the stage and rushed upstairs again to my dressing room and found my wife waiting for me. She had dashed from the audience. We both sat down and cried and asked each other what had happened.

"Only we knew what we had been through. What sacrifices we had made, the heartaches, the pitiful futility of pounding against a seemingly impregnable wall. In the morning Mrs. Tibbett arose at seven to look at the morning *Times* to see if it really were true. She wanted to be able to prepare me if the critics were not in sympathy with the acclaim of the audience.

"She read the music and drama pages backward and forward. Not a line. Just as she was going to burn the paper she happened to glance at the front page. Its headline proclaimed the arrival of a new opera star. By eight o'clock our hotel was in pandemonium. Newspaper reporters, photographers, concert agents, telegraph messengers and opera managers were swarming all over the place. It WAS real. From that day on I have had a new viewpoint, new confidence and, because of these, I believe I have developed new quality and strength in my singing voice.

"The work in singing pictures is more arduous for the artist than on the operatic stage, but then the monetary compensation is proportionally greater, as is the audience appeal.

"The *Rogue's Song* is of more popular appeal than our traditional operas because it was written especially with a view to tuneful lightness, rather than heavy foreign interpretations that might be incomprehensible to an uninitiated audience. But the field for operatic music, I believe, is vastly increased by the development of the talking picture and I have every confidence that public appreciation of good music will supply a need for operatic products."

TIBBETT left Hollywood at once after finishing his first picture to play the rôle of *Rance* in "The Girl of the Golden West" with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

But if you happen to drop in on one of his concerts don't be at all surprised if you hear him

"Singin', just singin' in the rain!"

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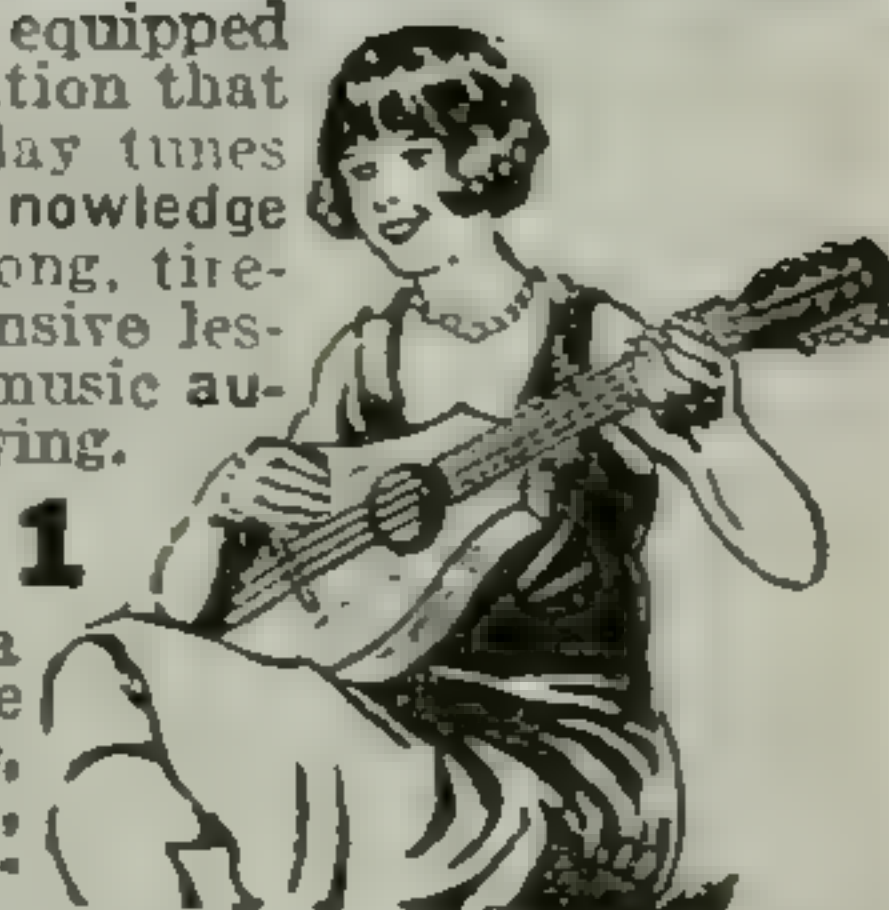
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ANNA CHRISTIE"—M-G-M.—From the play by Eugene O'Neill. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Anna, Greta Garbo; Matt, Charles Bickford; Chris, George F. Marion; Marthy, Marie Dressler; Johnny, the Priest, James T. Mack; Larry, Lee Phelps.

"BATTLE OF PARIS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Gene Markey. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Georgie, Gertrude Lawrence; Zizi, Charles Ruggles; Anthony Trent, Walter Petrie; Suzanne, Gladys Du Bois; Harry, Arthur Treacher; Tony, Joe King.

"BLAZE O'GLORY"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Thomas Boyd. Adapted by Renaud Hoffman. Directed by Renaud Hoffman and George J. Crone. The cast: Eddie Williams, Eddie Dowling; Helen, Betty Compson; Burke, Henry B. Walthall; Jean, Frankie Darro; District Attorney, William Davidson; Hummel, Ferdinand Schumann-Heink; Abie, Eddie Conrad; Tony, Frank Sabini; The Rounders, Themselves.

"BROADWAY HOOVER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Gladys Lehman. Continuity by Gladys Lehman. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: Adele, Marie Saxon; Bobby, Jack Egan; Jane, Louise Fazenda; Larry, Howard Hickman; Morton, Ernest Hilliard; Annabelle, Gertrude Short; Dolly, Eileen Percy; Mazie, Charlotte Merriam; Billy, Fred MacKaye; Baggage Man, Billy Franey.

"BURNING UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William Slavens McNutt and Grover Jones. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: Lou Larrigan, Richard Arlen; Ruth Morgan, Mary Brian; "Bullet" McGhan, Francis McDonald; "Windy" Wallace, Sam Hardy; James R. Morgan, Charles Sellon; Dave Gentry, Tully Marshall.

"CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the story by Arnold Zweig. Adapted by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Grischa, Chester Morris; Babka, Betty Compson; General Von Lychow, Alec B. Francis; Posnanski, Jean Hersholt; Corporal Sacht, Paul McAllister; Lieutenant Winfried, Leyland Hodgson; Capt. Spierange, Frank McCormack; Kolja, Frank McCormack; Sergeant Fritz, Percy Barlette; Lance Corporal Brikkholz, Hal Davis.

"CITY GIRL"—FOX.—From the play "The Mud Turtle" by Elliott Lester. Adapted by Berthold

Vierteil and Marion Orth. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: Lem Tustine, Charles Farrell; Kate, Mary Duncan; Tustine, David Torrence; Mrs. Tustine, Edith Yorke; Mary Tustine, Dawn O'Day; Maley, Tom Maguire; Mac, Dick Alexander; Dulch, Pat Rooney; Reaper, Ed Brady; Reaper, Roscoe Ates.

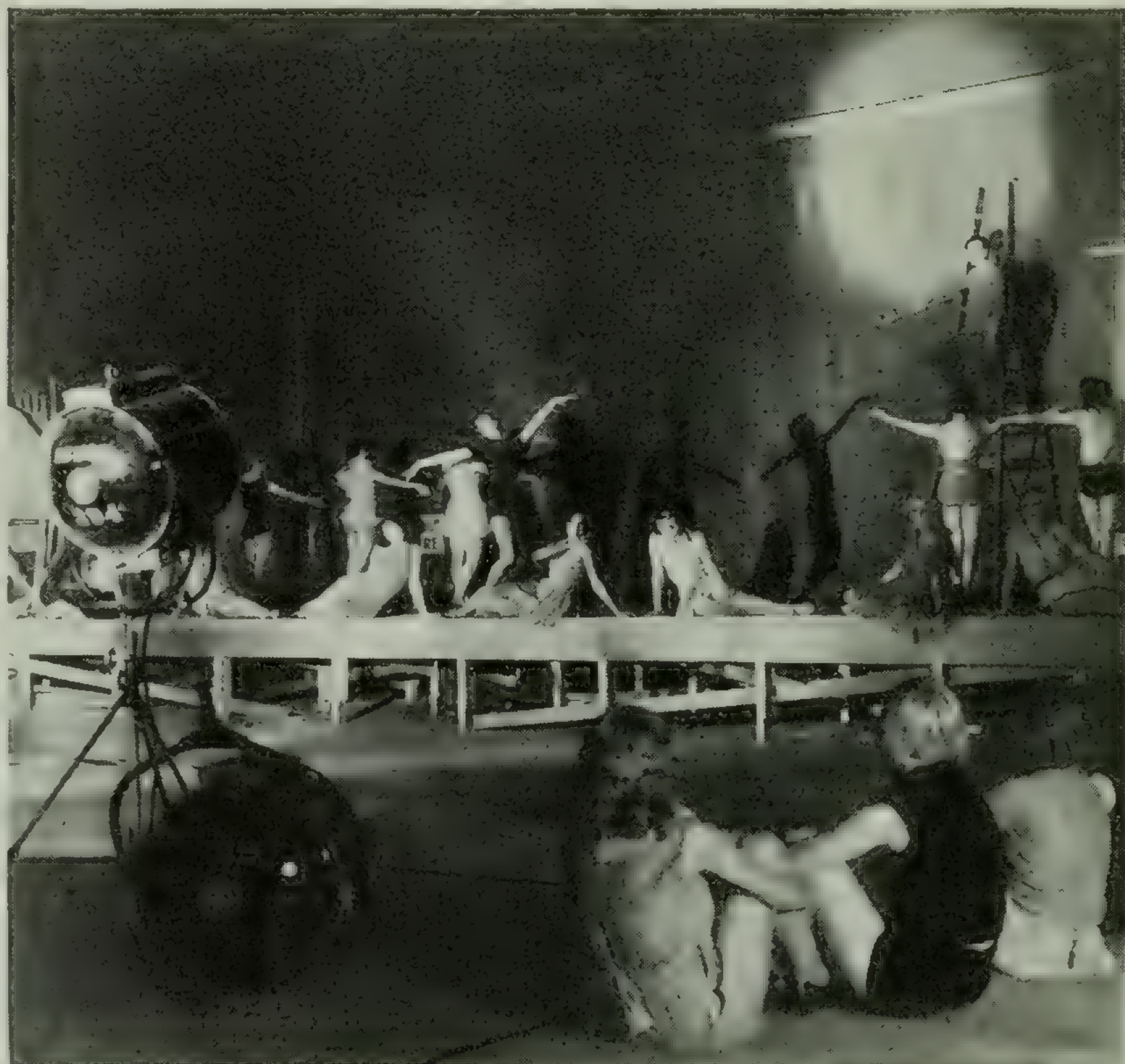
"COURTIN' WILDCATS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Dudley Pelley. Adapted by Dudley McKenna. Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: Clarence Butts, Hoot Gibson; "Calamity June," Eugenia Gilbert; McKenzie, Harry Todd; Mr. Butts, Joseph Girard; McLaren, Monty Montague; Quid Johnson, John Oscar; The Fugitive, Jim Corey; The Doctor, James Farley; Huxley, Pete Morrison; Gorilla, Joe Bonomo.

"GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Adele Comandini. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Pat King, Alice White; Bill Harrigan, Charles Delaney; Lawrence Mayfield, Wheeler Oakman; Jerry Donnelly, Ben Hall; Tillie Hart, Rita Flynn; Dowling, Gladden James; Dave, Bert Moorehouse; Cleo, Patricia Caron; Pa Donnelly, William Orlamond; Ma Donnelly, Milla Davenport.

"GIRL OF THE PORT, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the novel "The Firewalker" by John Russell. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: Josie, Sally O'Neil; Sir James, Reginald Sharland; McDougal, Donald MacKenzie; McEwen, Mitchell Lewis; Blair, Barry O'Daniels; Klita, Duke Kahanamoa; Bruce, Gerald Barry; Toady, Hugh Crumplin.

"HARMONY AT HOME"—FOX.—From the story "The Family Upstairs" by Harry Delf. Adapted by Clare Kummer, Seton I. Miller, William Collier, Sr., and Charles J. McGuirk. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: Louise Haller, Marguerite Churchill; Dick Grant, Rex Bell; Dora Haller, Charlotte Henry; Willie Haller, Charles Eaton; Joe Haller, Wm. Collier, Sr.; Emma Haller, Elizabeth Patterson; Rita Joyce, Dixie Lee; The Modiste, Dot Farley.

"HELL'S HEROES"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Three Godfathers" by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Tom Reed. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Bob Sangster, Charles Bickford; "Barbwire" Gibbons, Raymond Hatton; "Wild Bill" Kearny, Fred Kohler; The Mother, Fritz Ridgeway; Carmelita, Maria Alba; Jose, Joe de la Cruz; Parson Jones, Buck Connors; The Sheriff, Walter James.



Jack Haskell (on ladder), famous stager of dance numbers for the theater and screen, puts the chorines through a rehearsal on one of the sound stages at First National. The three in the foreground have taken time out, and are watching their sisters labor

"HOT DOGS"—M-G-M.—Written and directed by Julius White and Zion Myers. The cast: An all dog cast including: Jiggs, Buster, King Tut, Bebe, Chief, Chingaling, Bozo.

"LAST DANCE, THE"—AUDIBLE PICTURES.—From the story by Jack Townley. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast: Sally, Vera Reynolds; Tom, Jason Robards; Sammy, George Chandler; Sybil, Gertrude Short; Pa, Harry Todd; Babe, Miami Alvarez; Ma, Lillian Leighton.

"LAUGHING LADY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alfred Sutro. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Marjorie Lee, Ruth Chatterton; Daniel Farr, Clive Brook; Al Brown, Dan Healy; James Dugan, Nat Pendleton; Hector Lee, Raymond Walburn; Flo, Dorothy Hall; Cynthia Dell, Hedda Harrigan; Parker, Lillian B. Tonge; Mrs. Playgate, Marguerite St. John; Hamilton Playgate, Hubert Druce; Mrs. Collop, Alice Hegeman; City Editor, Joe King; Rose, Helen Hawley; Barbara, Betty Bartley.

"MAID TO ORDER"—JESSE WEIL PROD.—From the story by Doris Denbo and A. J. Parsons. Directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast: Julian Eltinge, Julian Eltinge; Joyce Carlyle, Jane Reid; Shorty, Georgie Stone; Lotti Lorraine, Betty Boyd; McGuire, Jack Richardson; Harry, Al Hill; Detective Scranton, Kernan Cripps; Chief of Detectives, Charles Giblyn.

"MEN WITHOUT WOMEN"—FOX.—From the story by John Ford and James K. McGuinness. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Chief Torpedoman Burke, Kenneth McKenna; Ensign Price, Frank Albertson; Handsome, Paul Page; Cobb, Walter McGrail; Kaufman, Warren Hymmer; Costello, Farrell MacDonald; Jenkins, Stuart Erwin; Pollock, George LeGuere; Murphy, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; Winkler, Harry Tenbrook; Captain Carson, Roy Stewart; Lt. Commander Bridewell, Warner Richmond; Commander Weymouth, R. N., Charles Gerrard; Lieutenant Digby, R. N., Pat Somerset.

"NIGHT RIDE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Henry La Cossitt. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by John Robertson. The cast: Joe Rooker, Joseph Schildkraut; Ruth Kearns, Barbara Kent; Tony Garotta, Edward G. Robinson; Bob O'Leary, Harry Stubbs; Captain O'Donnell, DeWitt Jennings; Blondie, Ralph Welles; Mac, Hal Price; Ed, George Ovey.

"NO, NO, NANETTE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the musical comedy by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel. Adapted by Howard E. Rogers. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: Nanette, Bernice Claire; Tom Trainor, Alexander Gray; Jim Smith, Lucien Littlefield; Sue Smith, Louise Fazenda; Lucille, Lilyan Tashman; Bill Early, Bert Roach; Pauline, ZaSu Pitts; Betty, Mildred Harris; Brady, Henry Stockbridge; Flora, Jocelyn Lee.

"PAINTED ANGEL, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Give This Little Girl a Hand" by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: Rodeo West, Billie Dove; Brood, Edmund Lowe; Oldfield, George MacFarlane; Pa Hudler, Farrell MacDonald; Ma Hudler, Cissy Fitzgerald; Sippie, Nellie Bly Baker; Joe, Will Stanton; Jule, Norman Selby; Sir Harry, Douglas Gerrard; Mac, Shep Camp; Singer, Peter Higgins; Dancer, Red Stanley.

"PARADE OF THE WEST, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bennett Cohen. Continuity by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: Bud Rand, Ken Maynard; Mary Owens, Gladys McConnell; Prof. Clayton, Otis Harlan; Stuff, Frank Rice; Shorty, Bobbie Dunn; Billy Rand, Jackie Hanlon; Copeland, Fred Burns; Sicily Joe, Frank Yaconelli; Dude, Stanley Blystone; Sambo, Blue Washington; "Tarzan," By Himself; "Man-Killer," "Rex," King of Wild Horses.

"PARTY GIRL"—TIFFANY-STRAHL.—From the story "Dangerous Business" by Edwin Balmer. Adapted by Monte Katterjohn. Directed by Victor Halperin. The cast: Jay Rountree, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Ellen Powell, Jeanette Loff; Leeda Cather, Judith Barrie; Diana Hoster, Marie Prevost; John Rountree, John Sainpolis; Mme. Lindsay, Almeda Fowler; Inspector Doyle, Charles Giblyn; Paul Nucast, Lucien Prival; Lowry, Harry Northrup; Sam Melten, Sam Blum; Miss Manning, Florence Dudley; Lew Slengle, Rolfe Sedan; Second Investigator, Sidney Dalbrook; Lew Albans, Hal Price.

"PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE"—CONTINENTAL.—From the story by Andrew Soutar. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Paul Wallis, Ricardo Cortez; Dorothy Milburn, Nancy Welford; Boyd Milburn, Henry B. Walthall; Peggy Milburn, Grace Valentine; Judge Thompson, Thos. A. Curran; "Biffer" Bill, Jack Curtis; Police Captain, John Elliott.

"RAMPANT AGE, THE"—TREM CARR.—From the story by Robert S. Carr. Adapted by Harry O. Hoyt. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: Doris, Merna Kennedy; Sanday, James Murray; Estelle, Gertie Messinger; Eddie, Eddie Borden; DeWitt, Pat Cunningham; Mrs. Lawrence, Florence Turner; Arnold Benton, John Elliott; Osborn, Robert Forbes.

"ROADHOUSE NIGHTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Ben Hecht. Directed by Hobart Henley. The cast: Lola Fagan, Helen Morgan; Willie Bindugel, Charles Ruggles; Sam Horner, Fred Kohler; Daffy, Jimmy Durante; Moe, Lou Clayton; Joe, Eddie Jackson; John Hanson, Joe King; Hogan, Fuller

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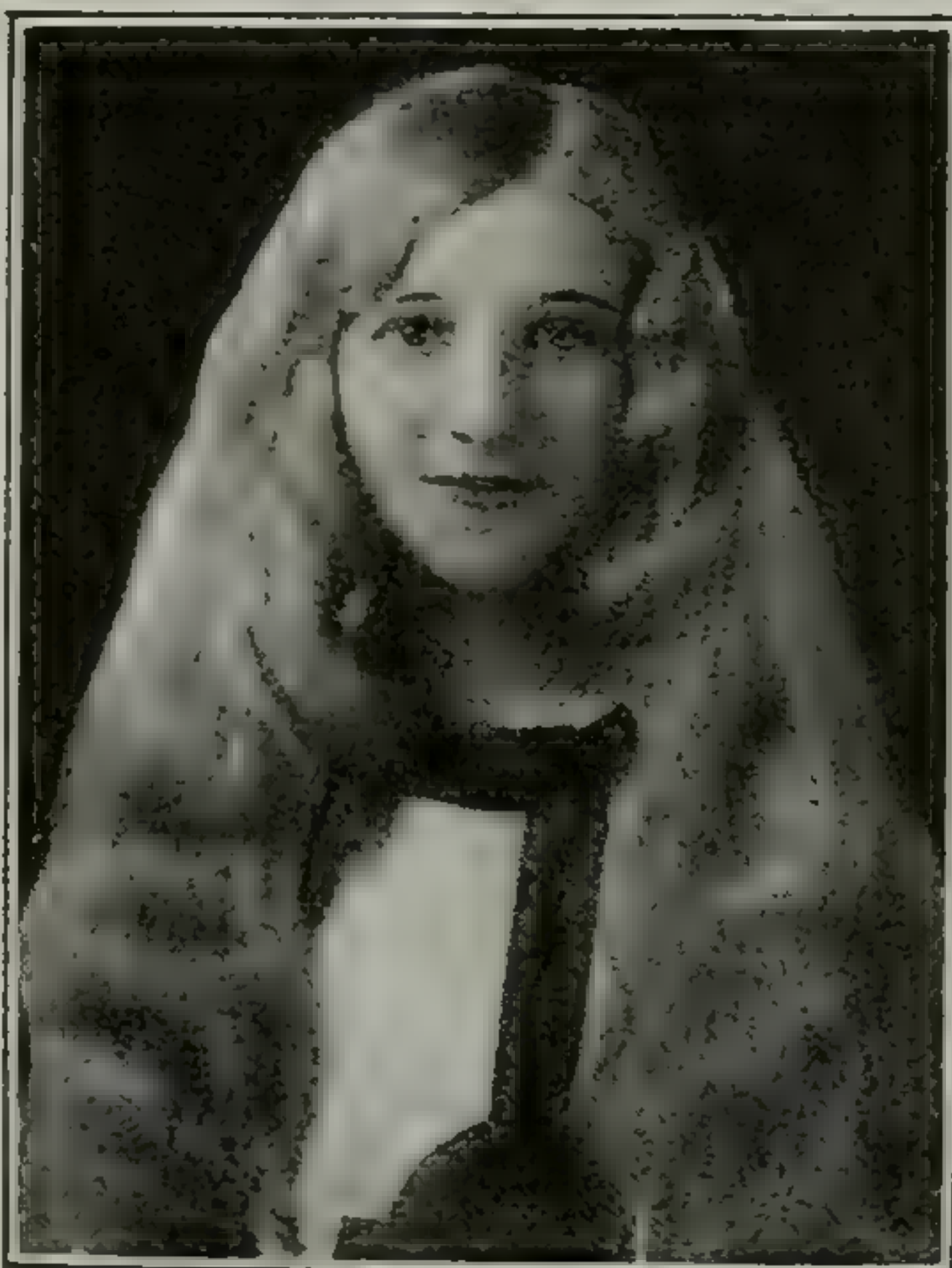
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"ROGUE'S SONG, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on the operetta "Gypsy Love" by Franz Lehar, A. M. Willner and Robert Bodansky. Story by Frances Marion and John Colton. Directed by Lionel Barrymore. The cast: Yegor, Lawrence Tibbett; Princess Vera, Catherine Dale Owen; Princess Alexandra, Nance O'Neil; Countess Taliana, Judith Vosselli; Prince Serge, Ullrich Haupt; Yegor's Mother, Elsa Alsen; Nadja, Florence Lake; Ossman, Lionel Belmore; Hassan, Wallace MacDonald; Petrovna, Kate Price; Frolov, H. A. Morgan; Count Peter, Burr MacIntosh; Azamat, James Bradbury, Jr.; Ali-Bek, Stan Laurel; Murza-Bek, Oliver Hardy.

"ROYAL BOX, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Charles Coghlan. Screen play by Murray Roth. Adapted by Edward Joseph and Arthur Hurley. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: Edmund Kean, Alexander Moissi; Alice Doren, Camilla Horn; Salomon, Lew Hearn; Countess Toeroek, Elsa Ersi; H.R.H. Prince of Wales, William F. Schoeller; Count Toeroek, Egon Brecher; Lady Robert, Leni Stengel; Lord Melville, Carlos Zizold; Mrs. Barker, Greta Meyer; Tommy Widgetts, William Gade; Bailiff, Siegfried Rumann.

"SALLY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the musical comedy by Guy Bolton and Jerome Kern. Screen version by Waldemar Young. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Sally, Marilyn Miller; Blair Farquar, Alexander Gray; Connie (The Grand Duke), Joe E. Brown; Otis Hooper, T. Roy Barnes; Rosie, his girl friend, Pert Kelton; "Pops" Shendorff, Ford Sterling; Mrs. Ten Brock, Maude Turner Gordon; Marcia, her daughter, Nora Lane; John Farquar, Blair's father, E. J. Ratcliffe; The Old Roué, Jack Duffy.

"SECOND CHOICE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Elizabeth Alexander. Scenario by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: Vallery Grove, Dolores Costello; Don Warren, Chester Morris; Owen Mallory, Jack Mulhall; Madge, Charlotte Merriam; Ned Pemberton, Jimmie Clemons; Mr. Grove, Henry Stockbridge; Beth, Edna Murphy; Satterle, Edward Martindel; Edith Pemberton, Ethlyn Claire; Mrs. Grove, Anna Chance; Mrs. Jones, Louise Lester.

"SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN"—PARAMOUNT-CHRISTIE.—From the story by Kenyon Nicholson. Adapted by Colin Clements. Directed by William Watson. The cast: Mimi, Louise Fazenda; Bobo, Bert Roach; Pierre, George E. Stone; Kiki, Yola D'Avril.

"STREET OF CHANCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Screen play by Howard Estabrook. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: John B. Marsden (Natural Davis), William Powell; Judith Marsden, Jean Arthur; Alma Marsden, Kay Francis; "Babe" Marsden, Regis Toomey; Dorgan, Stanley Fields; Al Mastick, Brooks Benedict; Mrs. Mastick, Betty Francisco; Tony, John Risso; Miss Abrams, Joan Standing; Nick, Maurice Black; Harry, Irving Bacon.

"TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE"—SONO ART-WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Mark Sandrich. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: J. Pierpont Ginsburg, Nat Carr; Adore Renee, Fay Marbe; Ruth, Hope Sutherland; John Applegate, Sherline Oliver; Edward Hamilton, Ed LeSaint; Reginald Whitlock, Gilbert Marbe; The Buller, John Troughton.

"THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN"—M-G-M.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Scenario by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Jack Conway and Sam Wood. The cast: Jack, Joe Schenck; Jerry, Gus Van; Mary, Bessie Love; Daisy, Mary Doran; Stafford, J. C. Nugent; Sam, Benny Rubin; Tim, Tom Dugan; Brennan, Eddie Gribbon; Haskins, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.

"TIGER ROSE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Willard Mack. Adapted by Harvey Thew and Gordon Rigby. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Devlin, Monte Blue; Rose, Lupe Velez; Bruce, Grant Withers; Dr. Cusick, H. B. Warner; Pierre, Gaston Glass; Hector MacCollins, Tully Marshall; Joe, Bull Montana; Scotty, Rin-Tin-Tin.

"UNDERTOW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Wilbur Daniel Steele. Adapted by Winnifred Reeve. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: Sally Blake, Mary Nolan; Jim Payne, Robert Ellis; Paul Whalen, Johnny Mack Brown; Lindy, Churchill Ross; Kitty, Audrey Ferris.

"WASTED LOVE"—BRITISH INTERNATIONAL.—From the story by Dr. Karl Vollmoeller. Directed by Richard Eichberg. The cast: Song, Anna May Wong; Gloria, Mary Kid; Jack, Henry George.

"WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE"—SUPREME.—Edited and titled by Charles Glouner. Photography by Walker and Arbuthnot. Exclusive pictures of the Walker-Arbuthnot Big Game Expedition in British East Africa.

"WOMAN RACKET, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Philip Dunning and Francis Dunning. Dialogue continuity by Albert Shelby Levino. Directed by Robert Ober and Albert Kelley. The cast: Tom, Tom Moore; Julia, Blanche Sweet; Buddy, Sally Starr; Rags, Bobby Agnew; Chris, John Miljan; Ben, Tenen Holtz; Tish, Lew Kelly; Hennessy, Tom London; Lefty, Eugene Borden; Duke, John Byron; Rita, Nita Martin; Wardell, Richard Travers.

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Girl Fodder

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

people "found" Chickie's pocketbook. The first was a lonely, middle-aged gentleman who lived at the Ambassador. He extracted five ten dollar bills from his wallet and asked the maid who was cleaning his room if she thought she could find a red pocketbook for him. The second was a free lance bootlegger who needed a girl who needed a job. The third was Herbie Klein.

Herbie is the only one who counts because he worked the fastest.

Herbie called himself a publicist, which is highbrow for press agent. His most important client, Monica Moon, was slipping with her public. For days he had been tapping his brain for an idea which would turn the newspaper spotlight on Monica.

THEN he caught the story about Chickie on the drama page of the Sunday paper. He called up Monica.

"Say Monica, I gotta swell idea. Some little extra jane lost her pocketbook with fifty berries in it."

"Well, what of it?" she asked, without enthusiasm.

"Now listen, here's the gag. You're gonna find the pocketbook—see. Doll yourself up in something sweet and simple. I'll get a cameraman to shoot a scene of you returning the money to the little broad and yours truly will shoot a story about it. *Celebrated film star returns lost pocketbook to unfortunate girl.* I'll lather the story with good human interest stuff and mention that your next picture will be 'Chains of Love' and if it don't make the front page, *with pictures*, then Herbie Klein's just a good cloak-and-suit salesman gone wrong."

For once Herbie's brain wave clicked in a big way. Monica got a lot of swell publicity out of it. Herbie got a little bonus from Monica in the form of a trick cocktail shaker. Chickie got her picture in the paper.

In fact, everybody seemed to get something out of it except the young Columbus who had discovered Chickie. All he got was the "busy" signal when he tried to reach her on the phone. From the landlady's rather garbled account of what had happened, however, he gathered that Chet Gordon, the director, had topped Herbie's inspiration by giving Chickie a little part in Monica's new picture.

After a week of wire pulling, Dick secured a pass which admitted him to the sound stage where Monica Moon was working.

Dick had to wait for a chance to speak to Chickie. Gordon was rehearsing a scene with her. Monica was stretched out on a *chaise longue* off set, an open book in her hand, but Dick noticed that she was not reading. She was watching Chickie. Her expression was that which sometimes creeps into the face of a woman of thirty when she is watching a girl of eighteen.

Dick waved to her across the set and she beckoned to him. Monica might upstage social lions or stage stars, but never a newspaper man.

After the usual Hellos and How-are-yous and How's-the-picture-coming, Dick said:

"CUTE kid," indicating Chickie.

Monica shrugged. "If you like the type." Her manner indicated that she could get along very nicely, thank you, without such girls in her supporting cast.

Dick was waiting for Chickie when she came off the set.

"Hey, hey for Miss Talapoosa!" he greeted her. "You'll put that old town on the map yet."

"Do you really think so?"

"I hope to tell you."

"Everybody's been just wonderful—"

"Well, remember this!" he kidded her. "You've got to give me screen credit."



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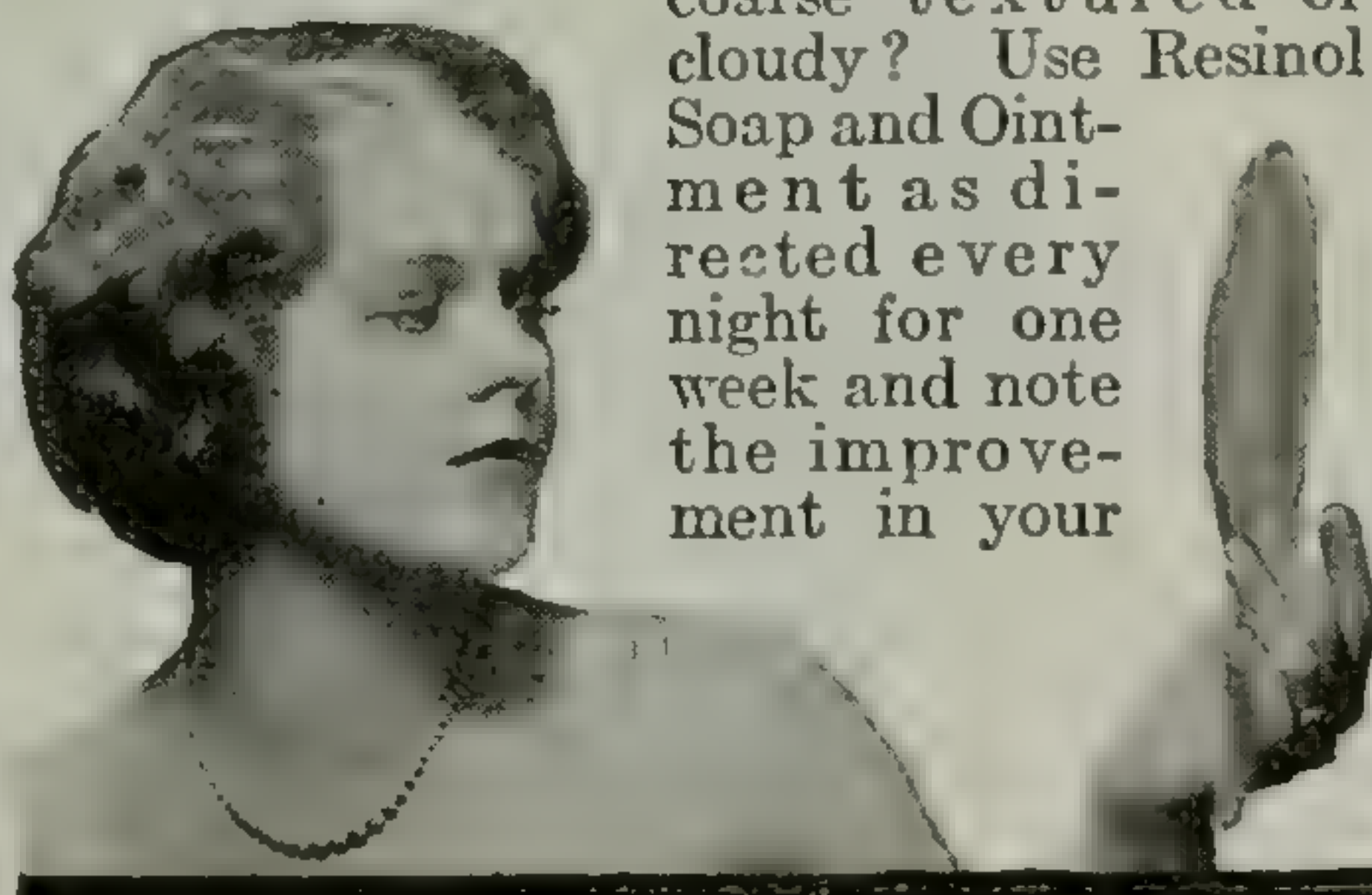
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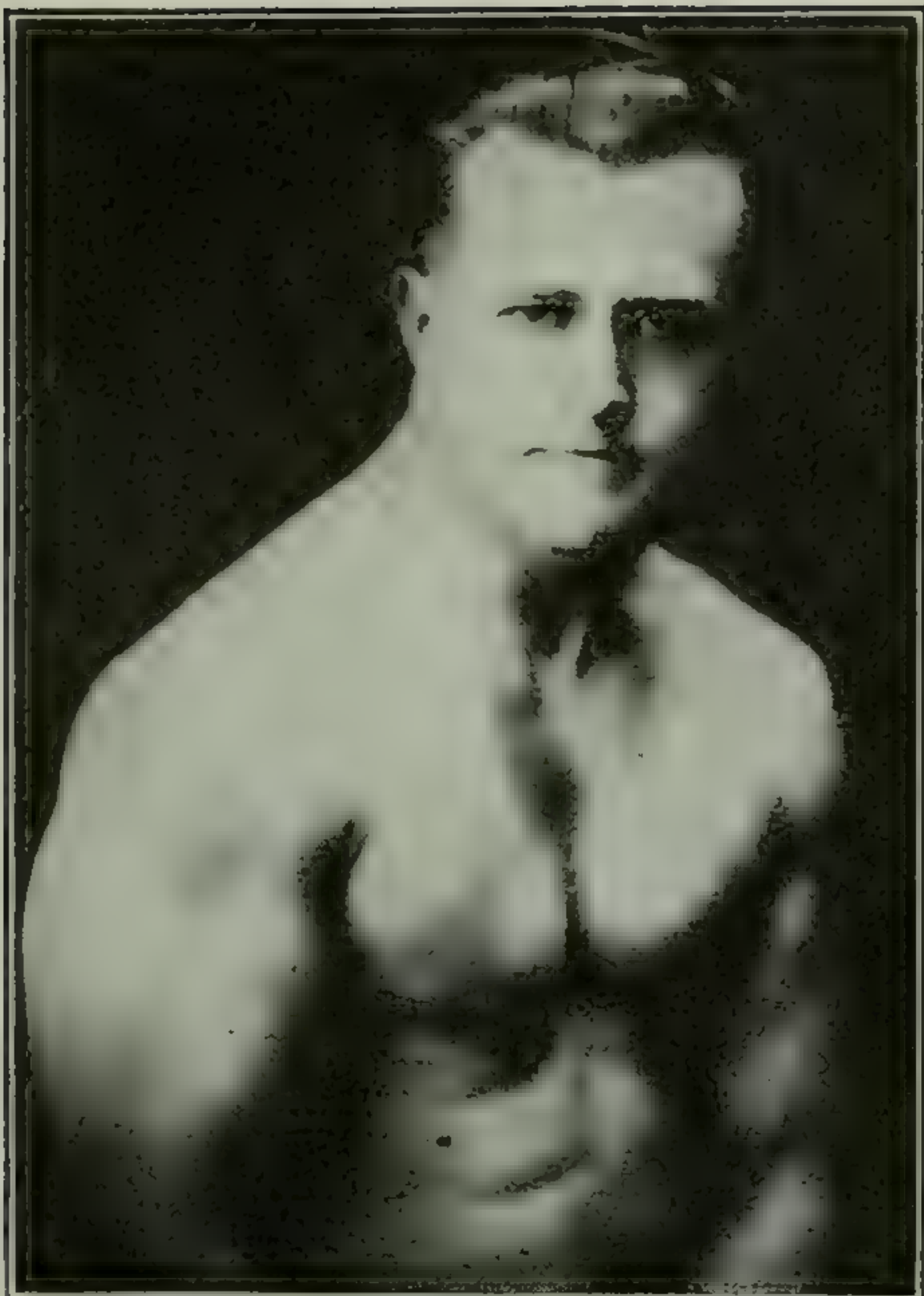


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"Oh, of course I will, Mister Doran." She took him quite seriously. "I owe everything to you."

"Then how about having dinner with me tonight—as part payment on the debt?"

"I'd love to," she said eagerly.

"I'll wait for you at the gate," he promised.

"About six?"

She nodded.

NOW Dick Doran had dined with numerous beautiful and fascinating screen stars and his pulse had remained normal. But something about Chickie's nearness when the waiter seated them at a small table, the shy way she looked up at him, set his pulses throbbing.

Over the fruit cocktail Dick decided that Chickie was absolutely adorable. She did not talk much but she listened well. That, in itself, stamped her as *different*.

By the time the salad course was served he had supplemented "adorable" with a dozen high-powered adjectives.

And when at last they said goodnight, and he impulsively caught her in his arms and kissed her warm, fragrant mouth, he concluded that she was the most wonderful, the most marvelous, the most—but mere words could not express that feverish something which had crept into his veins.

Four dinners and a good many kisses later he was convinced that Chickie, and Chickie alone, held the key to his happiness.

The breathless, half-frightened way she said "Dickie" when their lips had parted, made him know that she felt as he did.

She had changed her mind about going back to Talapoosa. He was glad of that. He was glad, too, that she did not have any exaggerated ideas about being the world's greatest actress.

She never talked about how wonderful she was.

At the end of a week Dick was wondering if there was any truth in that moss-covered platitude that two can live as cheaply as one.

Before he could secure Chickie's views, however, he was sent north on a story.

He was gone ten days. When he returned—Well, listen to their dinner conversation that first night and you will know exactly what had happened during his absence.

Chickie looked longingly at a large chocolate-covered confection and then shook her head.

"No dessert? You're not getting figure-conscious, are you?"

"Well, Mr. Gordon says I ought to be careful."

"You tell him I said he'd better stick to directing."

"I think it was nice of him to tell me. He's been just wonderful to me."

Dick frowned at this bit of news but said nothing.

"He says if I'm managed right he thinks I'll be another Garbo. He says I've got the same sort of mysterious eyes."

"Don't let him kid you."

"But he wasn't kidding," she replied indignantly. "He wants me to sign a contract to let him manage me."

"Oh, he does, does he?" Dick's voice was suddenly brittle. "And I suppose he wants you to come out to his house some night to sign the contract."

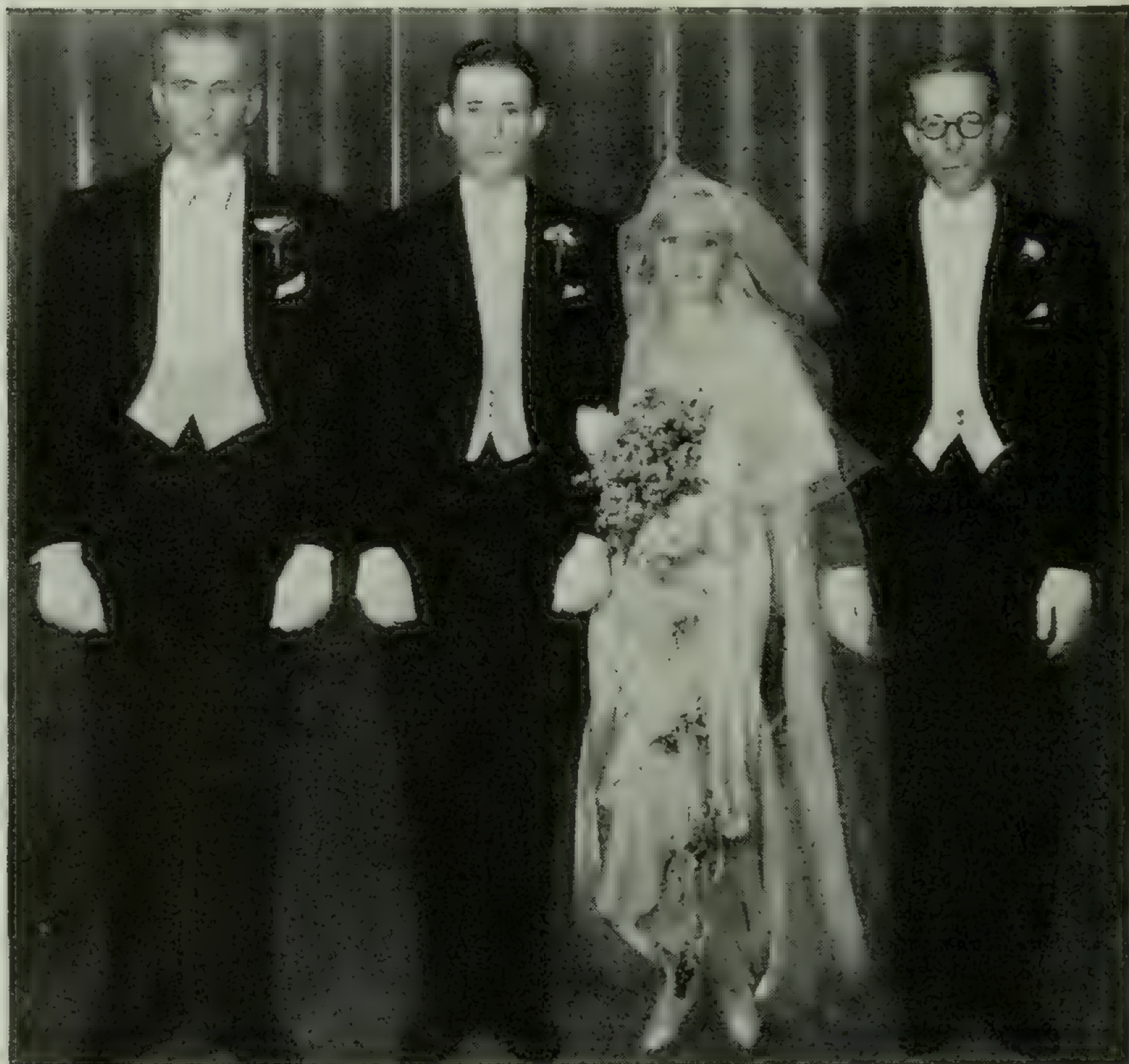
"**H**OW did you know?" she asked, surprised. "I haven't been in this business for three years without learning a gag or two."

"Of course he says I've got a lot to learn—"

"—but he'll teach you." Dick finished the sentence for her. "You wouldn't be his first pupil—*nor his last*. The old buzzard!"

Chickie's eyes widened at this blasphemy. "Well I don't think it's very nice of you to talk that way about Mr. Gordon when he's been so nice to me. I mean if it hadn't been for him I wouldn't even have had that part in the picture."

Dick was drawing little circles on the tablecloth.



Little Bessie Love as a bride, with the three Hawks brothers, who only a few days later became two. Left to right—Howard, husband of Athol Shearer, Norma's sister; William, the groom; Bessie, the bride, and the late Kenneth Hawks, who was killed in the tragic plane crash a few days after the wedding

"Listen, Chickie," he said impulsively. "I love you. Let's go up to Riverside over this week-end. We can be married at the Old Mission—" He had not meant to say it in that matter-of-fact way, but the words had just tumbled out.

Her red mouth pursed into a surprised "Ooh!" A delicate flush crept into her cheeks. "Oh, I couldn't get married—now."

"But I sort of thought you loved me—the way you kissed me and everything."

The flush deepened. "I do—I mean I did—"

"You mean until Gordon started filling your head with that crazy idea about making a star of you."

This, of course, was quite the wrong thing to say. Chickie stiffened. Her eyes looked straight past Dick to a point on the wall just above his head.

"I don't think it's so crazy," she said coolly. "I wouldn't be the first unknown to become a star."

"Oh, Chickie, I didn't mean—" His hand stole across the table to close over hers, but she drew her hand away.

Only two speeches interrupted the strained silence of their ride home.

Dick's "Shall we drive out to Malibu and watch the moon come up?"

And Chickie's reply: "I guess I'd better go home. I've got to be made up and on the set at seven tomorrow morning."

At her doorway their eyes met hungrily for one long minute then Dick said abruptly: "Well—goodbye—"

Before she could answer he had stepped into the roadster and was driving away.

IT was the last day of shooting on "Chains of Love." Everybody was fed up. There was an underground rumor that the picture was a washout and that Moon was *through*. The sound stage was hotter than an oven. For more than an hour the director had been going over a scene between Monica and Chickie. Chickie could not seem to get it right, which irritated Monica.

She had not been blind to the fact that Gordon had been giving this dumb kid the breaks.

"All right, everybody," said the director. "Let's get on with this." He signaled for quiet and the murmur of voices ceased.

"O. K., everybody?" called Gordon.

"O. K.," came the answering response.

The red lights flashed on. For a moment there was a tense silence. Then Monica's voice:

"He's the only man I've ever loved. And now you—my little sister—the kid I've slaved for and sacrificed for—want to take him away from me. Well—I won't give him up! Do you hear? *I won't give him up!*"

For the first time Monica delivered the speech with just the right emphasis and timing. Tensely she waited for "little sister's" reply.

But "little sister," though she had been in bed at eleven the night before, had not slept. And now her brain would not function. Only yesterday she had known every word of that speech. Now it had taken wings, crowded out by little insurgent thoughts of Dick which kept filling her mind . . . *We can be married in the Old Mission . . . But I thought you loved me . . . I do . . .* She looked helplessly at Monica who was glaring at her.

"I—can't remember—" she stammered.

"CUT!" signaled Gordon.

Grimly Monica went through the scene again. The fourth time they got it right. By that time Monica was ready to murder somebody. She seldom took a drink, but when she reached her dressing room she asked the maid to fix her a stiff one. Maybe it would quiet her nerves. She had just finished it when there was a knock at the door. It was Chickie.

"I want to apologize about this morning," she said timidly. "It was all my fault on that scene—I'm just awfully sorry."

"Forget it," said Monica dully. She was

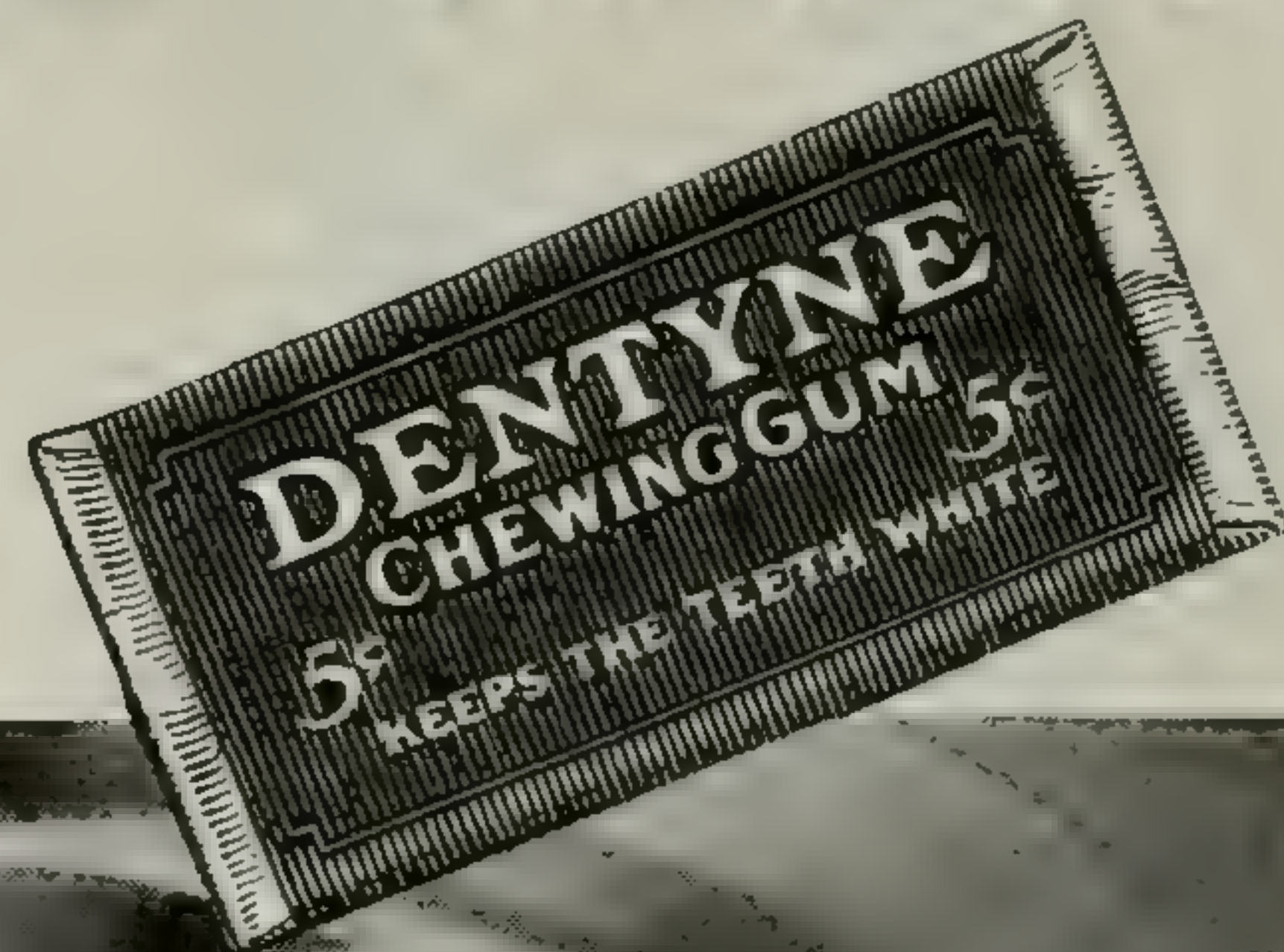
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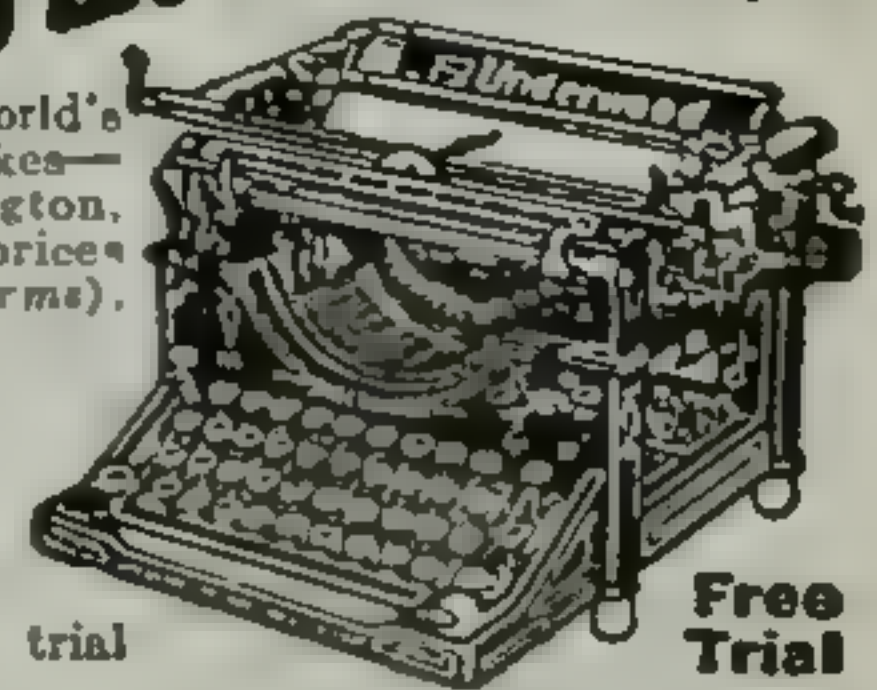
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removing her makeup. Her face looked tired and worn. She had pulled her hair back under a towel and the little telltale scars at her temple were plainly visible.

"You're such a wonderful actress, Miss Moon. I suppose it will take a long time before I can ever be as great an actress as you—"

"From the performance you gave this morning I'd say you're damned right." She was not looking at Chickie but at her reflection in the mirror. Perhaps it was something in the girl's expression which reminded her of her own youth, or perhaps it was the drink which caused her to turn and face Chickie.

"LISTEN," she said. "You'll have to trek a long, hard road before you'll ever be an actress. You may get a few breaks now because you're young—and pretty. You're girl-fodder. This year's crop. But don't forget that next year there'll be another crop, and the next and the next."

"But Mr. Gordon says—"

"Say," Monica interrupted. "You're not letting that bozo feed you any bologna, are you?"

Chickie flushed. "He says I'll be another Garbo if I'm managed right."

"Yeah?" She lighted a cigarette and for a moment she watched the little spirals of smoke. "Listen, baby—you are just a baby—get out of pictures before they get you. Marry that boy who's crazy about you. Give him your youth and your beauty. It will pay you better returns than this business."

"You mean Dickie?"

"Yes—that newspaper boy. Nice kid."

"But we sort of quarreled last night."

"Over what?"

"Well, you see Mr. Gordon wants to manage me. He thinks if I'm managed right—"

Monica smiled reminiscently. "Yes, Gordon would pull that one with you." She watched Chickie thoughtfully. Then: "I don't know why I should be pulling this big sister stuff, but I want you to come back here in an hour. That will be about six-thirty. I won't be here. But I want you to sit here. Just listen. Will you?"

Chickie promised.

An hour later, seated in Monica Moon's dressing room all alone, she tried to figure out what the star meant. It seemed sort of stupid to be waiting here all alone. The building was practically deserted except for some of the

rooms which were being temporarily used as offices. Funny, the way Monica had talked to her. She wondered if she weren't just a little bit jealous because the director had been so nice to her.

Someone had entered the room next door. She heard voices. She wondered if this were what Monica had wanted her to listen for. She moved over to the wall. The voices came to her distinctly through the thin partition. It sounded like—why it was Mr. Gordon's voice.

"You're wonderful—" he was saying.

"Do you really think so?" asked a girl's voice.

"You'll be a great star if you're managed right . . . You're like Garbo—those same mysterious eyes . . . I could do wonderful things for you . . . Of course you've got a lot to learn . . . but I can teach you—if you'll let me . . ."

It was as though Chickie were listening to a play-back of his speech to her. She pressed closer to the wall.

"How about coming out to my house some night? We'll have a little dinner, just the two of us, and talk over a contract."

"You're not kidding me?" questioned the girl.

"Of course not," he assured her.

"But I thought you sort of had a yen for that beauty contest winner."

"My dear, don't be foolish. She's a sweet dish of girl-fodder BUT—"

Chickie did not wait to hear more. Quietly she slipped out of the dressing room. Down the stairs. Across the lot. Out the gate. She fumbled in her pocketbook to see if she had a nickel.

A moment later the nickel dropped into a telephone slot. Breathlessly she waited for the answering voice to come on the wire.

"DICKIE," she said humbly, "I've changed my mind—"

"What's that? I don't get you. There's a lot of noise."

"I've changed my mind about going to Riverside. I think the Old Mission would be a lovely place for a wedding—"

Something that began like a whistle and ended in "Whoopee!" came over the wire, followed by "When do we start?"

"Any time you say."

"Then suppose we take a plane. That'll be faster."

Intimate Portrait of a Man with Black Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

His parties are limited to a few intimates and he sidesteps most formal occasions.

He is most punctilious about his personal and social obligations, and it is not uncommon for him to be late at the studio. He has never owned a Rolls-Royce.

He never wears a cap or fancy shirts. He looks with abhorrence upon anything that smacks of "putting on the dog."

He hates to break in a new hat and will wear a felt hat for years before discarding it. He will buy neckties by the score and never wear most of them.

His sartorial weakness is evening clothes, and in such attire he is not at his best.

He is more inclined to be suspicious than superstitious. He is apt to make up his mind on the spur of the moment regarding a trip, and contrariwise is inclined to deliberate overlong on most other matters.

While playing host, in his anxiety to make his guests feel at home, he invariably has the worst time of any one present.

If he believes in the rôle he is playing he lives it every moment, and if not, his director has his hands full.

Being proficient in his own work he is excessively intolerant of those who lack this

virtue. While he recognizes capability he is inarticulate in its praise.

He has never read Harold Bell Wright. He subscribes to *Time*, *American Mercury*, *Vanity Fair* and *The New Yorker*.

He does not like coloratura sopranos. He speaks German and French very badly. His diction and enunciation are faultless.

He is reticent and difficult to get talking about himself. The only jewelry he wears is a gold signet ring given to him by his mother.

Politically he is a Republican and votes at all national elections. He believes money important to happiness in this day of materialism.

His judgment of stories for himself is not reliable. He did not want to do "The Noose," which turned out to be one of his most successful pictures. He prevailed upon the company to do "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," which proved to be a mistake. On the other hand, it took him many months to convince his producers that "Tol'able David" should be his first starring vehicle. That picture won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

Groucho Marx and Jimmy Durante are his favorite comics.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

SCARLET DAREDEVIL, THE—World Wide.—A melodrama of the French Revolution from England, unusually well acted. Silent. (Sept.)

SEA FURY—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SEÑOR AMERICANO—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie's fine play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. All Talkie. (Feb.)

SEVEN FACES—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. All Talkie. (Jan.)

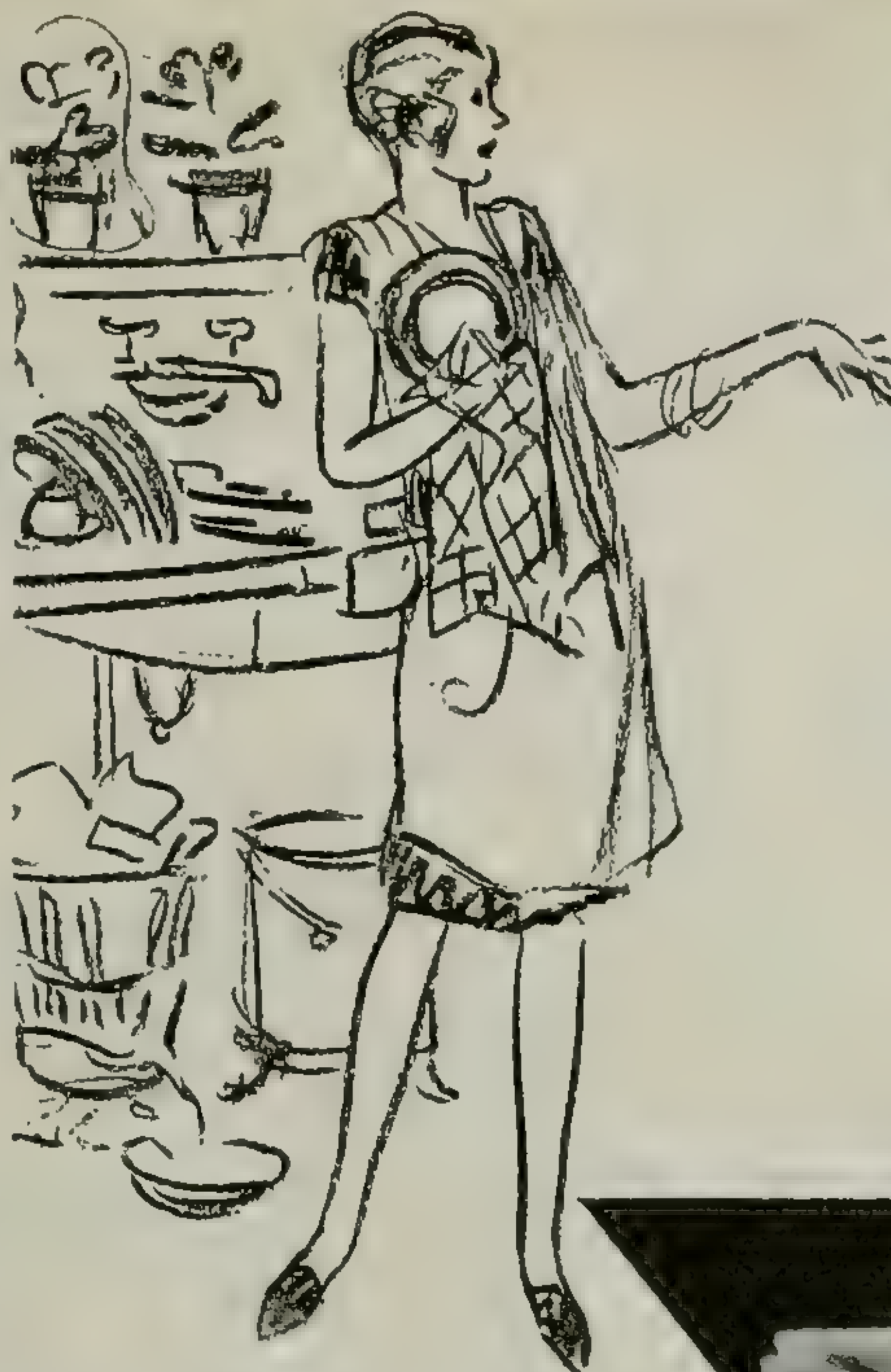
★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite. Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. All Talkie. (Feb.)

SHANGHAI LADY—Universal.—A *filles de joie* and a crook fall in love and each pretends to be a "swell" for the other's benefit. But it's China and there's a menace. Mary Nolan is so beautiful it hurts. All Talkie. (Jan.)

SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE—Universal.—There's not a comedy team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons—James and Lucille. Acting and dialogue are gorgeous in this phonoplay. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the celebs in this super-revue—but they're there—77 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. All Talkie. (Feb.)

SIDE STREET—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. All Talkie. (Dec.)



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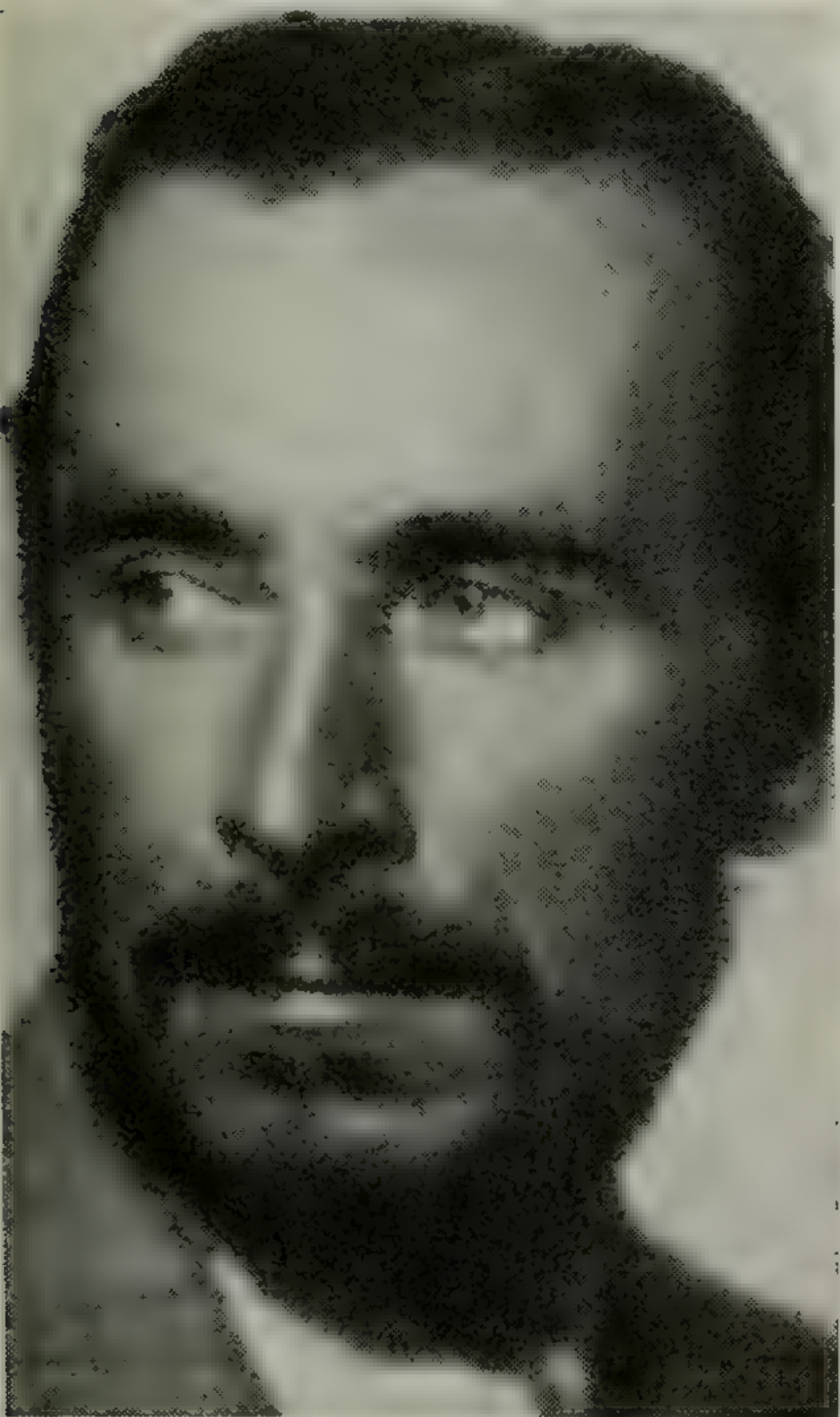
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If ever Art had a true martyr to her sacred cause, it is this hairy gent. Andy Clyde, the Sennett comic here shown in civilian clothes, has worn this scraggly beard for over a year, just for the sake of realism in the talkie masterpieces of immortal comedy in which he toils

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SILVER KING, THE—British.—A good silent thriller starring our old friend Percy Marmont. Percy still suffers superbly. Silent. (Nov.)

★ **SINGLE STANDARD, THE**—M-G-M.—Garbo was never finer than in this story of a very modern woman. Nils Asther and Johnny Mack Brown, too. Silent. (Sept.)

SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill.—Cut your throat before you see this celluloid crime—it'll save time. Its perpetrators ought to be jailed. Sound. (Jan.)

SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. All Talkie. (Jan.)

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of a Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a newcomer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. All Talkie. (Feb.)

SMILING IRISH EYES—First National.—Brogues, brawls and bunkum, but you'll like Colleen Moore's talkie personality. All Talkie. (Oct.)

SONG OF KENTUCKY—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. All Talkie. (Feb.)

SO THIS IS COLLEGE—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Happy Days." The U. S. C.-Stanford football game in sound is one of life's big moments. Otherwise just another farce that will make real collegians commit hara-kiri. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **SOUTH SEA ROSE**—Fox.—You won't believe in this tale for a moment—but it's grand entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, including the hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. All Talkie. (Jan.)

SPEEDWAY—M-G-M.—Bill Haines disappointing in an unoriginal racetrack yarn. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

STREET GIRL—Radio Pictures.—Betty Compson, Jack Oakie and John Harron in a tale about a girl violinist and a group of musicians. Good entertainment. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. All Talkie. (Dec.)

SWEETIE—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **TAMING OF THE SHREW, THE**—United Artists.—Here's that long-awaited co-starring appearance of Mary and Doug. It isn't Shakespeare, but it's swell entertainment. All Talkie. (Nov.)

TANNED LEGS—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. All Talkie. (Dec.)

THEIR OWN DESIRE—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. All Talkie. (Feb.)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. All Talkie. (Dec.)

THIRTEENTH CHAIR, THE—M-G-M.—If you don't thrill over this, lie down. You're dead. Margaret Wycherly scores in the rôle she created on the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THIS MAD WORLD—M-G-M.—A tender yet glamorous filmization of one of the most beautiful of war stories, with glorious work by Kay "Dynamite" Johnson and Basil Rathbone. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. All Talkie. (Jan.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—United Artists.—An unimportant tale of three war buddies who return to life after being reported killed. The cast is from the stage. All Talkie. (Nov.)

THREE LOVES—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (Dec.)

3 SISTERS, THE—Fox.—An Italian story, as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Louise Dresser gives a superb performance and is surrounded by an unusually able cast. All Talkie. (Jan.)

TONIGHT AT TWELVE—Universal.—Can it be possible?—a mystery play without a murder or a Hindu servant! Good situations. All Talkie. (Nov.)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! All Talkie. (Dec.)

TRIAL MARRIAGE—Columbia.—How to hold a wife overnight in seven reels. Racy and sophisticated. Sound. (Oct.)

TWIN BEDS—First National.—Frothy bedroom farce with only a mild kick. Jack Mulhall and Patsy Ruth Miller help. All Talkie. (Oct.)

TWO MEN AND A MAID—Tiffany-Stahl.—Back to the Foreign Legion, mates, with William Collier, Jr. and Alma Bennett. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

TWO WEEKS OFF—First National.—A fluffy little yarn of seaside vacation love, with Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill. Part Talkie. (Sept.)

UNHOLY NIGHT, THE—M-G-M.—Swell mystery story, artistically directed by Lionel Barrymore. Roland Young and Dorothy Sebastian are great. All Talkie. (Oct.)

UNTAMED—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. All Talkie. (Dec.)

VAGABOND LOVER, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rudy goes through the whole gamut of emotions without moving a muscle. But when he sings—ah, that's another story. (A better one, too.) Vallée fans will be pleased. All Talkie. (Jan.)

VENUS—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (Jan.)

VERY IDEA, THE—Radio Pictures.—Broad farce with Frank Craven in the rôle he created on the stage. All Talkie. (Oct.)

★ **VIRGINIAN, THE**—Paramount.—Good! Owen Wister's novel gone vocal and presenting Gary Cooper in his first full-dialogue appearance. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WAGON MASTER, THE—Universal.—And now the Westerns have learned to talk! Ken Maynard shyly reveals an excellent voice. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WALL STREET—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. All Talkie. (Feb.)

WELCOME DANGER—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. All Talkie. (Dec.)

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Paramount.—Study in black and white of the world's most famous brunettes—Moran and Mack. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WHY LEAVE HOME—Fox.—Story about duck-hunting husbands and fun-hunting wives, based on "Cradle Snatchers." All Talkie. (Nov.)

WISE GIRL—M-G-M.—Reviewed under title "Kempy." High water mark in talking comedies. Unpretentious story of the love life of a youthful plumber. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. All Talkie. (Dec.)

★ **WOMAN TRAP**—Paramount.—Another crime yarn, above the average, with Chester Alibi Morris, Evelyn Brent and Hal Skelly at their superb best. All Talkie. (Oct.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—M-G-M.—Strong, emotional drama of a misunderstood genius, a dutiful wife and the "other woman." played superlatively by Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood and Leila Hyams. Part Talkie. (Oct.)

WRECKER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—Mediocre British film presenting Carlyle Blackwell. Sound. (Nov.)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelmess portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. All Talkie. (Dec.)

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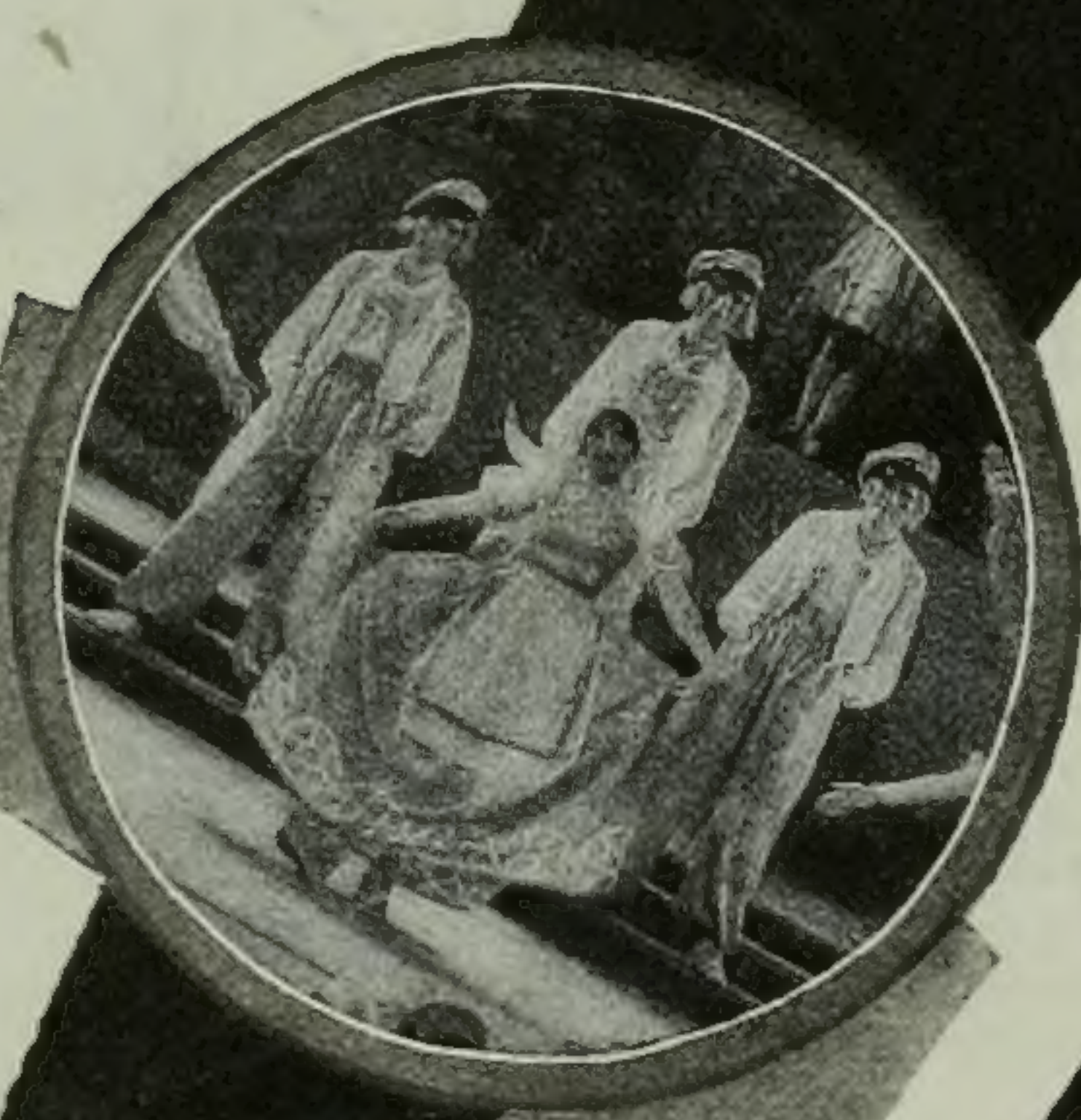
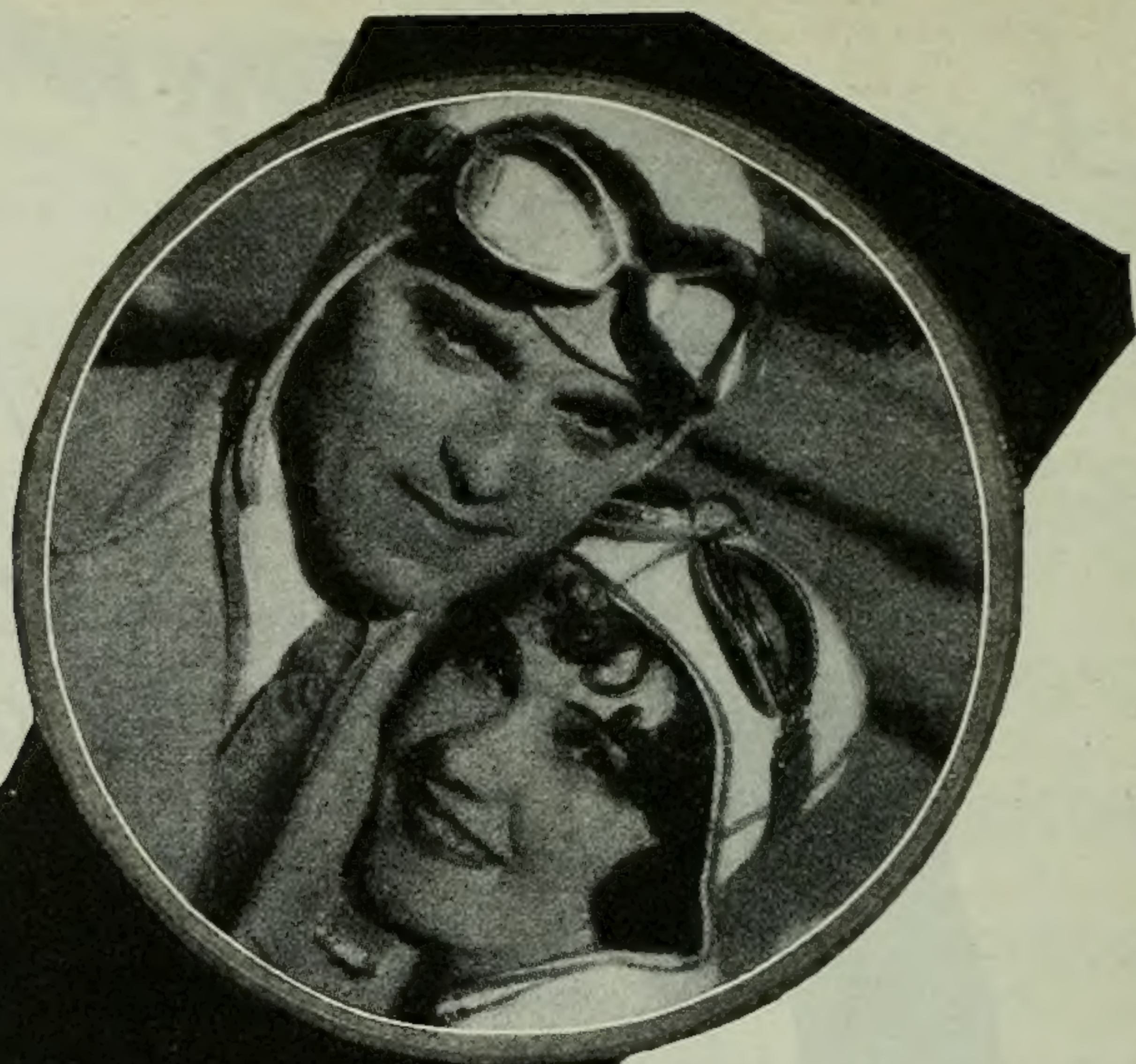
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But I have my best reward when my neighbor drops in for a chat and a cup of fragrant tea. For I can't help noticing then (I'm only human!) that my hands look as carefree as hers!

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